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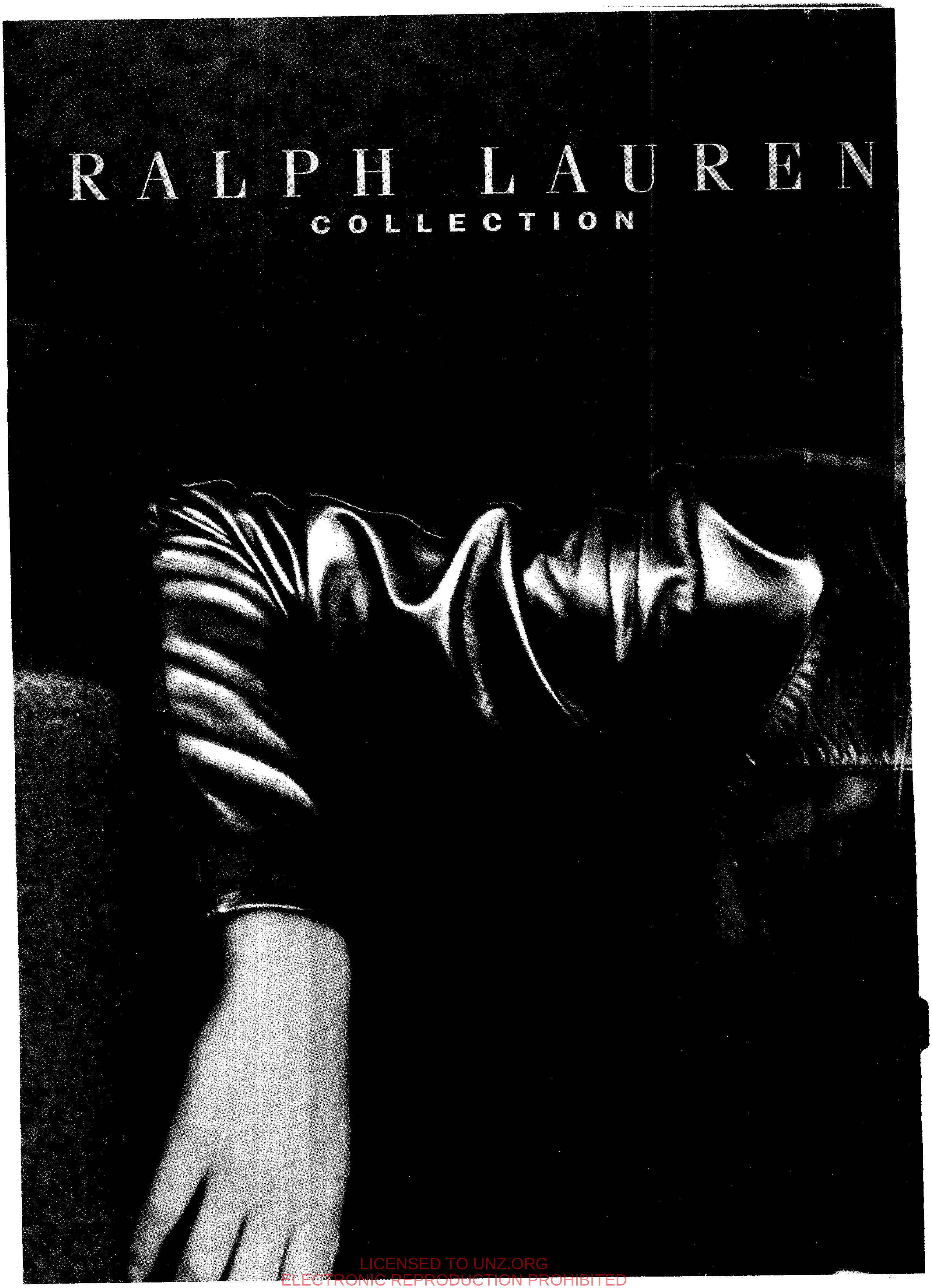
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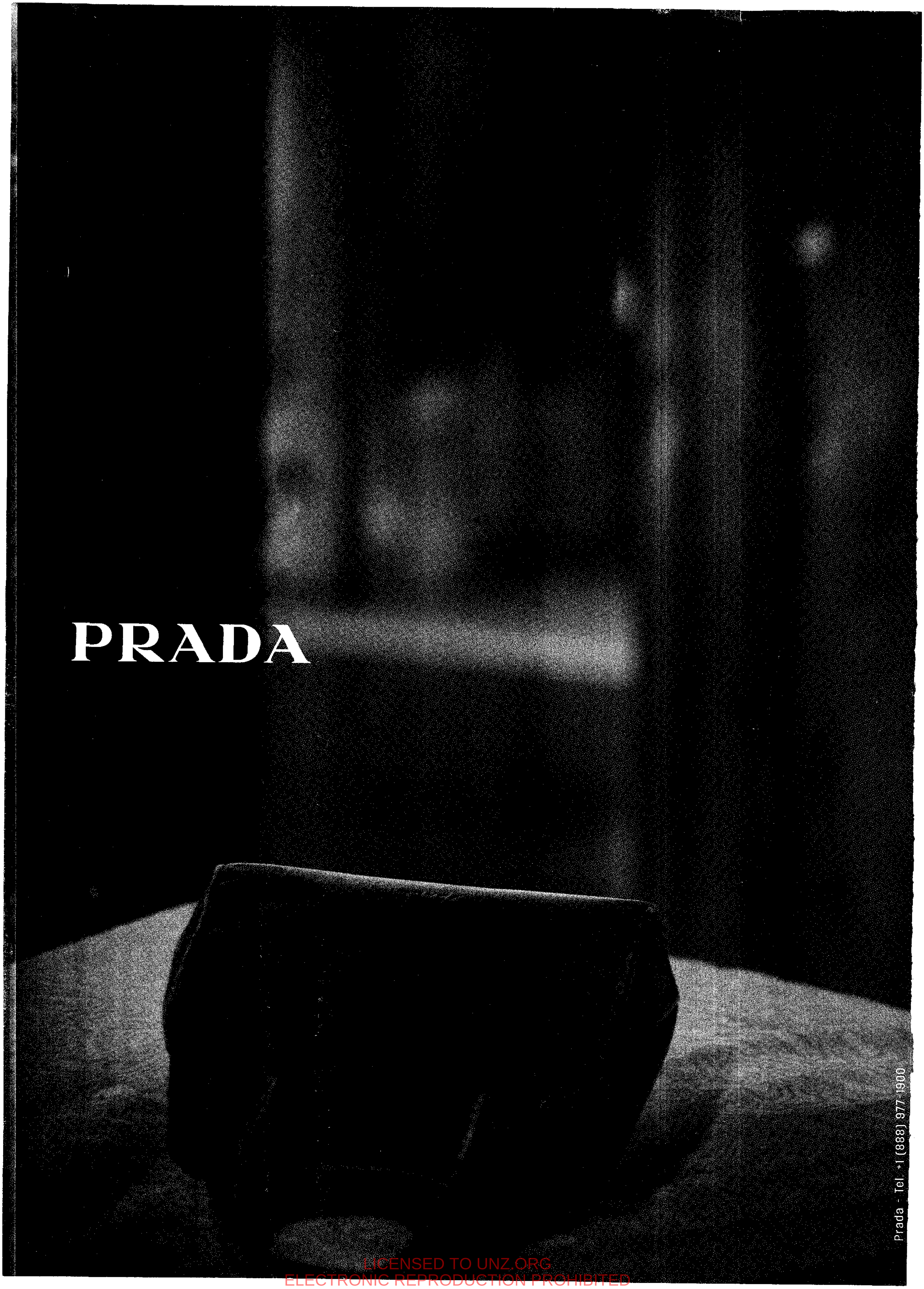

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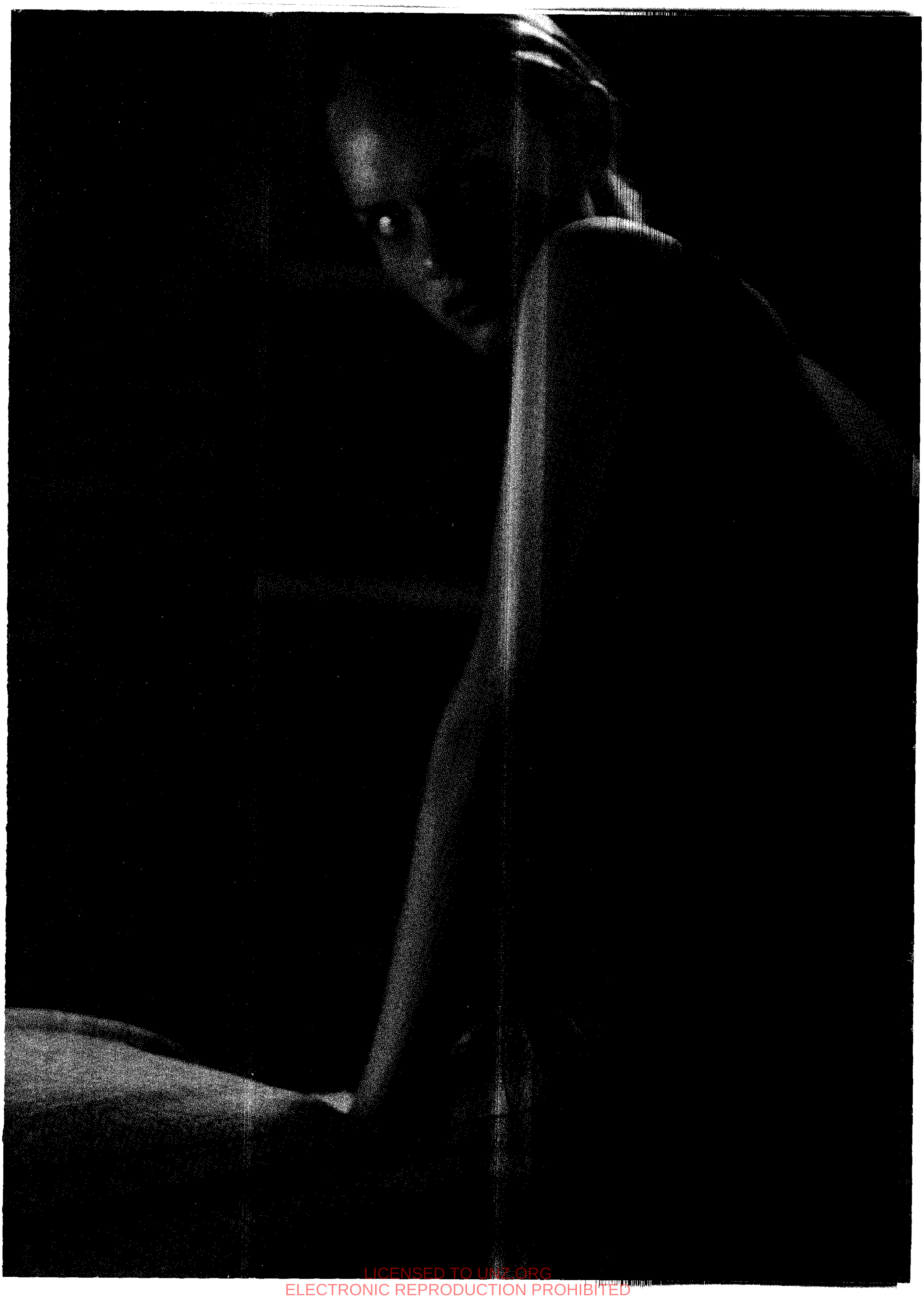

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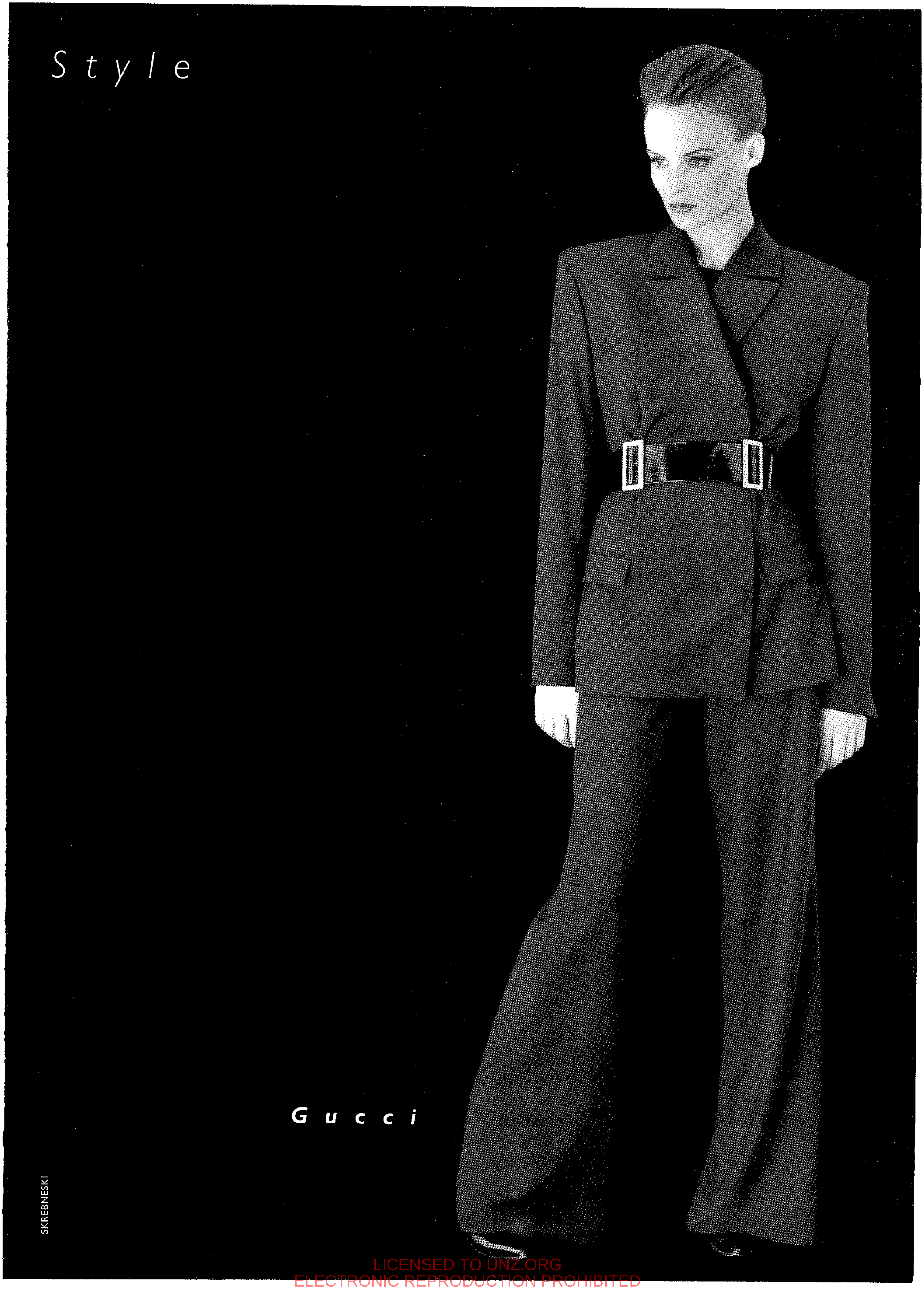

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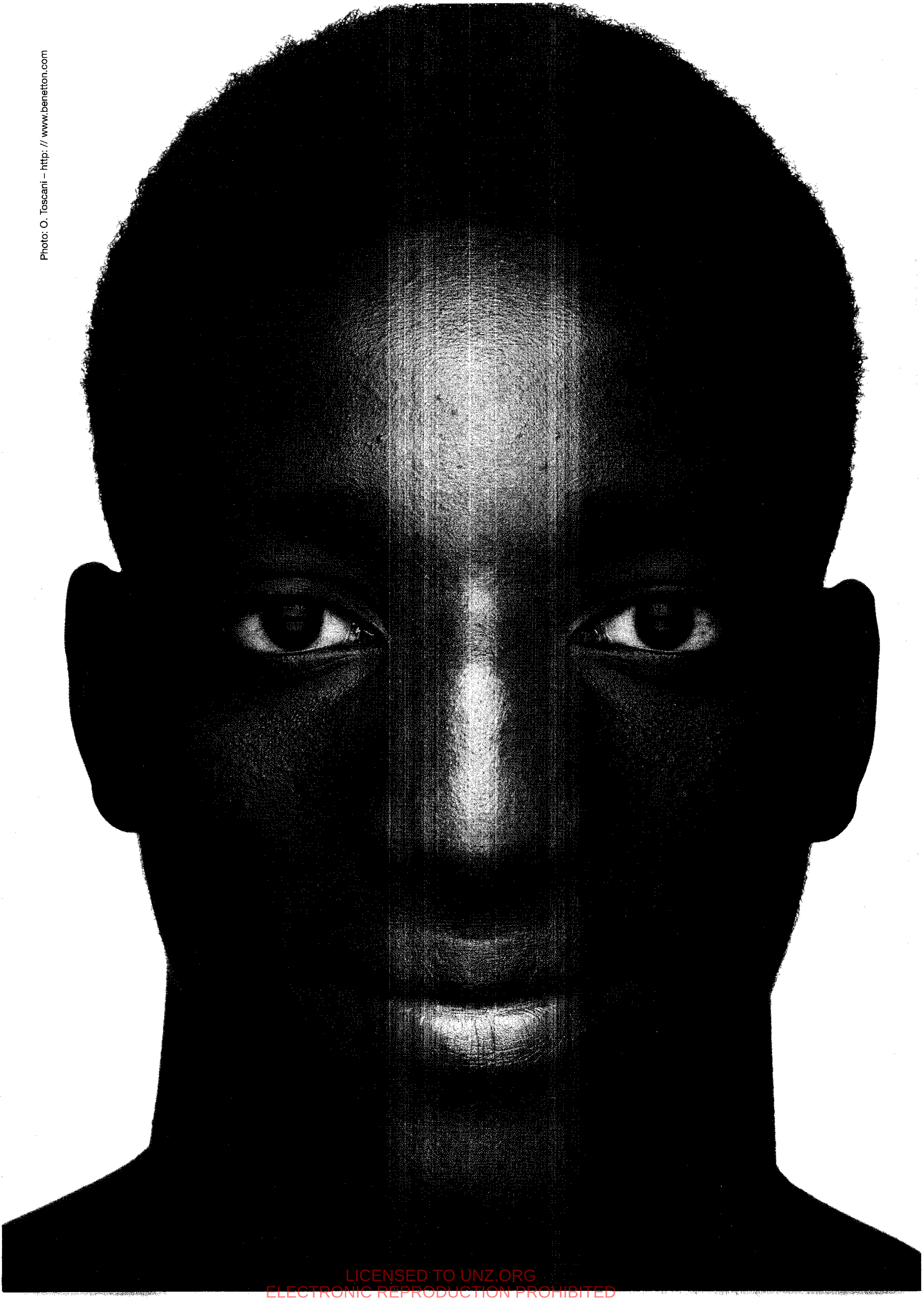

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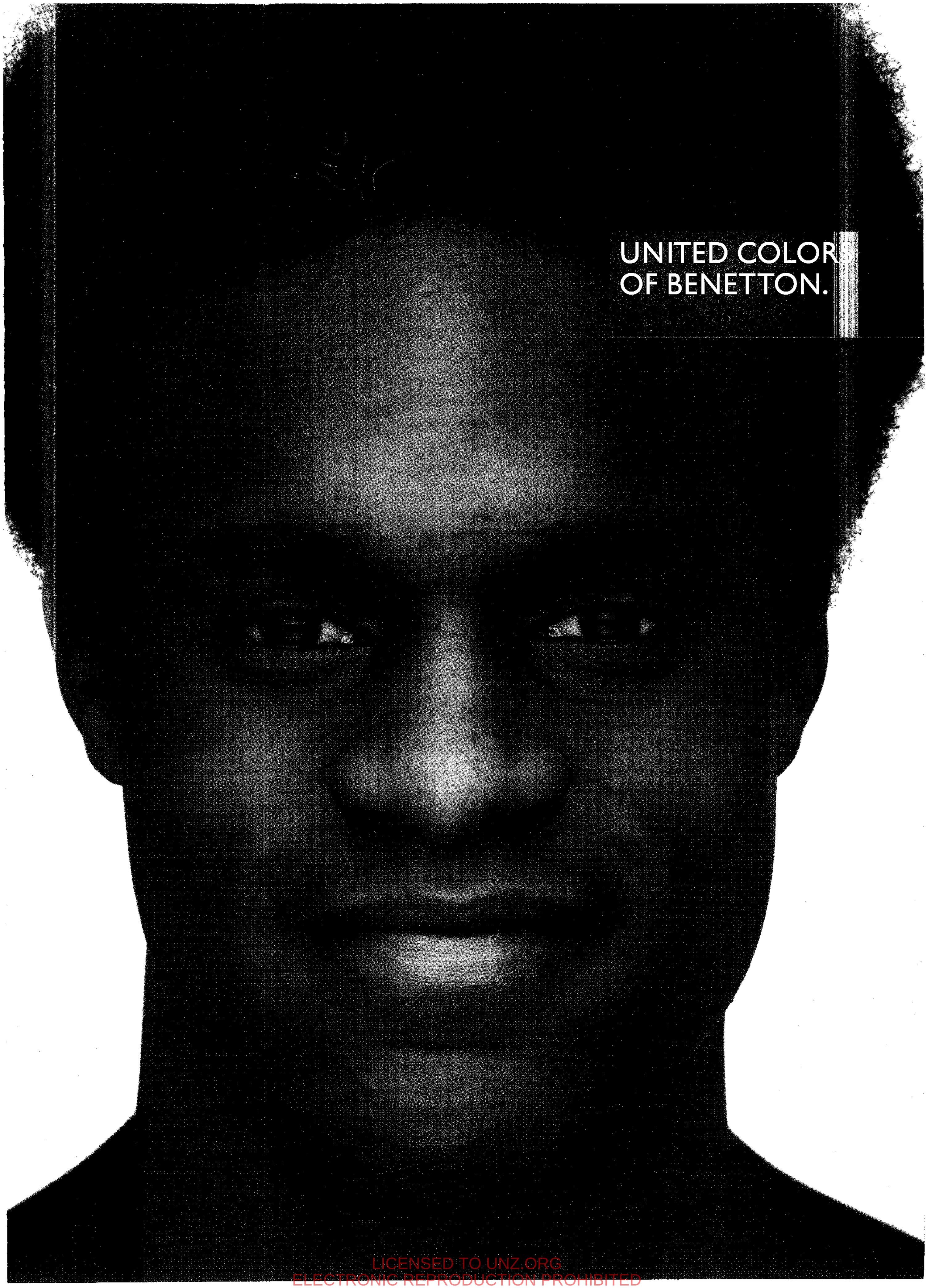
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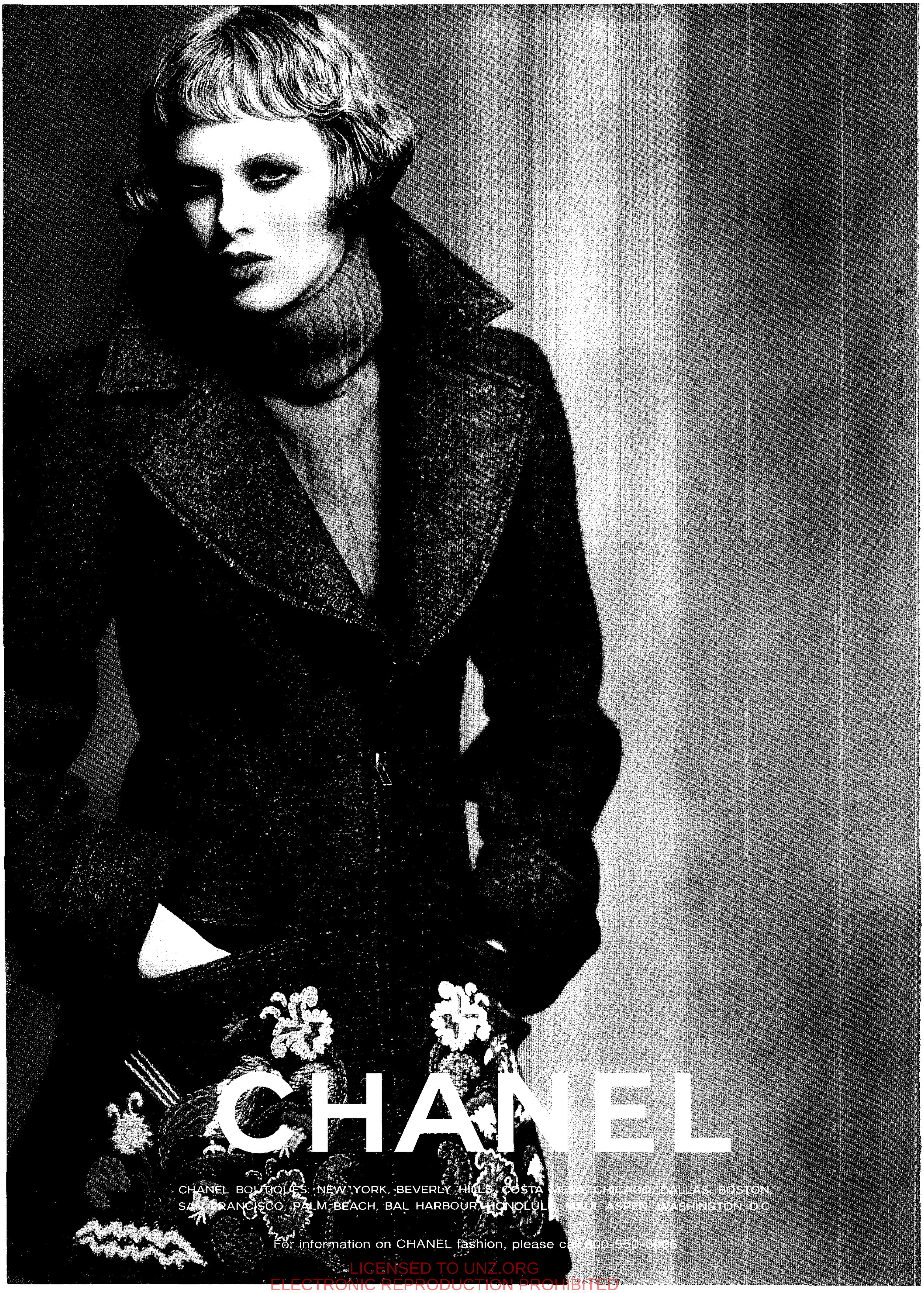

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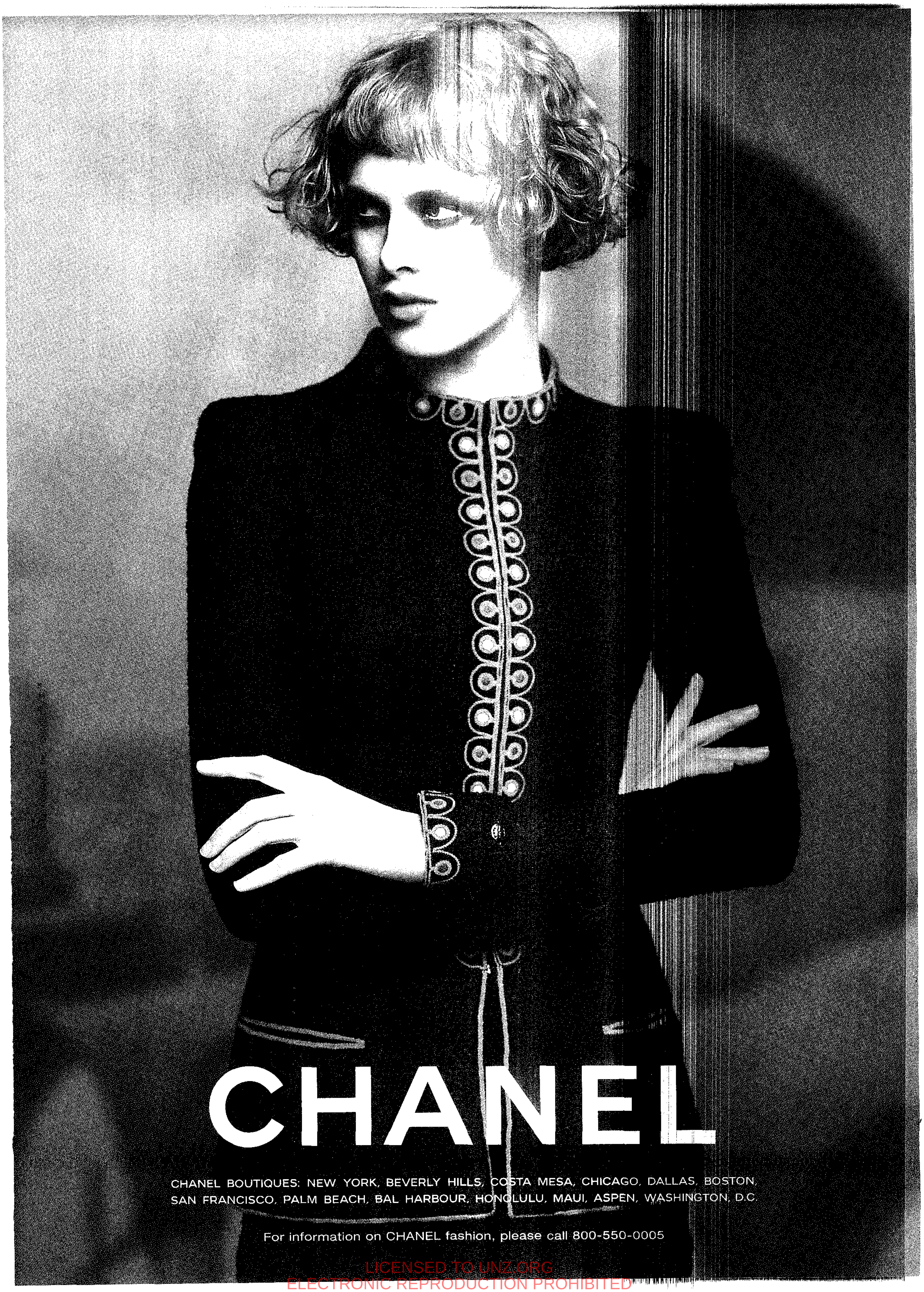

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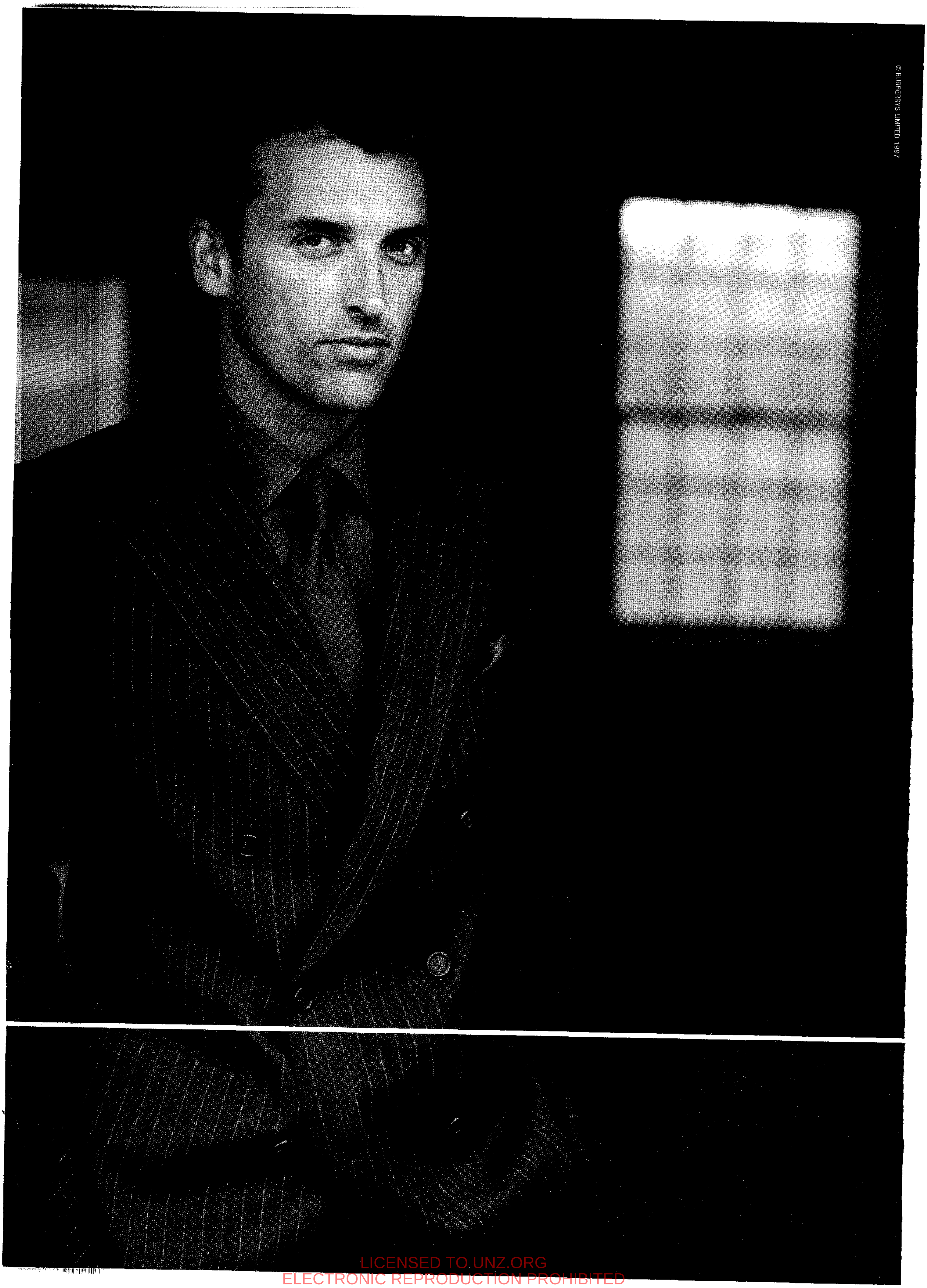

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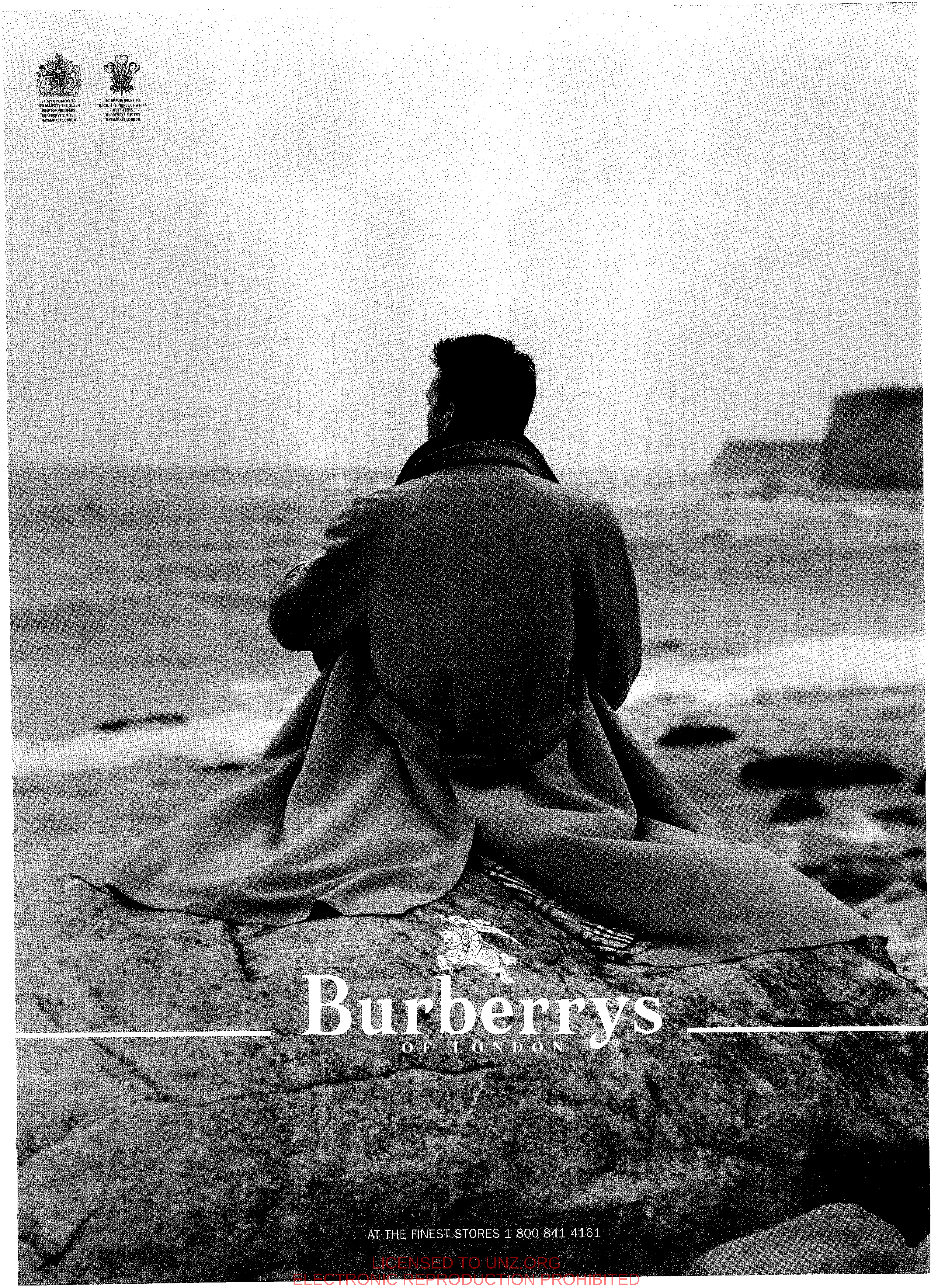BY APPOINTMENT TO
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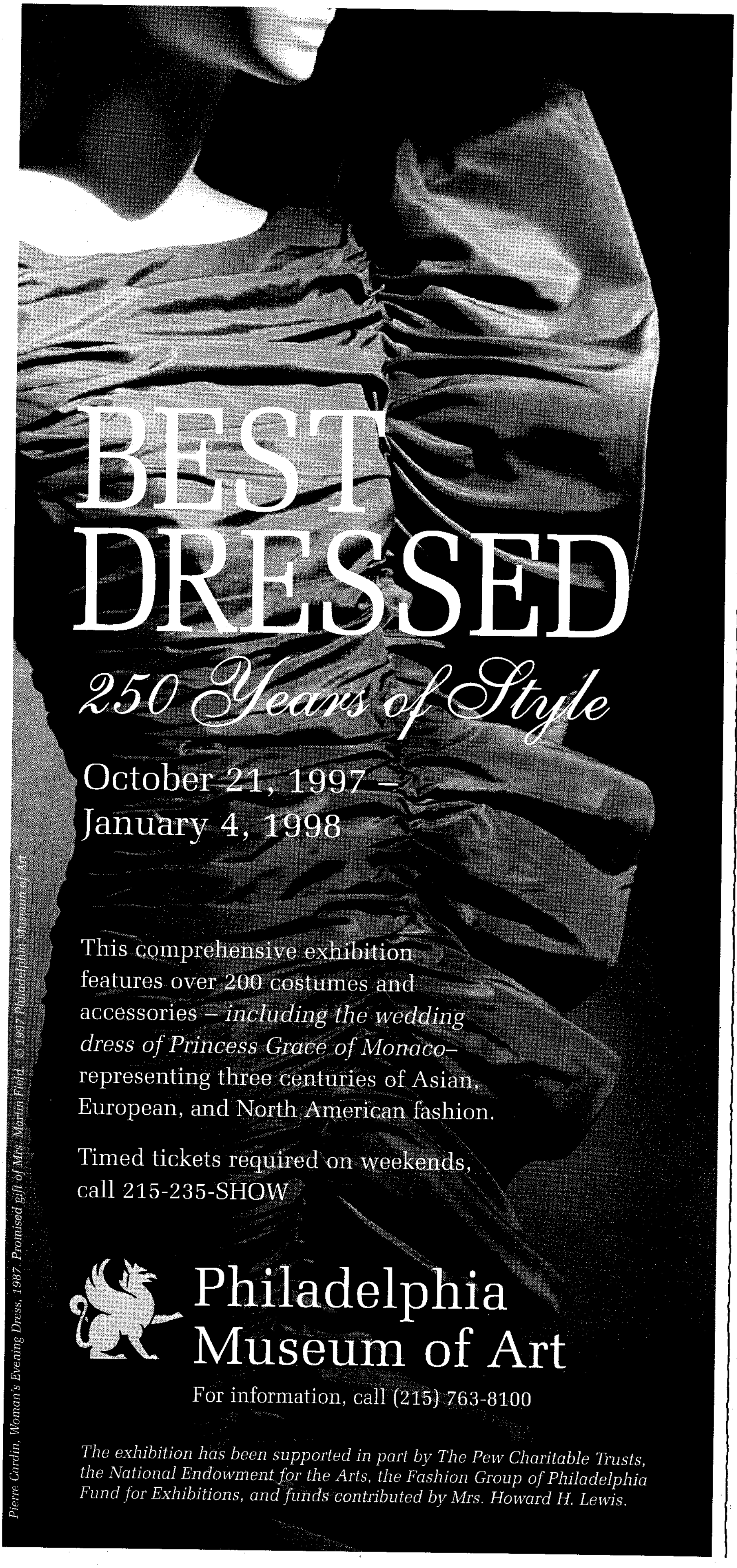

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Pierre Cardin, Woman's Evening Dress, 1987. Promised gift of Mrs. Martin Field. © 1997 Philadelphia Museum of Art

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The comedian and writer **STEVE MARTIN** *is a regular contributor to the back page. His published works include "Picasso at the Lapin Agile and Other Plays" and the screenplays for "Roxanne" and "L.A. Story."*

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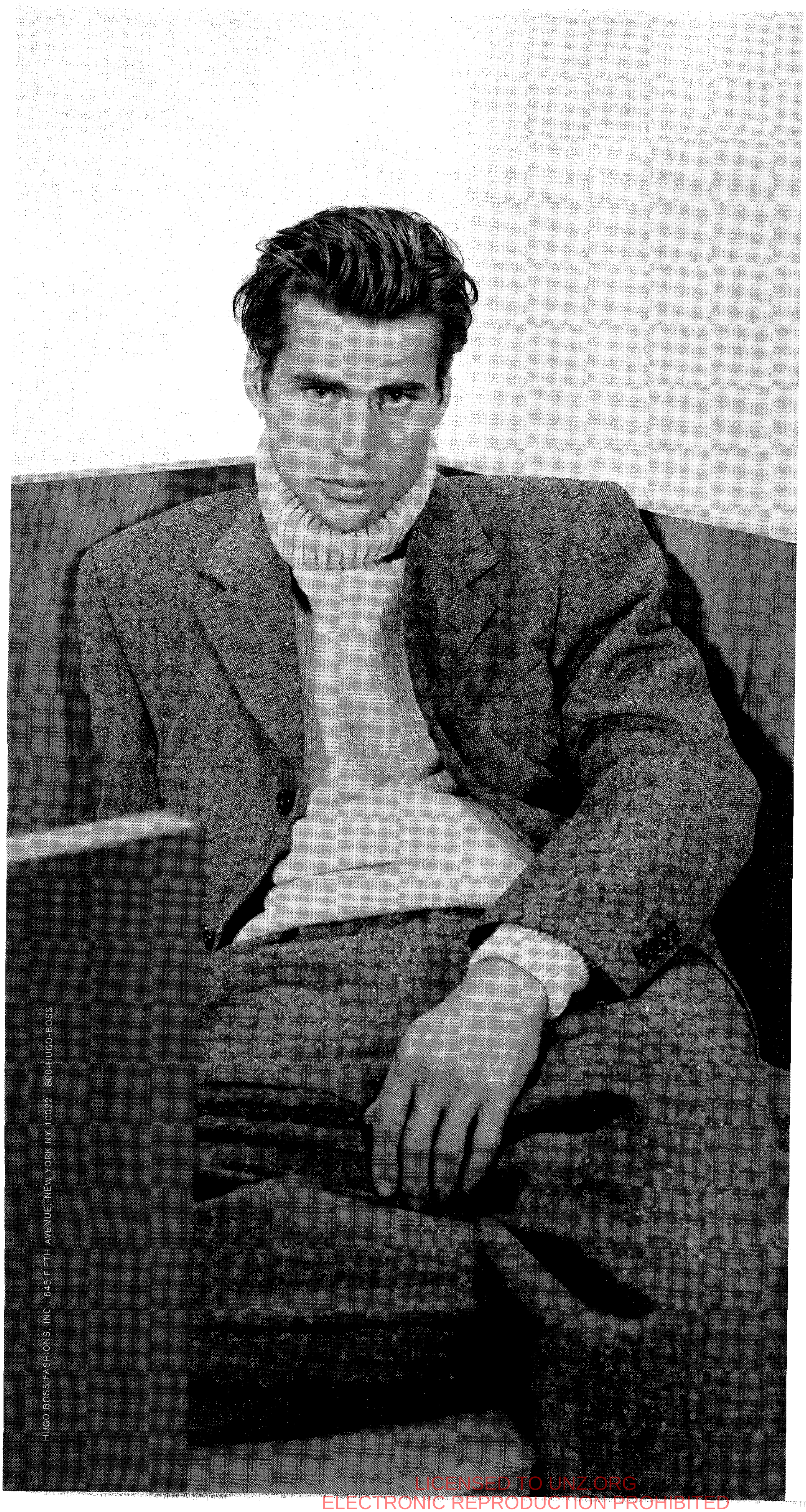

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COMMENT

PASSION AT YALE

Does the Constitution care about coed dorms?

As college students gather in the opening weeks of a new semester, there is, we hear, a scandal brewing, a dirty secret spreading its stain through the life of undergraduates, whose life is conducted, at many campuses, in coed dormitories. The secret (which, of course, is not very new and not entirely secret) is that there isn't very much sex going on. There's *some*, of course: some students are very active sexually (and become either famous or notorious for it), and a few may even have the grace or the misfortune to experience what would have been known in another era as passion. But many students "hook up" only now and then, and others may be defiantly chaste, or perhaps lonely or indifferent, and spend the best part of four years in a state of bluesy sexual withdrawal, rarely experiencing so much as the dip of a window shade.

All this serves as the necessary ironic background for the recent announcement by a group of five Yale freshmen and sophomores of the Orthodox Jewish faith that they may begin a lawsuit against the university in order to fight the requirement that they spend their first two years at Yale living in coed dormitories. (At Yale, freshmen generally live on all-male or all-female floors but share some bathrooms; sophomores live in single-sex suites joined by bathrooms. It may, on occasion, be necessary to knock.) Such a residence requirement, the students declare, contradicts religious rules that demand privacy and modesty as well as sexual abstinence prior to marriage. So far, Yale has refused to waive its requirement that the students live in the dormitories, and, in response, the Yale Five (as they style themselves) have asked for the assistance of a prominent lawyer—Nathan Lewin, of Washington—who describes the affair as a constitutional issue in which the students' rights to free religious expression have been infringed. In the past, Mr. Lewin has successfully sued for the rights of Orthodox Jews in public jobs to maintain elements of religious observance—the right of an Air Force psychologist, say, to wear a yarmulke at work. But no one is prohibiting the exercise of religious observance at Yale, and the students can maintain a kosher diet in an off-campus dining hall. What's at stake for the Yale Five is the *atmosphere* of undergraduate life—the threat it poses to their purity of conduct. But

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temptations must surround the orthodox of any faith when they leave family and community and enter the world. Though the sensibilities of these students may be affronted, have their constitutional rights been abrogated?

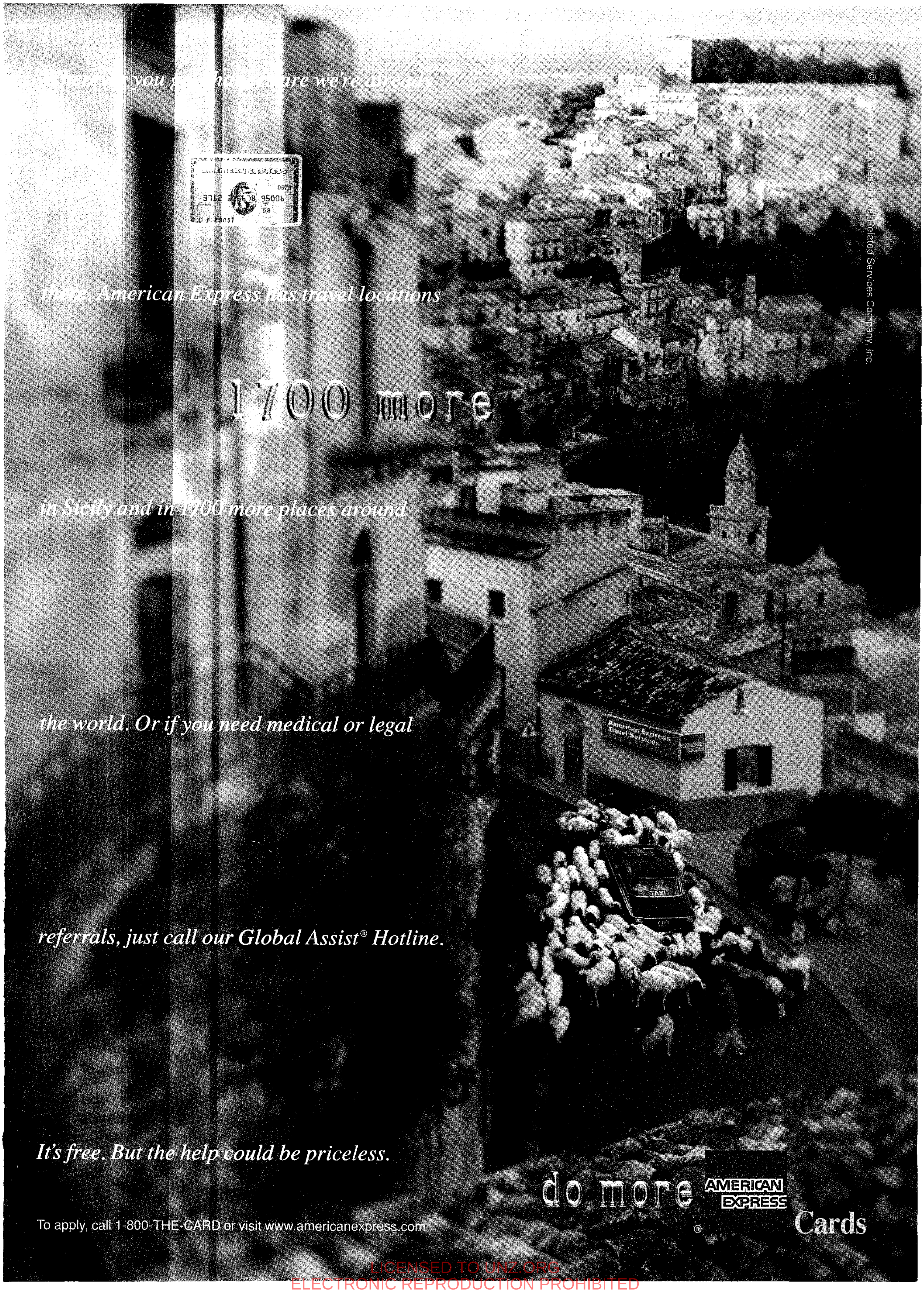
One remains puzzled by the students' notion that dormitory life is a parade of licentious goings on—or, at the least, a series of remorseless intrusions. "There is no way to keep female visitors away," one of the Five was quoted as saying. ("I should be so lucky," his dorm-mates may be thinking.) Yes, every dorm resident does have to put up with occasional annoyances—a floormate, say, who won't turn down a CD-player. But no one is forcing the students to do anything in particular. No one is requiring of them—as certain heretical Christian sects were accused of requiring of members—that they lie next to young virgins as a test of their resolve. One of the Five did complain that during freshman orientation he was subjected to a lecture on condoms. It strikes one as exceedingly curious, however, that any university student should be shocked by mere information. Furthermore, students need not avail themselves of the condoms that Yale—continuing to operate in loco parentis—offers to its charges to prevent the spread of sexually transmitted diseases and, of course, unwanted pregnancies. Doors can always be locked. It is hard to believe that if a student wants to live quietly and privately in a Yale dormitory others will not, after a while, respect the signals he is sending out.

In a *Times* Op-Ed piece that appeared last Tuesday, Elisha Dov Hack, one of the Yale Five, complained of a sign he spied during an orientation tour which touted "100 ways to make love without having sex." One of the advertised ways that offended Mr. Hack was "Take a nap together." The sign, of course, was a joking nudge to behave responsibly. Yet even the notion of a mere coed snooze strikes Mr. Hack as heresy. Unmarried intimacy of any kind—or even proximity—seems to be what disturbs the Yale Five. "We cannot, in good conscience," Mr. Hack writes, "live in a place where women are permitted to stay overnight in men's rooms." In that case, Mr. Hack should avoid living in big-city apartment buildings as well.

The students' grievance appears to be produced by a combination of harsh medieval ardor and culture-of-complaint hypersensitivity. If the students care so much for modesty and chastity, they could, of course, attend a seminary. But it's the Yale degree they want, and they can hardly accuse the university of false advertising. Living in a coed dorm for two years is now part of the known Yale experience, just as taking certain required courses, like the Literature Humanities and the Contemporary Civilization courses at Columbia, is part of the life of other schools.

No modern university can be asked to spare its observant students the chagrins of a secular existence, for almost every aspect of the curriculum itself has been formed by secular assumptions. In class, the students may hear religion discussed in historical, political, and military—rather than sacred—terms; they may even hear religion discussed as a system of illusion. In every discipline, the disenchanted modern world awaits them. One of the Yale Five is a biology major. The Hebrew Bible says nothing about evolution. Will the student boycott his courses? One thing that separates a faith community from a learning community is that in the latter one's preconceptions are constantly, and productively, under duress. The experience of confronting both new ideas and people who think differently from oneself has traditionally formed the heart of a liberal education.

It's bad enough that the dormitories at Berkeley are partly balkanized by special-interest groups and that at many universities African-Americans congregate at meals (often to the dismay of white students who would like to mingle with them and make friends). Such self-imposed separations attack the very idea of a university. By not giving in, Yale no doubt wants to avoid a situation in which separatist communities increase their demands on the university. And Yale is right. If universities continue to humor every group's sensitivities, then what is to stop blacks from demanding protection from exposure to white students, gays from exposure to straights, fundamentalist Christians from exposure to Jews and Muslims? In this society, existence is rarely free from jostling: we all, every day, find our deepest convictions offended, even traduced, by *something*. In that respect, the Yale Five, whether they get their way or not, will have to take their chances along with the rest of us. —DAVID DENBY



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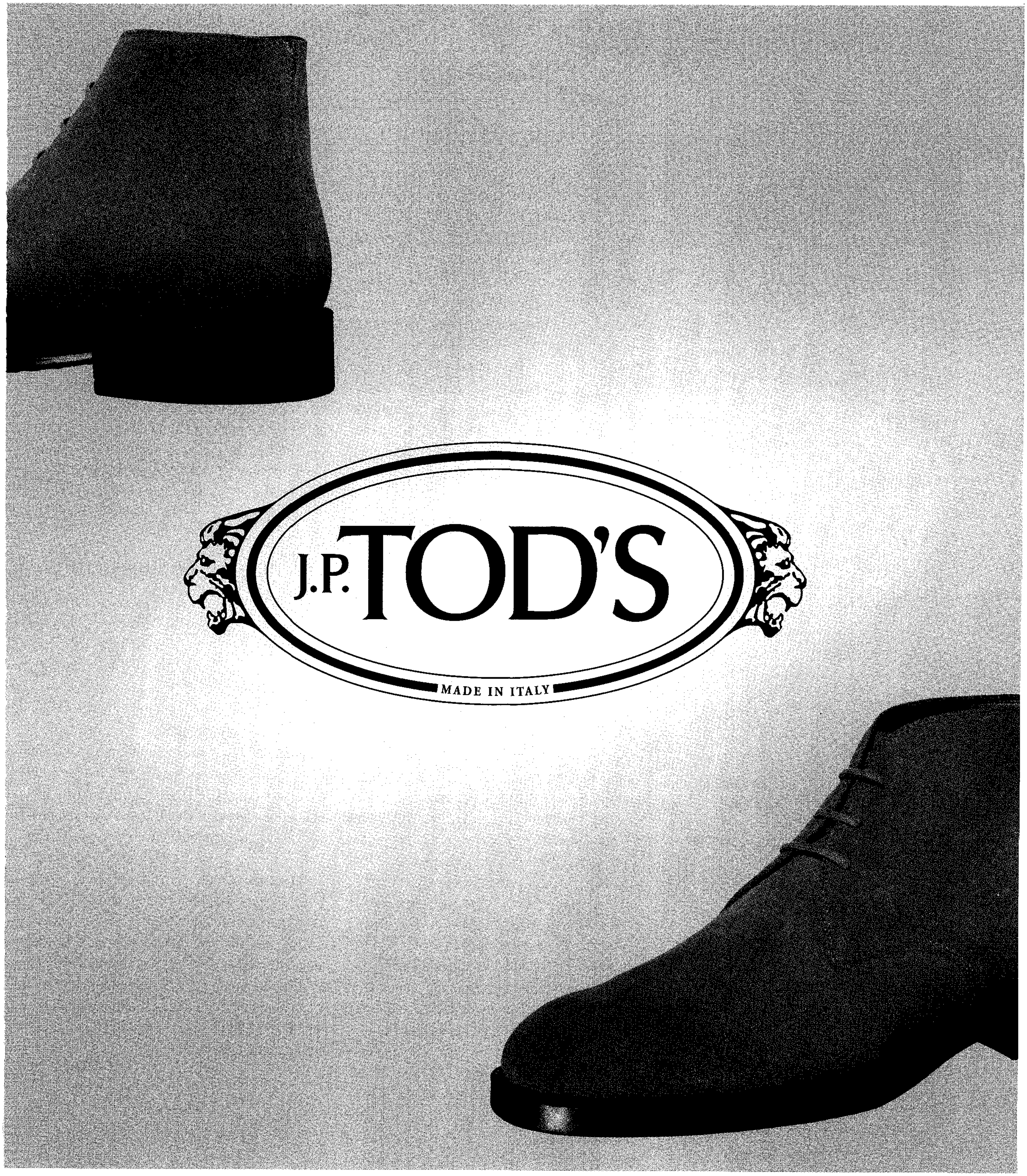
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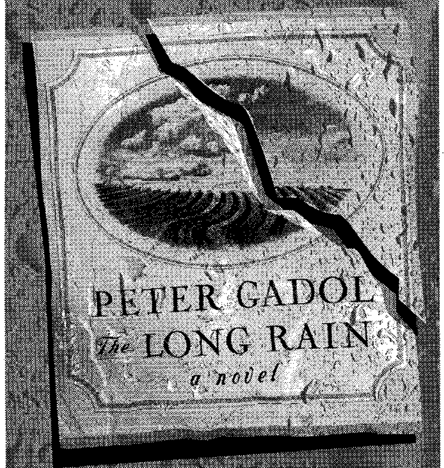

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EVOLVING TASTE

The controversy over whether 2 Columbus Circle should be preserved (Paul Goldberger, "Landmark Kitsch," August 18th) is misplaced. There is no visual reason to condemn the building, only an ideological one. The façade is a distant but deliberate echo of the Doge's Palace, in Venice, and thus violates a central tenet of modernism: the rejection of history. But must we still judge modernist buildings by modernism's draconian laws, given that postmodernism welcomes historical eclecticism? It is true that 2 Columbus Circle is out of step with its time—a little ahead, a little behind, a little to one side. It may not be great architecture, but could we not celebrate it as an example of pioneering postmodernism, as one of the many eccentric structures that make New York City such fun to explore?

JAMES TRILLING
Providence, R.I.

There is one compelling reason to save 2 Columbus Circle: unquestionably, whatever goes up in its place will be a whole lot uglier. In Los Angeles, a spirited public debate raged for years over the importance of preserving Frank Gehry's design for Disney Hall, and Gehry eventually won. In New York, such a debate seems inconceivable. During the endless wrangle over Columbus Circle, has it ever occurred to anyone that this site—the gateway to the Upper West Side, a cornerstone of Central Park—might be "redeveloped" with one of Gehry's winged marvels? Or, for that matter, with the work of any of the other great contemporary artists who aren't represented in this city? Why must New Yorkers always choose, in effect, between Philip Johnson and Donald Trump? A debate over past eyesores shouldn't obscure the larger question of why no great building has gone up in New York City in a generation.

MARC KRISTAL
New York City

EVOLVING LAW

In "Men Behaving Badly" (Comment, August 18th) Henry Louis Gates, Jr., complains that "through a process of semantic drift... sexual etiquette, as distinct from discriminatory treatment, has become the subject of legal scrutiny." But to criticize Title VII on the basis of its evolution is to criticize our entire judicial system. Every law on which judges reflect—even the driest tax, securities, or pension law—is modified to some degree by "judicial gloss." It appears that Gates's concern is motivated by his belief that in recent years "the courts have failed to recognize the existence of hostile environments that don't involve sexual content." This is plain wrong. Suits are routinely won by plaintiffs who claim that differences in their assignments, offices, or rates of promotion are based on gender. None of this involves sexual content. So what really bothers Gates about the law?

SHANNON M. SALB, ESQ.
Washington, D.C.

DOROTHY DANDRIDGE

Hilton Als, in his review of Donald Bogle's biography of Dorothy Dandridge ("Dark Star," August 18th), suggests that I did not marry Dorothy because I "wasn't willing to jeopardize" my career as a director by crossing the color line. But, as Bogle writes, Dorothy and I never discussed marriage, for a number of reasons, among them that my career was just starting and I couldn't think ahead to marriage, and that I was rooted in Hollywood, while she spent her life touring. It was for these reasons that our relationship lasted only slightly more than a year. I'd also like to add to Als's description of Dorothy as "poorly educated." While she did have little schooling, she was self-educated—a bright, well-read woman, who could converse on almost any subject. I will always remember her as she was when we met: lovely and talented.

GERALD MAYER
Los Angeles, Calif.

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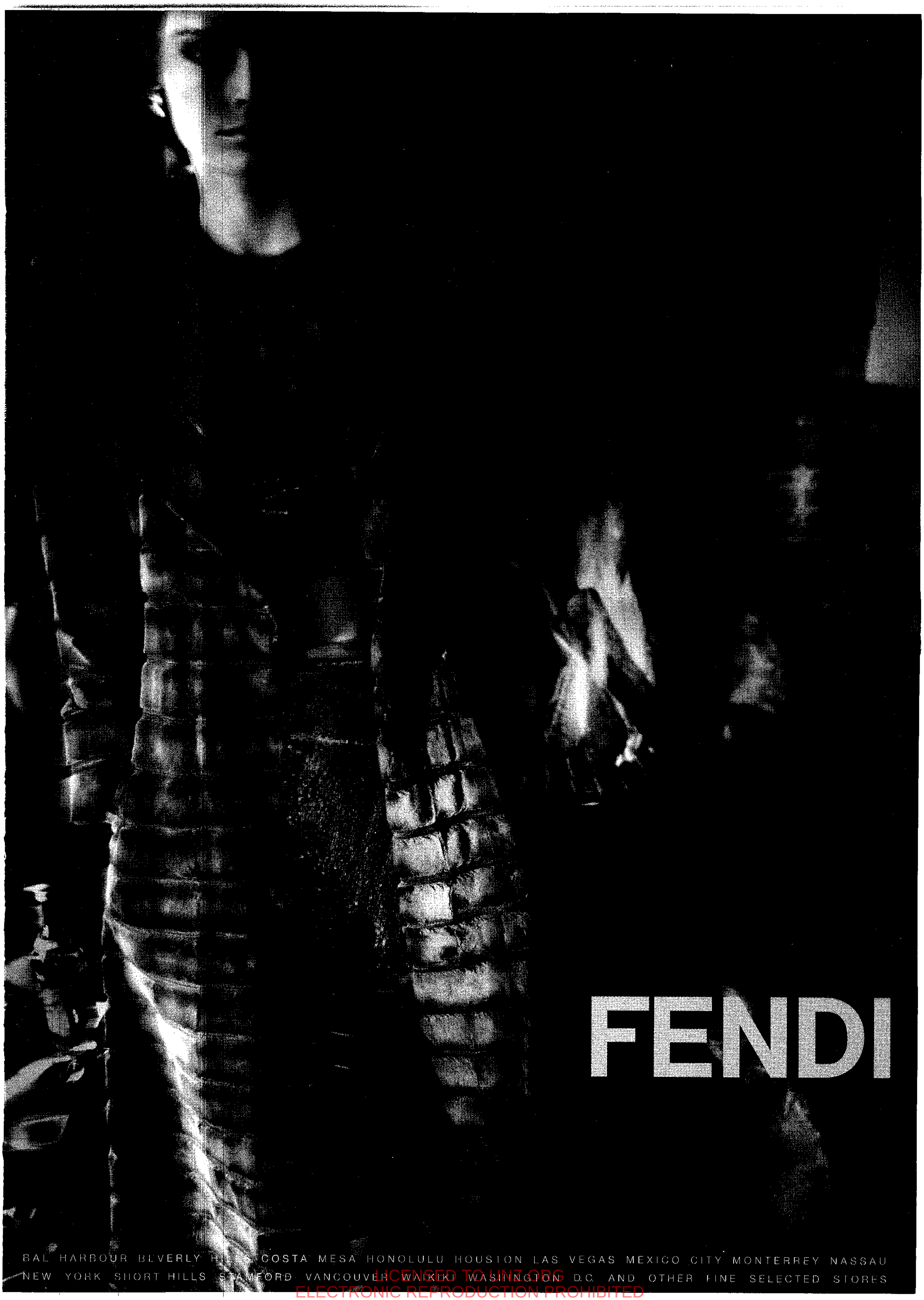
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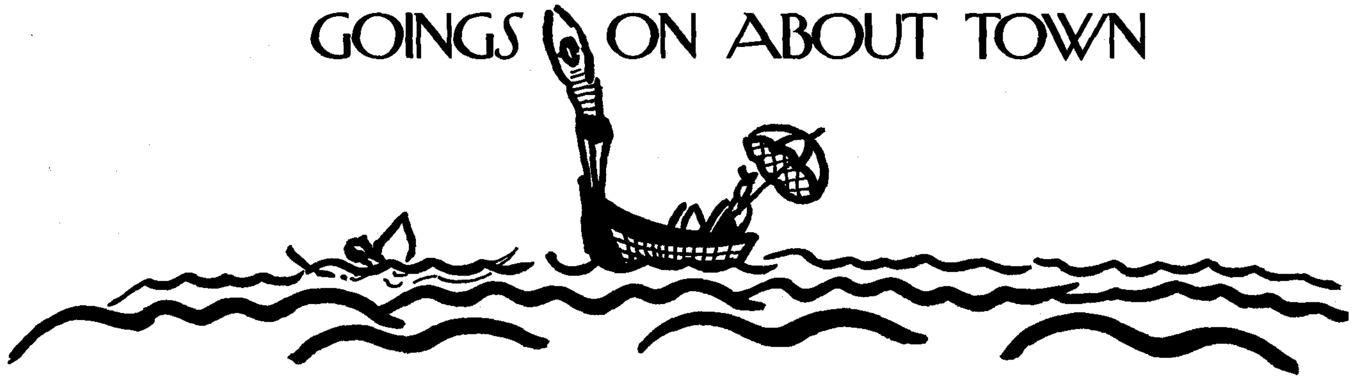

THE THEATRE

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Dixon Place—An evening of new performance works, by Deb Margolin, Rae C. Wright, Aleta Hayes, and Al Sutton. Sept. 18-20 at 8. (258 Bowery, near Houston St. 219-3088.)

Glorious—The British comedian Eddie Izzard returns to P.S. 122 with a new show. Previews begin Sept. 22. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

Her First Roman—The York Theatre Company's Musicals in Mufti series of overlooked works continues its season with a concert production of the 1968 musical adaptation by Ervin Drake of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." Sept. 19 at 8, Sept. 20 at 2:30 and 8, and Sept. 21 at 2:30. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-5820.)

The Irish . . . and How They Got That Way—Frank McCourt's history of Hibernians in America, told primarily through stories and songs. An Irish Repertory Theatre staging, directed by Charlotte Moore. Previews begin Sept. 21. (132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

More Stately Mansions—New York Theatre Workshop presents the Dutch director Ivo van Hove's staging of Eugene O'Neill's unfinished family drama. Previews begin Sept. 20. (79 E. 4th St. 460-5475.)

Plunge—A new comedy by Christopher Kyle, about four college friends whose country reunion takes an unconvivial turn, is the season's first offering from Playwrights Horizons. Ron Lagomarsino is the director. In previews. (416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Side Show—The life story of the Siamese twins Daisy and Violet Hilton (Emily Skinner and Alice Ripley), who were part of a travelling vaudeville act in the nineteen-thirties, is the basis of this new musical conceived, directed, and choreographed by Robert Longbottom, with music by Henry Krieger ("Dreamgirls") and a book and lyrics by Bill Russell. Previews begin Sept. 19. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Skyscraper—A romantic comedy set in Chicago, atop an architectural treasure slated for destruction. Written by David Auburn and directed by Michael Rego. In previews. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 279-4200.)

Three-for-All—The Spanish troupe Tricicle (Joan Gracia, Paco Mir, and Carles Sans), which specializes in physical comedy, brings its latest production to the Union Square Theatre. In previews. (100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

Tracers—A revival of the 1980 memory drama created by John DiFusco and eight Vietnam War veterans, presented by the 29th Street Rep. Preview on Sept. 17. Opens Sept. 18 at 8 and continues through Oct. 12. (212 W. 29th St. 465-0575.)

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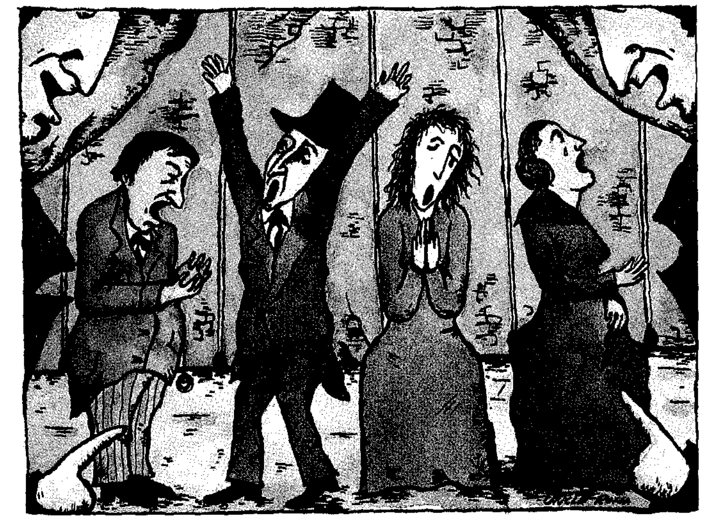
OPENED RECENTLY

Atwater: Fixin' to Die—George Furth directs a one-man portrait of the late Republican National Committee chairman and controversial spin doctor Lee Atwater. Written by Robert Myers and starring Bruce McIntosh, who originated the role in 1992, in Los Angeles. (28th Street Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 591-0019.)

Always . . . Patsy Cline—Not quite a revue, not quite a play, this spirited and Nashville-slick celebration of the late, great country singer is, rather, a streamlined song-delivery device: Tori Lynn Palazola, who plays Cline, sings twenty-one songs in a mere two hours. The show is based on Cline's relationship with a fan in Houston, played with large-hearted gusto by Margo Martindale. Palazola doesn't sound exactly like Patsy, but she's good at doing Patsy, and more than good when it comes to the slower numbers. The unsung, as it were, heroes of the production are the six members of the backup band, titans of twang all. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

And the Sky Can Still Fall on Our Heads—An evening of one-acts by Antonin Artaud, adapted by Michael LeLand and Dennis Moritz. (Nuyorican Poets Café, 236 E. 3rd St. 465-3167. Closes Sept. 28.)

Annie—Can the powerhouse waif find another bonanza in this twentieth-anniversary revival of her Broadway musical? With eight-year-old Brittny Kissinger wearing the red fright wig, anything is possible: no one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the New York public. Directed by Martin Charnin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)



"Hard Times," an adaptation of Dickens's novel, at the Pearl.

UNCLE ROMA

As Bees in Honey Drown—In Douglas Carter Beane's comic indictment of America's obsession with fame, J. Smith-Cameron is hilarious as a cultural arbiter whose fabricated personality is, as an adoring Saks salesman (the delightful T. Scott Cunningham) puts it, "a mixture of every woman I've ever loved in a movie." The script, which has been given a vivid production by the Drama Dept., is a gleeful bon mot-filled éclair whose satirical power sours only when, every once in a while, it takes itself too seriously. With Bo Foxworth as the young novelist who falls under Smith-Cameron's spell. Mark Brokaw directed. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Barrymore—Christopher Plummer's rich, unmiked voice hits every note of sarcasm and self-loathing in William Luce's rambunctious script as he perfectly captures the grief behind the old ham's gallant frivolity. Well directed by Gene Saks. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

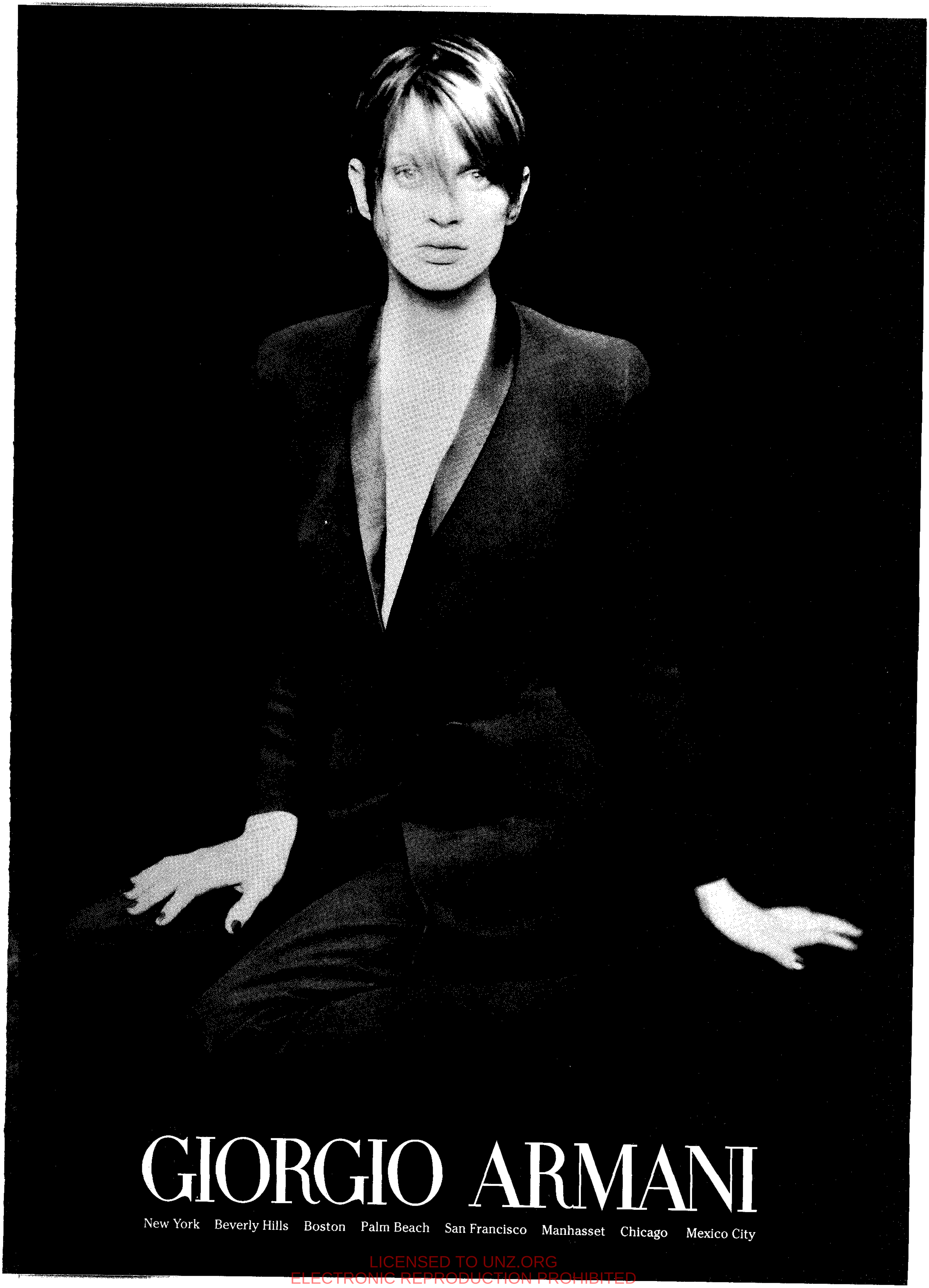
Bermuda Avenue Triangle—A sexy gambler on the skids (Joseph Bologna) returns the zing to the lives of two elderly women, a Jew (Renee Taylor) and a Catholic (Nanette Fabray), whose sullen daughters have put them out to pasture in a Las Vegas retirement home. Audience members unfamiliar with the husband-and-wife playwright-actors Taylor and Bologna may think they've stumbled into the couple's monthly fan-club meeting at this silly farce, which traffics in the kind of cookie-cutter stereotypes that rate high on the matinée-crowd yuk-o-meter. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Caught in the Act—The Threshold Theatre's festival of international one-acts, by playwrights both well known (Günter Grass, Arthur Schnitzler, Fernando Arrabal, Tristan Tzara) and obscure, directed by, among others, Michael Rupert, Paul Lazar, and Mitchell Greenberg. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. Closes Oct. 5.)

Chicago City Limits—The improv company presents its latest revue, "@Chicago City Limits.comedy." (Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Ave. at 61st St. 888-5233.)

The Evil Spell of the Butterfly—The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre's version of García Lorca's 1920 fable, in which the actors portray insects. Performances are in Spanish. (304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Sept. 28.)

Forever Tango—This stepchild of Vegas and Buenos Aires gets everything right, from the basic ingredients (sex, pomade) to the big emotions (e.g., the weltschmerz of the bandonion players). One after another, the acrobatic couples flaunt their scissor steps with lubricious joy. But the real treat is the character dancing: it's a big surprise to encounter so many styles—suave, measured, sleazy, torrid, muscular, slapstick—and such a variety of song-length minidramas. Created and directed by Luis Bravo. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)


GIORGIO ARMANI
New York Beverly Hills Boston Palm Beach San Francisco Manhasset Chicago Mexico City

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—Writer-director Moisés Kaufman renders the playwright's trials from edited transcripts, interposing passages from letters, Wilde's writings, and other people's memoirs and commentaries. The result, thanks to Kaufman's clever (if occasionally self-indulgent) direction and a strong, versatile cast—especially Michael Emerson, in the title role—is powerful and surprisingly theatrical. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Hard Times—A stage adaptation of Dickens's novel by Stephen Jeffreys is the season opener for the Pearl Theatre Company. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802. Closes Oct. 5.)

Hello and Goodbye—The South African playwright Athol Fugard's 1965 drama, about a family living under apartheid, in a Rattlestick staging directed by Howard Meyer. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Closes Sept. 28.)

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's memory play, about a young woman (Jayne Atkinson) who comes of age too quickly under the tutelage of her pedophile uncle (Bruce Davison), is a clear-eyed marvel, and the Vineyard Theatre has given it a beautifully spare and lucid production. With insight and humor, Vogel opens up a subject previously narrowed by fury, voyeurism, and melodrama. Mark Brokaw directed. (Century, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

Jekyll & Hyde—Enjoyable bombast, loosely based on the Robert Louis Stevenson novel. With music by Frank Wildhorn, lyrics and a book by Leslie Bricusse, and solid direction by Robin Phillips. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/97.) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

John: His Story—A drama based on the fourth of the Gospels, staged by Houston's A.D. Players. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—In this romantic comedy of manners, set in Atlanta in 1939, Alfred Uhry stays true to a Southern sense of propriety: he takes on an unsavory topic (anti-Semitism among the Jewish upper crust) without dwelling on it long enough to offend anyone, and, like a practiced host, he shows you a good time without taxing you. Ron Lagomarsino directed. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

The Life—This new musical, about the oldest profession in Times Square (before it became known as the new Times Square) and the men who profit from its practitioners, is a cynical, poisonous concoction, featuring phony funk, fake blues, overcooked pop, and a cartoonish, insulting book. The cast includes some good singers, notably Lillias White and Pamela Isaacs. (5/12/97) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Lypsinka Is Harriet Craig—The drag artistes Lypsinka (in her first major speaking role) and Varla Jean Merman join forces in a song-and-dance version of the 1950 Joan Crawford film "Harriet Craig." (Mother, 432 W. 14th St., at Washington St. 366-5680. Closes Sept. 28.)

Mere Mortals—David Ives, who created the wonderful "All in the Timing," has lately changed his tune to "All in the Recycling": only two of the six short plays here are new. They are, however, Ives at his clever best. "Time Flies" is about the short life of two mayflies—only one day to grow up and get it on before going to the great beyond—and "Dr. Fritz; or, The Forces of Light" is a piece of insanity set somewhere south of the border. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream and **The Taming of the Shrew**—The last of Gorilla Rep's free outdoor stagings of Shakespeare's comedies run in repertory—"Dream" on Thursday and Saturday, "Shrew" on Friday and Sunday—through Sept. 21, in the southwest corner of Washington Square Park. (For more information, call 807-4999.)

Miracle Mile—In his one-man show, Clark Middleton recounts the highs and lows of his battle with rheumatoid arthritis. (Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 358-5041. Closes Sept. 28.)

Misalliance—Shaw's 1910 comedy, set in the country house of an English underwear magnate, is subtitled "A Debate in One Sitting," and it rounds up the usual suspects: the bourgeoisie versus the aristocracy, the maddening institution of marriage, and the possibly mad institution of the family. It's a rather bossy piece of work—a comedic tract more than a comedy—and it clocks in at a derrière-numbing three hours. Nevertheless, it has much to recommend it: namely, the glimmer in Shaw's cold eye, Derek McLane's splendid set, and a superb ensemble, led by the warm and magnetic Brian Murray and featuring Patricia Conolly, Remak Ramsay, Zak Orth, and Elizabeth Marvel. David Warren directed. (9/8/97) (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

P.S. 122—Sept. 18-21 at 7:30: "Cab Legs," the latest work by Elevator Repair Service, a troupe that blends elements of theatre with choreography from Indian movie musicals and Betty Boop cartoons. . . . ¶ Sept. 18-21 at 8: "The American Chestnut," a new work by performance artist Karen Finley, who uses the sickly tree as a metaphor for a decaying society. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Both shows continue through Sept. 28.)

Rough Crossing—Jean Cocteau Rep launches its new season with Tom Stoppard's 1984 farce, based on Ferenc Molnár's 1925 "The Play in the Castle." It takes place aboard a steamship bound from Southampton to New York, where two theatrical partners (Craig Smith and Harris Berlinsky) are to open their new musical comedy, "The Cruise of the Dodo." A dramaturgically inclined cabin steward (Christopher Black), an unfinished second act, and a triangle involving the composer (Tim Deak) and the musical's libidinous stars (Elise Stone and Charles Parnell) keep the waters roiling. The talented cast's renditions of Stoppard's songs (with original music for this production by Ellen Mandel) are highlights. Scott Shattuck directed. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

1776—One of the charms of Sherman Edwards and Peter Stone's still fresh 1969 musical about the drafting of the Declaration of Independence is that it's free of sentimental throat-clearing about This Great Nation of Ours; it shows our Founding Fathers—J. Adams, B. Franklin, T. Jefferson, et al.—behaving a lot like feuding brothers. Scott Ellis's lean, lively production and the many vivid performances bring the Continental Congressmen's personalities and ideas into high relief, and the result is possibly the most entertaining and the wittiest history lesson you've ever received. Brent Spiner's Adams is dour and flinty, yet extremely sympathetic, and Pat Hingle's Franklin is a puckish Buddha, both lusty and lazy. As Jefferson, Paul Michael Valley doesn't make much of an impression, possibly because this Jefferson is conceived as being a bit thick—a sort of Moron of Monticello, able to get over his writer's block and begin working on the D. of I. only after getting it on with his wife. But it's a forgivable misstep in an otherwise light-footed show. (9/8/97) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Strictly Dishonorable—The Target Margin Theatre's Lost American Classics season has begun with a 1929 stage comedy by Preston Sturges, set in a New York City speakeasy. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes Sept. 20.)

Titanic—Though this musical about history's most tragic maiden voyage contains no small number of historical and theatrical misjudgments, it nevertheless manages to take you very close to the heart of the matter—the enormity of the disaster and its heartbreaking human details—and it qualifies as a genuine addition to American musical theatre. Richard Jones, who directed, and Stewart Laing, who designed the sets, have established an operatic atmosphere that minimizes the flaws in Peter Stone's book and Maury Yeston's music and lyrics; miraculously, the show steers clear of both the Scylla of camp and the Charybdis of bad taste, and the result is an evening that's both sombre and joyful, grave and entertaining. John Cunningham appears as Captain Smith, David Garrison as the chairman of the White Star Line, and—most memorably—Brian d'Arcy James as a stoker, Martin Moran as a wireless operator, and Victoria Clark as a celebrity-obsessed second-class passenger. (5/12/97) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

"Object Constant," at the Joyce Theatre.

JASON HOLLEY

Two by Synge—Chain Lightning Theatre and Sanctuary Theatre Workshop present "Riders to the Sea" and "In the Shadow of the Glen." (Cornelia Connelly, 220 E. 4th St. 803-5476. Closes Sept. 28.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY STRIKES BACK!:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200. . . . **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **HOWARD CRABTREE'S WHEN PIGS FLY:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE KING AND I:**

Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100. . . . **LATE NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 239-6200.

DANCE

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—After a two-year absence from local stages, the uptown jewel returns, with four programs—one slate of new work, one garland of Balanchine, and two dance cards of selected repertory. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 650-7148. Sept. 17 at 12:30 (a family matinée) and 8; Sept. 18-19 at 8; Sept. 20 at 2 and 8; and Sept. 21 at 3.)

BALLET FOLKLORICO DE MEXICO—The sixty-five-member company performs refined interpretations of traditional dances in high-concept versions of national costumes (golden loincloths, black velvet sombreros, swirling red skirts). (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Sept. 19-20 at 8 and Sept 21 at 2 and 8.)

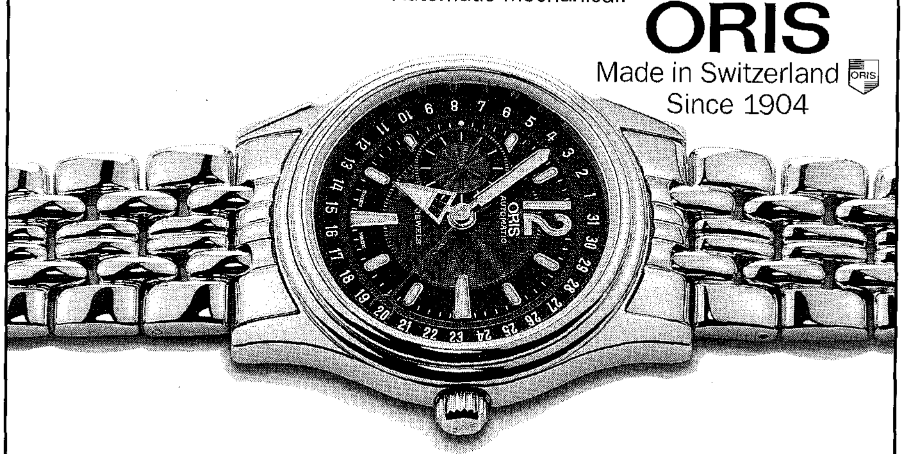
"OBJECT CONSTANT"—S.O.A.P., a Frankfurt-based company, makes its American début with a full-length work complete with kneepads, bowling balls, Brechtian harangues, "Götterdämmerung" lighting, and a tasteful turn of burlesque. Advance materials quaintly warn theatregoers of strong language and partial nudity, but the most provocative element by far is the in-your-face dancing. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Sept. 16-20 at 8 and Sept. 21 at 2 and 7:30.)

"TWILIGHT AT THE TIP"—A walking tour cum site-specific performance, organized and choreographed by Mary Abrams, who somehow sees intimations of her native Iowa plains in off-hours Wall Street. The tour winds from the Vietnam Memorial to the Stock Exchange and includes local history, musical tableaux, a semi-spontaneous parade that may or may not include passing pinstripers, and alfresco dance. (Sept. 18, Sept. 20, and Sept. 22 at 7. For reservations, call 642-8256.)

"DANCE NOW 97"—A pride of dancers appearing in selected downtown-dance preserves. Sept. 18-19 at 7, 8, and 9: Frances Alenikoff, Yanira Castro, the Artichoke Dance Company, Terry Hollis, Keely Garfield, and a host of others. (Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 3, 4, 5, and 6: Short works by Matthew Brookoff, Soundance Repertory Dance, Robin Becker & Dancers, and others, in the Carmine Recreation Center. (Seventh Ave. S. at Clarkson St.) . . . At 8: Monica Bill Barnes, Douglas Dunn & Dancers with Joshua Fried, Jennifer Mueller/The Works, and others, dancing in the outfield. (James Jay Walker Ballfield, Clarkson St. at Hudson St.) . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 5, 6, and 7: The festival finale, with Marta Renzi, Jody Oberfelder, Pat Catterson, Freefall, and others. (Gallery Henoch, 80 Wooster St. For more information on all events, call the Downtown Arts Festival at 925-4200.)

KOREAN TRADITIONAL DANCES AND SONGS—In-Young Sohn and her ten-member company perform a range of folk dances, from sword dances and farmland rites to shamanic rituals. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sept. 20 at 8.)

THE BESSIES—The sass-and-sax duo of Lisa Kron (of Five Lesbian Brothers) and Dan Froot host the New York Dance and Performance Awards ceremonies, which once again begin early to accommodate the cheering, the thanks, and the testimonials to the awards' namesake, Bessie Schönberg, who died last spring at the age of ninety. (LaGuardia Concert Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. 691-6500. Sept. 17 at 6.)



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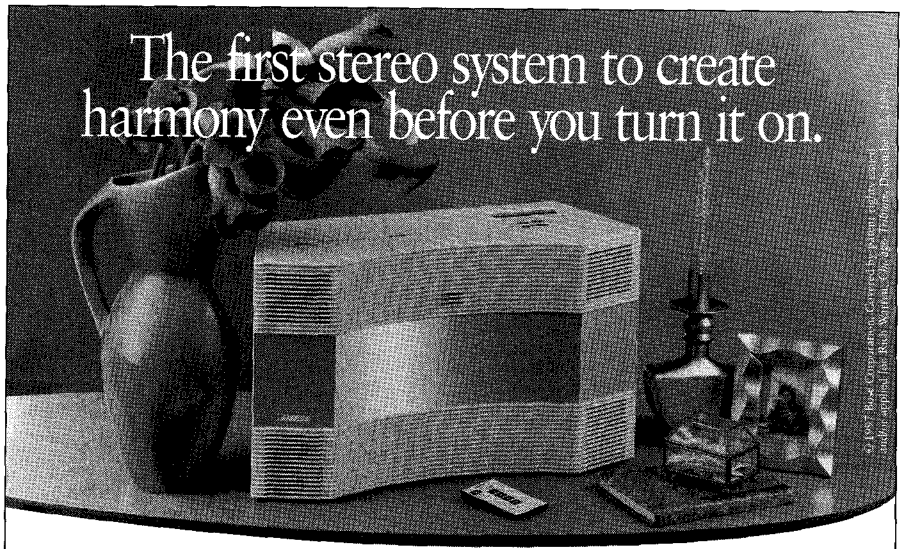
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NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Morrissey—As all distinctive stylists trapped inside one-dimensional personas finally do, the King of Misery has exhausted his welcome. "Maladjusted" is his weakest effort yet, a tuneless, middle-of-the-road snooze. He does, however, look better than ever. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. 307-7171. Sept. 17 at 7:30.)

Rabih Abou-Khalil—Don't expect Lebanese folk music at this master oudist's United States concert début: drawing on jazz and other Western musical traditions, he centers his sophisticated compositions, as well as his band (which includes tuba, harmonica, and percussion), around principles of inclusion. For those who like their world music exacting and thorny rather than warm and fuzzy, this is the place to be. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. Sept. 17 at 8.)

Johnny Mathis—Forty years ago, when rock and roll was striking fear into the hearts of parents everywhere, a Columbia Records executive named Mitch (as in "Sing Along with . . .") Miller was fond of pointing to the enormous success of his wholesome young singer Johnny Mathis as proof that the hormone-driven adolescent rock Miller frowned upon was no match for "upstanding" music. Mathis may not have been a rocker, but what Miller apparently didn't know was that torch songs like "Chances Are," "It's Not for Me to Say," and "The Twelfth of Never" were heating up more back seats than all of Elvis's and Little Richard's songs combined. "Johnny's Greatest Hits," released in 1958, spent four hundred and ninety weeks on the album charts. That's an awful lot of make-out time. Let's hope he plays "Misty" for us. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sept. 17-19 at 8.)

John Fogerty—The bayou boy is back, with a strong new album titled "Blue Moon Swamp." With the Bottle Rockets, a band that's mastered the Sturm und Twang of deep-fried rock and roll. (Hammerstein Ballroom, Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. 564-4882. Sept. 18 at 8.)

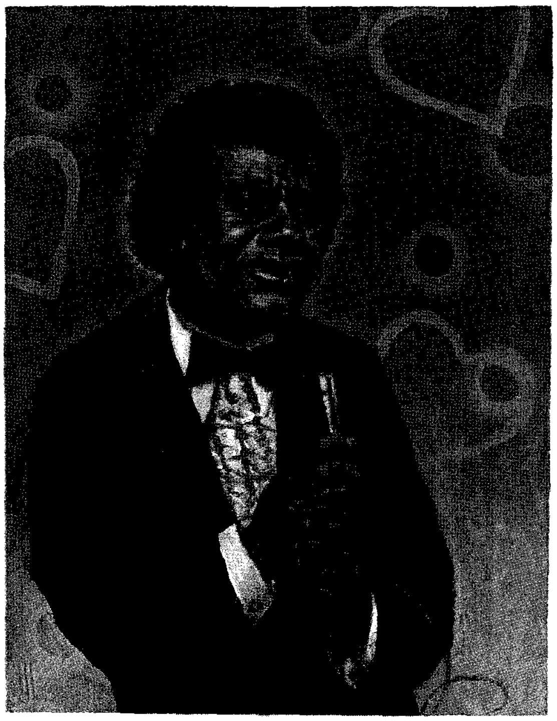
Burning Spear—Winston Rodney has been one of reggae's prime Rasta prophets for more than twenty-five years. On his mid-seventies masterworks, "Marcus Garvey" and "Dry and Heavy," he preached the importance of self-knowledge and positive thinking atop a foundation of insistent, insinuating grooves. Though his recent work has been uneven, his concerts are always excellent: surrounded by Jamaica's finest sidemen, he has an easygoing defiance that makes for some hip-swaying entertainment. (Roxy, 515 W. 18th St. 307-7171. Sept. 18 at 8.)

"Thelonious Monk: The High Priest of Modern Jazz"—Even fanatics may run screaming from the hall if "'Round Midnight" and "Blue Monk" are trotted out again, but, with its promise of some rarely performed compositions, this celebration of the peerless pianist and composer already has a lot going for it. The presence of our premier vibist, Milt Jackson (one of the great Monk interpreters), and of two semi-legendary saxophonists, Charles McPherson and Teddy Edwards (neither of whom, truth be told, is much associated with Monk), will undoubtedly pump new blood into tunes that have lain dormant for too long. The acclaimed pianist Marcus Roberts will lead the ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Sept. 18 and Sept. 20 at 8.)

Ani DiFranco / Dan Bern—Having recently released her ninth record at the ridiculous age of twenty-six, DiFranco has become a genre-busting phenomenon: America's first punk folkie. To see her (and her rabid fans) live is to be converted. / An up-and-coming alternafolkie with a sharp sarcastic bent. (Central Park SummerStage. Sept. 19 at 7.)

Faith No More—This earthshaking outfit is perhaps the only grunge band never to fulfill its bright promise, a failure that probably had a lot to do with the enormous amount of time that elapsed between the band's releases and with its lack of a pinup idol. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Sept. 19 at 7:30.)

Shawn Colvin—Last fall's striking "A Few Small Repairs" unaccountably fell on deaf ears. Like Joni Mitchell's "Court and Spark," it's a haunting, nuanced snapshot of the singer-songwriter's broken marriage, and it deserves a wider audience. (The Theatre at Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Sept. 20 at 8.)



Johnny Mathis, at Carnegie Hall.

JARRETT HUDDLESTON

Kol Simcha—This Swiss outfit, one of the leading European klezmer bands, makes its Carnegie Hall début. (Sept. 21 at 2.)

"Masters of South Indian Music"—A two-part program that features the violinist T. N. Krishnan and the Vaduvur S.N.R. Krishnamurthi troupe, which specializes in the rarely heard *nagaswaram*, a four-foot-long oboe. (Symphony Space. Sept. 21 at 6:30.)

Blues Traveler—Those lovable, jam-happy neo-Deadheads will stir up some end-of-summer dust in the Park. (Central Park SummerStage. Sept. 21 at 7.)

Fleetwood Mac—They began in 1967 as a lumbering blues band named after drummer Mick Fleetwood and bassist John McVie; they cashiered one great guitarist and innumerable sidemen; they recruited a pair of flaxen-haired Southern California hippies with androgynous first names in Stevie Nicks and Lindsey Buckingham; they survived bankruptcy; and they turned acrimony, divorce, and radio-perfect harmonies into one of the biggest-selling records of all time, "Rumours." Now, much to everyone's surprise, they have the No. 1 album in the country again. "The Dance," a mostly live recording, is worth avoiding, but, like any recommissioned battleship, the group deserves to be seen, if only for the soap-opera psychodrama and a healthy dose of Lindsey Buckingham, a twisted, Brian Wilsonian wizard with enough talent to carry the other members on his back. (Nassau Coliseum. 516-794-9300. Sept. 23 at 7:30.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **Julie Budd** is at work in the Oak Room through Sept. 27. Dining.

Birdland, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—Sept. 18: The European label Enja has been releasing topnotch Continental and American jazz for a quarter of a century now. This three-set anniversary celebration begins with the superior young pianist **Jonny King,** whose band includes saxophonist Steve Wilson and drummer Billy Drummond. Vocalist **Melissa Walker** has saxophonist Gary Bartz and trumpeter Terell Stafford in her ensemble. A jam session by Enja artists concludes the evening. Sept. 19-21: **Bobby Watson's Tailor-Made Big Band.** When he gets the chance, the resourceful altoist, composer, and arranger loves to assemble a big band, and when you hear it, you wish he got more chances.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through Sept. 21: The **James Moody** quartet and the **John Scofield** quintet. Moody is a twisted sax virtuoso who spikes his bop excursions with right-side-of-the-brain humor. Guitarist Scofield favors tricky, asymmetrical lines over generic flash; beneath his cultivation he's got the heart of a tortured bluesman. A copacetic double bill. Dining.

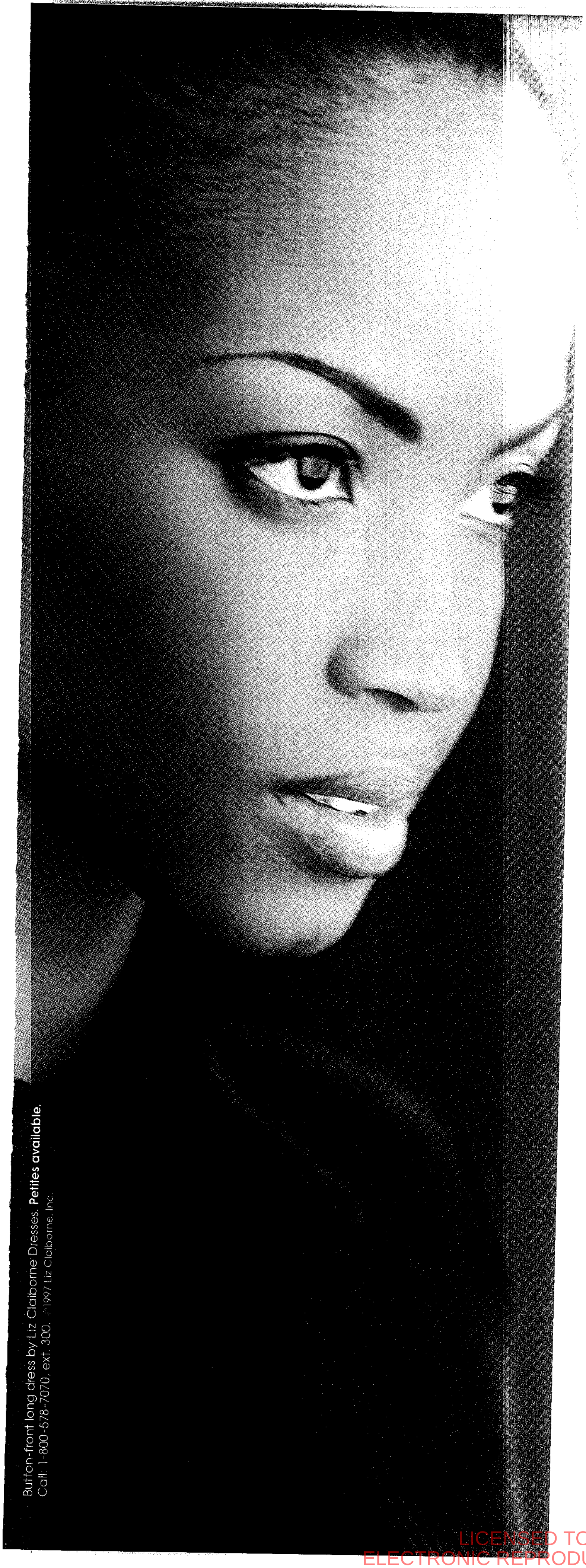
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The indelible **Barbara Cook** settles in for a monthlong stay in the venerable Café Carlyle, where the fifties have never gone out of style. Ms. Cook, partnered by pianist Wally Harper (as she has been for twenty-three years), remains a sui-generis performer: a Broadway star, classical soprano, and pop vocalist all rolled into one spectacular artist. Through Oct. 11, she'll be holding forth with songs from musicals directed by Hal Prince. No shortage of repertoire there—she gets to choose from such classics as "A Little Night Music," "Fiorello!," "Show Boat," . . . well, you get the picture. On Mondays, **Woody Allen** plays with the **Eddy Davis New Orleans Jazz Band.** . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, pianist **Peter Mintun** presides at the piano through Oct. 11.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Free-jazz saxophonist **Pharoah Sanders** (through Sept. 21) has actually mellowed over the years; his sonic maelstroms are now regularly tempered by soulful balladeering. Sept. 23-24: The distinctive modernist trumpeter **Tom Harrell** kicks off a six-night stay, spending the first two with his occasional yet wholly sympathetic partner, Joe Lovano, one of the great saxophone stylists of our day. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.** Dining.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Sept. 19: A benefit performance featuring **Philip Glass, John Zorn, Barry Altschul, Kathleen Chalfant,** and others. Sept. 23: A "John Coltrane Birthday Celebration," with **Pherroan Aklaff, Rashied Ali, Joe Mc Phee,** and **Myra Melford.**

Night Gallery, 117 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (675-0350)—The Microscopic Septet is now a fond memory, but its former pianist, **Joel Forrester** (Sept. 20-21) has bounced back nicely. With two other members of his new quartet, People Like Us—the downtown bassist Dave Hofstra and the lyrical baritone saxophonist Claire Daly—he provides a jazz-brunch taste of the delightful and quirky melodicism to be found on their début recording, titled "No . . . Really!" Dining.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—Way up on the sixty-fifth floor, the genial, deep-voiced **Amanda Mc Broom** has just begun a monthlong stint, with her musical director Joel Silberman at the piano. Her song list (which largely duplicates the



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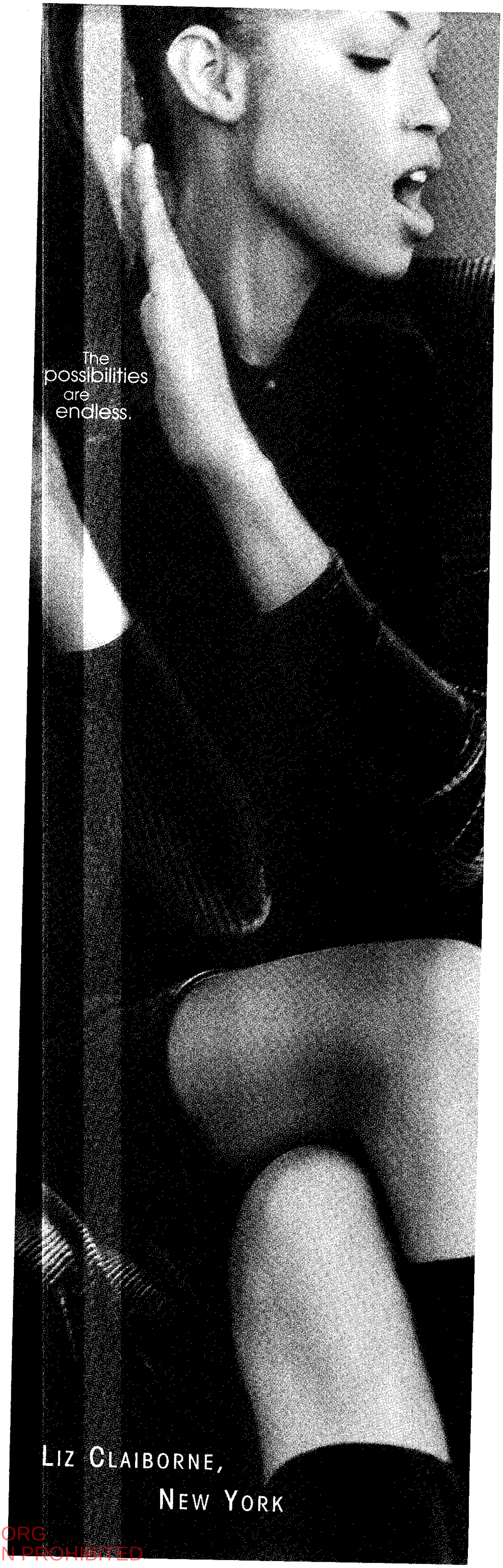

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repertoire on her hot-off-the-press Gecko CD, "A Waiting Heart") ranges through works by both classic figures (Lerner, Kern, and others) and currently active songwriters, of which she is herself a fine exemplar. "The Rose" was McBroom's biggest hit, of course, but "Errol Flynn" and "Ship in a Bottle" are quickly assuming well-deserved places as cabaret classics. Through Oct. 11.

SMALLS, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—A bassist with a resonant fingers-in-the-wood tone and a rhythmic spin that brings to mind the great Wilbur Ware, **OMER AVITAL** (Sept. 18) gathers around him some of the brightest of the new-jazz renegades who call Smalls home.

S.O.B.'S, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sept. 22: The virtuoso small band of pianist **EDDIE PALMIERI** uses the syncopated swelter of Latin music as a base for fervent jazz improvisation—the perfect foundation for the feisty solos of trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER.**

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—European jazz musicians often lean heavily on introspection and cerebration. Then there's **PIERRE DORGE AND THE NEW JUNGLE ORCHESTRA** (through Sept. 21). Denmark's spunkiest band is a scrupulously polished and historically aware ensemble that never lets precision or compositional smarts get in the way of fun. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Sept. 21: The cooperative band of drummer **PAUL MOTIAN,** saxophonist **JOE LOVANO** (see Iridium), and guitarist **BILL FRISELL** has stripped itself down to the essentials of rhythm, harmony, and melody, though noting which instrument is carrying what element is half the pleasure of listening to this fearless trio. This is an avant-garde band whose warmth and lyricism carry it into listener-friendly territory. Sept. 23: Impulse Records kicks off its promotional "Coltrane—Live at the Vanguard" week with a man who actually recorded with Coltrane at the Vanguard, pianist **MC COY TYNER,** and his trio. Tyner's rampaging keyboard flourishes should conjure up genuine visions of Coltrane's "sheets of sound" broadsides. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. **MULGREW MILLER** (through Sept. 20) is a product of Memphis, a town whose jazz pianists invariably fall under the shadow of the florid legend Phineas Newborn. He's assisted by bassist **RICHIE GOODS.** Starting Sept. 22: **HAROLD MABERN** (piano) and **JAMIL NASSER** (bass). Dining.

ROCK, ETC.

ARLENE GROCERY, 95 Stanton St., between Ludlow and Orchard Sts. (358-1633)—A narrow, dimly lit renovated bodega that's the perfect generic environment for three to five unknown bands each night trying to escape obscurity. Sept. 20: Folky country-pop with the **SCHRAMMS.** Sometime Peter Gabriel and Joe Jackson keyboardist **JOY ASKEW** performs her own exotic pop on Sept. 22.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Sept. 18: Master tabla player **TRILOK GURTU** and his band, **THE GLIMPSE.** Sept. 19: Texas-bred troubadour **JIMMIE DALE GILMORE** was named after country legend Jimmie Rodgers, and his panoramic songs roll on like one of the Singing Brakeman's trains. He idealistically blends Southwestern folk and country with Far Eastern philosophy: cowboy Zen's Lone Ranger rides again. With the **HACKBERRY RAMBLERS,** a mostly octogenarian Cajun-and-Western sextet (they've been thick as thieves for sixty-seven years). One word: hot.

BROWNIES, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—Sept. 20: **SKELETON KEY,** whose raunchy material sounds a bit like Nirvana meets Tom Waits. With **FLUFFER.** Sept. 22: Topnotch singer-songwriter **KEVIN SALEM.**

CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—Sept. 19: The sharp, scratchy guitar of veteran **HUBERT SUMLIN,** who played in Howlin' Wolf's band for twenty years. Sept. 20: **BUDDY MILES,** the journeyman singer, drummer, and left-handed, upside-down guitarist, à la Hendrix, whom Miles joined in Band of Gypsys a year before the end.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Sept. 19: **REEL BIG FISH** plays happy, peppy eighties-style ska. **PIZZICATO FIVE,** a Tokyo trio that plays very groovy American-style pop, brings its slightly insane, danceable fun to town on Sept. 20. **HELMET** and **THE MELVINS** are in on Sept. 22 for an evening of extremely aggressive rock.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Sept. 21: **BROOKLYN FUNK ESSENTIALS.** Of the many things that come to mind when you're on the L train to Canarsie, it's safe to say that funk isn't one of them. Which is why "Take the L Train (to Brooklyn)," from "Cool and Steady and Easy," last year's début effort by this nine-piece-plus aggregate, is such a wonderful surprise. The house band of your dreams, they explode the dictionary of funk with fearsome authority. And their multilayered attack, led by a three-man horn section and powered by a loping jazz-inflected muscle, makes them even better live.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The Blues Brothers made him a frat-household name, but **MATT (GUITAR) MURPHY** (Sept. 18) got his start way back in the fifties, as a guitarist in the bands of Howlin' Wolf and Memphis Slim.

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Sept. 17-18: **GLENN TILBROOK,** who enjoyed flattering, if inaccurate, comparisons to Paul McCartney when he was the distinctive voice of Squeeze, turns in an all-acoustic set. Sept. 22-24: **DOG'S EYE VIEW** makes sensitive, folky guy pop in the manner of Counting Crows and the Wallflowers. Their new record is called "Daisy."

S.O.B.'S, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. Sept. 17: Reggae star **EEK-A-MOUSE.** Sept. 18: **"BATUCADA,"** an evening of drum-and-bass (extremely fast-paced dance music), with the very hot English **DJ SOULSLINGER,** Supa MC TC Islam, and Abada. Sept. 20: Bahian diva **JULIANA AQUINO.** Dining.

SUPPER CLUB, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Sept. 18: Hard rock from America's toughest all-girl band. Some women spent their formative years listening to the Supremes, some to the Ramones; the members of **L7** spent them listening to Mötörhead.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—The **GRIFTERS** are in on Sept. 17. Last year's "Ain't My Lookout" was a pleasurable jolt of fractured songwriting, swamp-bucket rhythms, and the occasional backwards guitar. It was, in other words, everything you'd expect from a slacker-rock band—these guys from Memphis just do it better than anybody else. Sept. 18: **TRISHA YEARWOOD,** A powerful singer who, since her hit-filled début in 1991, has been an inspiration to every starry-eyed female vocalist in Nashville. She brings to the music a rare integrity that her new-country admirers would do well to emulate. Sept. 20: **MERLE HAGGARD** and **DALE WATSON.** A rare club performance by Haggard, the grizzled, ornery master of drivin', drinkin', and thinkin' songs. Last year's four-CD compilation, "Down Every Road," and new album, "1996," secured his claim to a place in the country pantheon. The many photographs in the boxed set reminded us that the young singer had killer-diller good looks; the songs on the new record reassured us that the bard of Bakersfield was very much alive and kicking. Watson, a pompadoured, tattooed singer-guitarist out of Austin, plays honky-tonk as if he were on a mission from God—or at least from Haggard. The **CREOLE ZYDECO FARMERS,** fresh from the flats of southwestern Louisiana, whoop it up on Sept. 21.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—**STRANGEFOLK,** out of Burlington, Vermont, bring their extended-jam world view in on Sept. 20. **ADAM PASCAL,** of "Rent" fame (he was Roger), sets up with his new band on Sept. 22.

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ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"Picasso: The Engraver," selections from the Musée Picasso in Paris. Opens Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Master Hand: Individuality and Creativity Among Yoruba Sculptors," an exhibition of Nigerian masks, containers, figures, and architectural posts which reveals the names and backgrounds of thirty influential artists previously exhibited as anonymous craftsmen. Through March 1. . . . ¶ "Wordrobe," an exhibition at the Costume Institute, explores the use of words, letters, and numbers in fashion, with examples ranging from love notes that fit inside corset stays to an Evans and Wong slip in black Ultrasuede, liberally adorned with quotations from Emily Post's "Do's and Don'ts for the Debutante." Through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ "Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz" comprises eighty-one photographs of the painter, thirty of which have rarely been exhibited. Through Oct. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—"Toward the New Museum of Modern Art: Sketchbooks by Ten Architects." Through Oct. 7. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 6; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective," with more than four hundred pieces from nearly half a century of work, opens at both Guggenheim venues Sept. 19. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500)—On Sept. 19, the museum reopens with the Rauschenberg retrospective (see Guggenheim Museum). A related exhibition opens on the same date at Ace Gallery (275 Hudson St.; 255-5599). (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—The Keith Haring retrospective gathers early drawings, graffiti, subway posters, large-scale paintings, photographs, videos, and personal memorabilia of the artist, who died in 1990. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ "Views from Abroad 3: American Realities." In this series, European curators are asked to rifle through the Whitney's vaults and select a group of pieces which represents their vision of American art. This installment was curated by Nicholas Serota and Sandy Nairne, of the Tate Gallery, in London, and their idea of "American Realities" is far removed from the standard version: this is American art viewed through eyes used to looking at Francis Bacon and Lucian Freud. Through Oct. 5. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5100)—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs." Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—"The Hands of Rodin." More than fifty bronze studies of an extremity the sculptor was quite smitten with. Through Sept. 28. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 9; and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181)—"Power and Virtue: The Horse in Chinese Art" examines more than two millennia's worth of equine representations (individualized imperial steeds as well as more generalized symbols of temporal and spiritual power), in hand scrolls, album leaves, and sculptures. Through Dec. 13. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-6894)—The mansion's garden looks like it's hosting the fanciest slumber party on Fifth Avenue: "Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors" comprises ten tents pitched on the lawn, ranging from the tiny Blue Omar Pop Tent, which snaps open from a flat, two-foot disk into a shelter just adequate for a not-too-tall person, to the Two Meter Dome, a yellow-and-white portable version of Buckminster Fuller's geodesic designs. Through Oct. 19. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

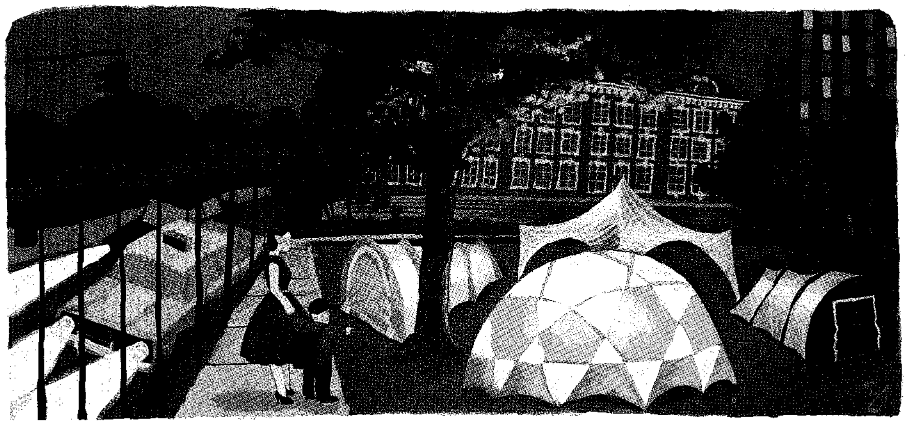
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008)—"Cultural Curios: Literary and Historical Witnesses" presents an assortment of personal items and collectibles, each with its own odd purchase on history: Lord Byron's ring, Lewis Carroll's pocket watch, Thoreau's pencil, a lock of hair from the tail of Robert E. Lee's horse. Through Jan. 4. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Schomburg Center, Malcolm X Blvd. at 135th St. (491-2200)—"America's Reconstruction: People and Politics After the Civil War." An exhibition that captures the political and social achievements of that brief era with historical documents (the Emancipation Proclamation, a Klan tirade) and more mundane objects (a ballot box, a carpetbag, a Union Army button from the freedmen's village of Mitchville, South Carolina). Through Nov. 1. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, uptown and downtown galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; Chelsea galleries are generally closed Tuesdays and open Sundays.)

Silvio Merlino—These screeds against man's despoliation of nature are so passionate, so



ZOHAR LAZAR

"Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors," at the Cooper-Hewitt.

utterly devoid of irony or conventional good taste, that they completely disarm the viewer. In "Hallo Bubbum," a garishly colored relief map of the Indian Ocean region is strewn with Venetian-glass trinkets in the shape of candy kisses. (We Eurocentric swine treat the rest of the earth like a worthless bauble.) In "Uno 1492-1992," a T-shirt has been painted with a New World aflame and adorned with a wreath of rubber-plant leaves. "Montagne di Carezze" one-ups black velvet painting by splashing a mountain landscape, in lurid fluorescent tints, onto black fake fur. Through Oct. 11. (Haime, 41 E. 57th St. 888-3550. Open Mondays.)

Judy Pfaff—"Round Hole, Square Peg," a cheerful maelstrom that careers through four galleries, covering the floors with steel tubes, elegant tree roots and polished branches, and swirling mandalas in plaster and resin, and the walls with spidery drawings and Duchampian peepholes. The title might well be a description of the artist herself. She has made it her mission to penetrate to the heart of chaos, and her work radiates a childlike self-satisfaction that, while wavering precariously between the adorable and the smug, stays mostly on the right side. Through Oct. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. 752-0124.)

Curtis Phillips—Dreamy, watery paintings of imaginary landscapes. Though they verge on tasteful—perhaps too tasteful—abstraction, they have their heart in a Romantic tradition that ranges from the wild grandeur of the Hudson River School to the gloomy allegories of Arnold Böcklin. They are delicately rendered, some in acrylic and others in oil, with a feathery sfumato that enhances their sense of mystery and remoteness: the lands being scaped here are strictly interior. Through Sept. 27. (O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. 355-3330. Open Mondays.)

Andy Warhol (1928-87)—"Ladies and Gentlemen," a 1975 series of silk-screen portraits of drag queens. They can be viewed as an ironic pendant to the artist's celebrity portraits: whether his subject is Liza Minelli or a transvestite streetwalker on the West Side Highway, he employs the same glamorizing, and alienating, formal means. The show gives the lie to the critical commonplace that Warhol's art fell off in the seventies, amply demonstrating that his work retained an acerbic critical edge. The paintings have renewed topicality in this era of identity politics. Through Oct. 11. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. 744-2313.)

"The Hansa Gallery (1952-59) Revisited"—The gallery in question began as an artist's cooperative whose members, many of them students of Hans Hoffman, had come of age during the heyday of Abstract Expressionism but were beginning to move in other directions. It accommodated such diverse talents as the painter Wolf Kahn and the assemblage artist Richard Stankiewicz; there was no house style. Hansa remains best known as the birthplace of "happenings," the mixed-media environments/performances pioneered by Allan Kaprow, which were to have a lasting impact. Through Nov. 8. (Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. 752-1223.)

"The Pleasure of Building"—Watercolors, by Andrew Zega and Bernd H. Dams, of châteaus, hermitages, and garden structures from the early days of Louis XIV. The exquisitely rendered panels re-create structures long since altered or destroyed, such as the Porcelain Trianon of Versailles, the first instance of architectural chinoiserie in Europe. Through Oct. 18. (Didier Aaron, 32 E. 67th St. 988-5248.)

Short List—**ALBERT BIERSTADT,** Peters, 177 E. 78th St. 628-9760. Through Oct. 24. . . . **STANLEY BOXER,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. 879-6606. Open Mondays; through Oct. 4. . . . **MARCEL BROODTHAERS,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 977-7160. Open Mondays; through Nov. 1. . . . **CORA COHEN,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. 319-1996. Open Mondays; through Nov. 1. . . . **BETSY FRIEDMAN,** Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. 861-7338. Through Oct. 18. . . . **JUDY GLANTZMAN,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. 535-8810. Through Oct. 11. . . . **PHILIP GUSTON,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 688-5951. Through Oct. 4. . . . **KARA HAMMOND,** Rickards, 1045 Madison Ave., at 79th St. 924-0858. Through Oct. 4. . . . **ROBERTO JUAREZ,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454. Through Oct. 4. . . . **CYNTHIA KNOTT,** DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 247-2111. Through Oct. 4. . . . **WILLIAM LEHMBRUCK** and **JOSEPH BEUYS,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. 988-1623. Open Mondays; both shows through Oct. 18. . . . **ITTY NEUHAUS,** Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. 879-3500. Through Oct. 7. . . . **ALFONSO OSSORIO** and **BOB THOMPSON,** Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. 247-0082. Both shows through Nov. 8. . . . **SEAN SCULLY,** Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 752-2929. Through Oct. 18.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

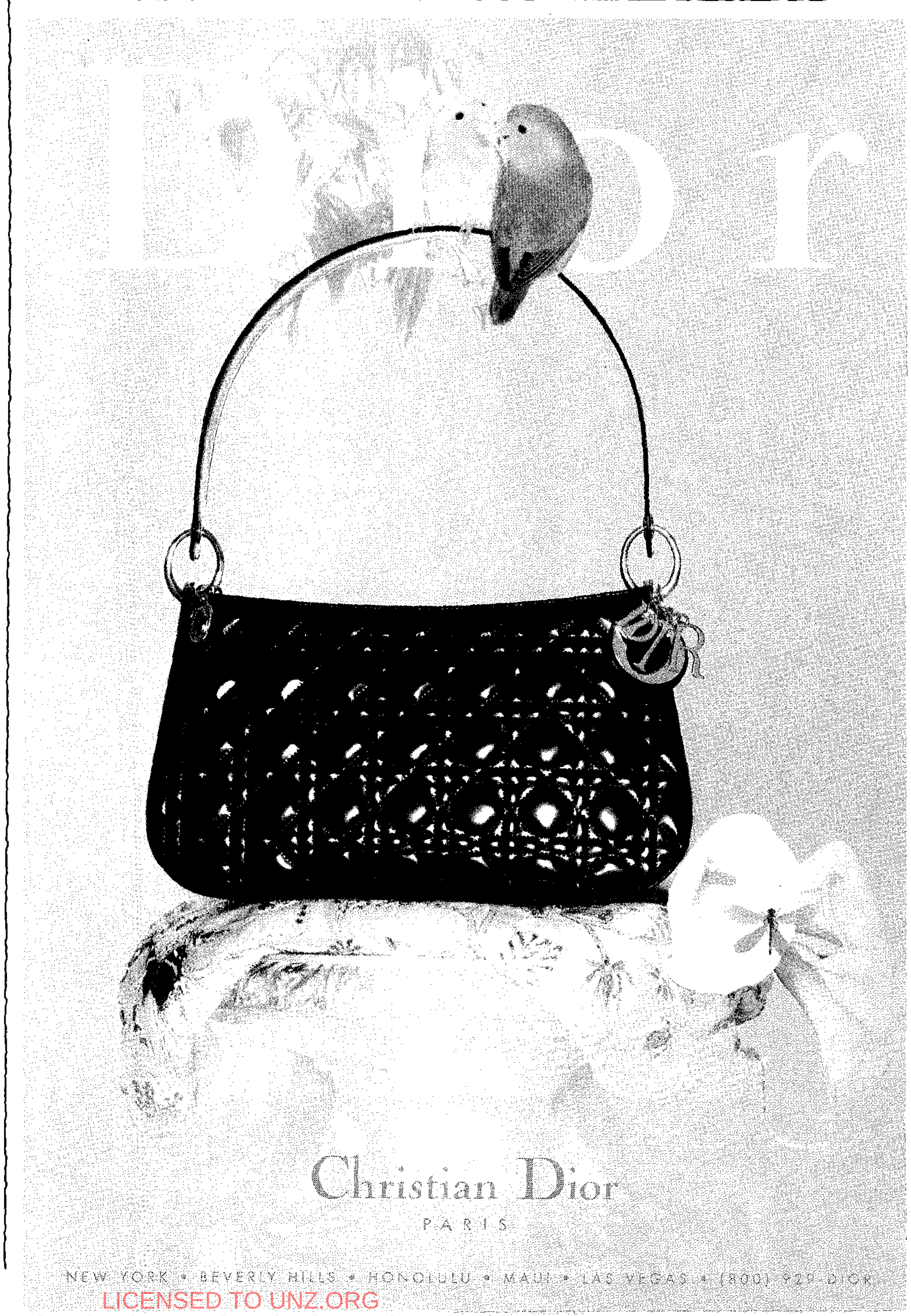
Michael Bevilacqua—"What Is It That Is the Worm Inside of You," a cumbersome title for an engaging group of paintings. Against expanses of vibrant pastels which suggest the patterning of Pucci fabrics, Bevilacqua combines references to contemporary art (Matthew Barney's "Cremaster 4") and popular culture (logos of the bands Oasis, Blur, Social Distortion, etc.). Very pretty. Through Sept. 27. (Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. 633-6555.)

Richmond Burton—Abstract panels by the erstwhile architect. Through Oct. 11. (Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. 242-7727.)

Roni Horn—Two installations: "Untitled (Wells)," consisting of a ton of blue glass in two equal blocks, and "Pooling—You," photographs of a roiled sea, at varying removes and magnifications. Through Nov. 8. (Marks, 523 W. 24th St. 243-0200.)

Karen Kilimnik—An installation, a series of paintings, and a mini-retrospective of the artist's exquisite drawings, all gathered under the title "The Sleeping Beauty." Through Oct. 25. (303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-1121. Open Tuesdays; closed Sundays.)

Joachim Koester—"Pit Music," a video that documents a string quartet performing inside an orchestra pit constructed in the gallery, and a series of photographs, "Day for Night, Christiania, 1996," that uses the film technique of the title for snapshots of life in an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Ermenegildo Zegna

anarchist enclave in Denmark. Through Oct. 18. (Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. 463-7770. Opens Sundays at noon.)

Joseph Stashkevetch—Large-scale drawings in charcoal and Conté crayon, based on snapshots of the L.A. freeways. Through Oct. 4. (Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. 243-3753.)

Short List—**aziz and cucher,** Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. 645-1701. Through Oct. 11. . . . **jennifer bartlett,** Kempner, 501 W. 23rd St. 206-6872. Through Oct. 19. . . . **serena bocchino,** Coploff, 526 W. 26th St. 674-1024. Through Oct. 18. . . . **martin kippenberger,** Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 206-7100. Through Oct. 11. . . . **jutta koether,** Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. 727-7366. Through Oct. 18. . . . **max mohr** and **thomas nozkowski,** Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. 633-6999. Both shows through Sept. 27. . . . **tam ochiai,** Team, 527 W. 26th St. 279-9219. Through Nov. 11. . . . **jim torok** and **matt magee,** Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. 741-3318. Both shows through Oct. 4. . . . **rosemarie trockel,** Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. 206-9300. Through Oct. 15.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Helen Beckman / Daniel Carello—"Some Monkeys and Some Apes," a suite of blue gouaches executed as though based on extravagant secondhand descriptions of primates. / *Three modern couches arranged in such a way as to appear, at first, to be one painting, in perspective, of lake, mountains, and sky.* Both shows through Oct. 4. (A/C Project Room, 15 Renwick St. 219-8275.)

Steve Doughton—An idea so obvious and effective it's amazing no one's done this before: the artist has cut his short feature, "Delta," into seven segments and projected them simultaneously so as to create one nine-minute walk-around experience. The movie, about a day in the life of Doug, a suburban stoner, has a pleasant sharp-focus eerieness and a garbled Altmanesque soundtrack, and the side-by-side screens bring out paranoid subtexts that might have gone unnoticed in a standard narrative format. But the merits of the movie itself seem less consequential than Doughton's setup, which may inspire a minor SoHo renaissance: the gallery as installationplex. Through Oct. 4. (Boesky, 51 Greene St. 941-9888.)

Cara Perlman—"Mother's Breath," a huge inflated boulder made of urethane fabric and lit from within, sits atop the Deitch Projects Annex. Through Oct. 4. (18 Wooster St. 343-7300.)

Lorna Simpson—A video installation, "Interior/Exterior, Full/Empty," with one large projection (strangers, in a park, silently observed from across a stream) and six ancillary ones (intimate at-home meetings—quarrels, seductions, aimless conversation—in closeup, with dialogue). Through Oct. 25. (Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St. 343-2405.)

Frank Webster—Monochromatic paintings (sky blue, menthol green, cigarette-filter sienna) of tract houses and suburban miscellany (a water tower, a lawn ornament). The paintings have a freehand fat-brush construction that matches the simplicity of the architecture and comments on its shoddiness. While the Willy Loman territory feels quite familiar by now, there is still a bittersweetness to these confrontations. Through Oct. 4. (Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway. 431-1304.)

"Blue"—Paintings, photographs, porcelains, and sculptures that make strong use of the color, including examples by Eggleston, Judd, Miró, and, of course, Picasso. Through Oct. 4. (In Khan, 415 West Broadway. 226-6484.)

"Four Decades"—Paintings and photographs, from the sixties to the nineties, by Nancy Spero, Dotty Attie, Sue Coe, Louise Lawler, and Carrie Mae Weems. (P.P.O.W, 476 Broome St. 941-8642.)

"The Keehn Collection"—Works from the fifties through the seventies by contemporary artists from India. Through Oct. 25. (Bose Pacia Modern, 580 Broadway. 966-3224.)

"The Narrative Image"—Work by seven artists, including Polly Becker, Calef Brown, Christian Clayton, and Jonathon Rosen, whose techniques derive in equal measure from the graphic arts and traditional painting. Through Sept. 30. (Ozone, 400 Broome St. 965-1719.)

Short List—**peter begley,** Vega, 107 Mercer St. 274-8102. Through Oct. 4. . . . **martha benzing,** Golden, 39 Wooster St. 274-0080. Through Oct. 18. . . . **william clutz,** Davies, 23 Commerce St. 243-6868. Through Oct. 11. . . . **johan grimonprez,** Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300. Through Sept. 27. . . . **richard jackson,** Zwirner, 43 Greene St. 966-9074. Through Oct. 18. . . . **deborah paswaters,** Petronko, 568 Broadway. 334-4020. Through Oct. 11. . . . **michael rodriguez,** Feature, 76 Greene St. 941-7077. Through Oct. 11. . . . **elizabeth silver,** DFN, 560 Broadway. 334-3400. Through Oct. 4. . . . **renée stout,** Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. 431-4224. Through Oct. 11. . . . **jordan tinker,** Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. 334-3455. Through Oct. 11. . . . **darren waterston,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway. 925-3500. Through Oct. 11. . . . **rebecca welz,** June Kelly, 591 Broadway. 226-1660. Through Sept. 30. . . . **nahum b. zenil,** Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 100 Washington Sq. E. 998-6780. Through Nov. 1.

Self-portrait by Michael Martone (see Photography).

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Christie's—Sept. 17: Japanese art. . . . ¶ Sept. 18: The Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Piccus Collection of classical (i.e., seventeenth-and eighteenth-century) Chinese furniture; two further sales of Chinese pieces follow the same day. . . . ¶ Sept. 19: A sale of Chinese paintings. . . . ¶ Sept. 19-20: Fine and collectible wines; offered in association with Zachys. (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1000.)

Sotheby's—The firm's opening auctions of Asia Week. Sept. 22: The landscape painter C. C. Wang's collection of thirty-seven lots of notable Chinese paintings and works of calligraphy, including rare pieces from the Sung, Yüan, Ming, and Ch'ing dynasties. . . . ¶ Sept. 23: Chinese ceramics, furniture, and decorative art. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000. Through Sept. 26.)

Phillips—"Town and Country" is the theme of a sale of furniture and decorative arts, with each offering exhibited (as the gallery puts it) "in a 'home setting' to enable buyers to envision how it would look in theirs.'' (406 E. 79th St. 570-4830. Sept. 20.)

Arts of Pacific Asia Show—Eighty-five galleries and dealers gather with a profusion of art from Japan, China, India, and other nations. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Sept. 19-21. For information, call 683-2434.)

New York Armory Antiques Show—In Wendy's first show of the season, a hundred dealers display a diversity of collectibles. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Sept. 17-21. For information, call 914-698-3442.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Stéphane Couturier / "Éditions Paul-Martial"—''Urban Archeology,'' a suite of large-scale color photographs of construction sites in Paris and Berlin. / A recently discoverd cache of nineteen-thirties industrial and architectural photographs from the archives of the Paris advertising and graphic-design firm. Through Oct. 18. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. 226-1220.)

Michael Martone—A large thirty-year survey of the artist's work, which ranges from straight gelatin-silver prints to mixed-medium-and-painted-frame ensembles. Through Oct. 4. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. 780-0071.)

"The American Century: Photographs and Visions, Part I"—A selection of images from 1900 to 1935, by artists both well known (Stieglitz, Cunningham, Strand) and obscure (Wilson Alwyn Bentley, J. Walter Collinge). Through Oct. 25. (Danziger, 130 Prince St. 226-0056.)

"Eye of the Beholder: Photographs from the Avon Collection"—Close to a hundred photographs, all by women, that explore various definitions of beauty. Among the artists represented are Berenice Abbott, Mary Ellen Mark, Lillian Bassman, Jan Groover, Lotte Jacobi, and Carrie Mae Weems. Through Nov. 13. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. 860-1777. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

"Il Paparazzo/I Paparazzi"—A mini survey on the celebrity chasers of Rome in the fifties and the subsequent leaching of the perspectives and techniques of the paparazzi into the field of fashion photography. Through Oct. 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454.)

Short List—**AMY ADLER,** Kaplan, 48 Greene St. 226-6131. Through Oct. 4. . . . **GREGORY CREWDSON,** Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. 219-9600. Through Oct. 4. . . . **FRANK HORVAT** and **MELVIN SOKOLSKY,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. 966-6223. Both shows through Oct. 4. . . . **KOICHIRO KURITA,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. 925-5510. Through Oct. 18. . . . **ZOE LEONARD,** Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. 255-1105. Open Tuesdays, closed Sundays; through Oct. 11. . . . **JACQUES LOWE,** Leica, 670 Broadway. 777-3051. Opens Saturdays at noon; through Oct. 25. . . . **ANA MANDELBAUM,** Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. 794-4444. Through Oct. 25. . . . **JAVIER SILVA MEINEL,** Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. 223-1059. Through Oct. 25. . . . **HIROMITSU MORIMOTO,** Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave., at 23rd St. 242-7767. Through Oct. 12. . . . **ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG,** Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999. Through Oct. 25 (See also the Guggenheim Museum.) . . . **ALEXANDER RODCHENKO,** Schickler, 560 Broadway. 431-6363. Through Oct. 11. . . . **AARON SISKIND,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. 570-1223. Through Oct. 18. Also at Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway. 941-6210. Through Oct. 11. . . . **JAN STALLER,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. 505-5555. Through Nov. 1. . . . **LOUIS STETTNER,** Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. 517-3766. Through Oct. 18. . . . **ROBERT STIVERS,** Richardson, 560 Broadway. 343-1255. Through Oct. 11. . . . **DONALD SULTAN,** Borden, 560 Broadway. 431-0166. Through Oct. 4. . . . **TSENG KWONG CHI,** Saul, 560 Broadway. 431-0747. Through Oct. 11.

(See the museum listings for a photography exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which continues through April 18. **CARMEN,** with Norah Amsellem, Denyce Graves, Plácido Domingo, and Gino Quilico; conducted by James Levine. (Sept. 22 at 6:30.) . . . **MANON,** with Renée Fleming, Marcello Giordani, Michel Sénéchal, Roberto de Candia, John Del Carlo, and Paul Plishka; Julius Rudel. (Sept. 23 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

New York City Opera—Rossini's **L'ITALIANA IN ALGERI,** in a hot-pants-era staging originally presented by Glimmerglass Opera. (Sept. 17 at 7:30.) . . . Verdi's **MACBETH,** in a new production featuring soprano Lauren Flanigan and tenor Mark Delavan. (Sept. 18 at 7:30 and Sept. 21 at 1:30.) . . . **THE MAGIC FLUTE,** performed in English. (Sept. 19 at 8 and Sept. 20 at 1:30.) . . . **LA TRAVIATA.** (Sept. 20 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Hell's Kitchen Opera—Performing an opera with a dry name, ''American Lit.: The Hawthorne/Melville Correspondence,'' by Jeffrey Lependorf. (American Opera Projects, 463 Broome St. Sept. 18 at 8, Sept. 20 at 4, and Sept. 21 at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

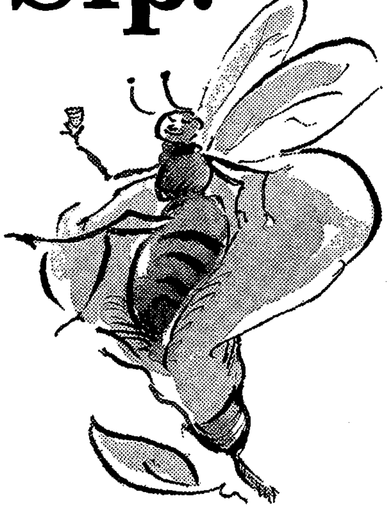
New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Masur conducts the opening performances of the season, which continues through May 30. During the first three weeks of subscription concerts, a mini-festival marking the centennial of Brahms's death, Mr. Masur will conduct all four of the Master's symphonies, juxtaposed with works by Beethoven, Schubert, and Liszt which help provide a context for his music. Sept. 17 at 8: A benefit opening-night concert comprising Prokofiev's Symphony No. 1 (the ''Classical''), Mozart's motet ''Exsultate, jubilate,'' three of Strauss's orchestrated songs (with soprano Renée Fleming), and Brahms's Symphony No. 1. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 and Sept. 20 at 8, Sept. 19 at 2, and Sept. 23 at 7:30: Beethoven's Violin Concerto (with Maxim Vengerov) and Brahms's Symphony No. 1. . . . **NOTE:** On Sept. 18 at 6:45, in a pre-concert recital open to ticket holders, pianist Anne-Marie McDermott assists members of the orchestra in a performance of Brahms's C-Minor Piano Quartet. (875-5030.)

Manhattan Chamber Orchestra—Richard Auldon Clark leads Hovhaness's ''Khaldis'' (featuring pianist Howard Cass), a brass piece by Oswaldo Lacerda, and two premières: Dave Soldier's ''Hockets and Inventions'' and Susan Folari's ''The Unobstructed Universe'' (for string orchestra with Tibetan bowls). (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sept. 18 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

"Project America"—The 92nd Street Y's grab bag of Americana starts a new season with a concert that brings together pianists Dick Hyman and Jeffrey Siegel, percussionist Max Roach, the Chestnut Brass Company, the Paulin Brothers Brass Band, and the Janus Ensemble. On the program are works by Sousa, Joplin, Foster, Ives, W. C. Handy, Billy Strayhorn, and James P. Johnson. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Sept. 20 at 8.)

City Island Baroque Ensemble—Sato Mougalian is the soloist in flute concertos by Vivaldi and Telemann, among others. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 718-885-2478. Sept. 21 at noon.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard, this orchestra's longtime conductor, has championed a number of pieces by the obscure composer Carl Busch (1862-1943), who emigrated from Denmark to the United States in 1887, following a musical education that included study with composers Neils Gade (in Copenhagen) and Benjamin Godard (in Paris). ''I feel a very strong personal connection to him,'' Nygaard explains, ''partly because I'm also of Danish extraction, but especially because my father played clarinet in Busch's chamber orchestra back in the twenties, in Kansas City. I never met the man person-



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ally, but when I ran across some of his scores, the name leaped off the page at me. And the more I explored his music, the more I grew to love it: lush, Romantic works that had nothing to do with the avant-garde of their time but that are incredibly well crafted." In this concert, Nygaard leads Busch's "Two Chippewa Indian Love Songs" (based on real Native American melodies), as well as Handel's "Water Music," Boccherini's Symphony in D Major, and Mozart's G-Major Piano Concerto (K. 453, with William Wolfram). (Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. Sept. 22 at 2 and 7 and Sept. 23 at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-1259.)

RECITALS

Tomas Bächli—The Swiss pianist performs music of his own as accompaniment for six short films: two modern ones (created by Roswitha Marien) and four from the nineteen-twenties (the work of Hans Richter, René Clair, and Man Ray). (The Salon, 432 E. 91st St. Sept. 17 at 8. For reservations, call 718-230-3362.)

Friends & Enemies of New Music—Presenting seven guitarists—William Anderson, Jorge Caballero, Oren Fader, Arthur Kampela, Michael Lorimer, Arturo Martinez, and Ben Yarmolinsky—playing music by Babbitt, Thea Musgrave, and John Anthony Lennon, among other composers. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sept. 17 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

Bargemusic—Violinist Mark Peskanov is featured in Vivaldi's "The Four Seasons," and Paul Neubauer takes center stage for Telemann's G-Major Viola Concerto. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061. Sept. 18 at 7:30 and Sept. 21 at 2.)

Renée Fleming, appearing this week with the New York Philharmonic and at the Metropolitan Opera.

LORENZO MATTOTTI

Margaret Leng Tan—You may not think you need to hear a toy-piano recital, but this diva of the avant-garde would disagree—and so would most people who have witnessed her unorthodox but curiously moving performances. In devout post-Cagean fashion, she finds possibilities for musical creation even in the world's humbler instruments. In fact, one wishes more full-sized-piano players explored the tonal possibilities of their instrument as thoroughly as Leng Tan has those of hers (which is essentially a repackaged glockenspiel). The spirit of performance art reigns over her concerts, and the image of this striking Singaporean hunched over her minuscule instrument is not soon forgotten. ("The posture poses no problem to me," she proclaims gleefully. "I come from a squatting people!") In this recital, she'll present compositions by Philip Glass and Jed Distler, among others. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. Sept. 19 at 8.)

A Postmodern Schubertiade—An evening of "homages, deconstructions, and reinventions" based on Schubert's works, by fifteen composers and improvisers who inhabit the downtown scene. (American Opera Projects, 463 Broome St. Sept. 19 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Daniel Druckman—The percussionist performs premières of works by Nicholas Brooke, Kenji Bunch, and Eliyahu Shoot, and discusses the pieces with the composers. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. Sept. 20 at 9.)

Jorge Federico Osorio—Pianist, performing sonatas by Haydn, Schubert (in B-Flat Major, D. 960), and Prokofiev (his Sixth), as well as Granados's "Four Spanish Dances" and Liszt's "Sonetto del Petrarca No. 104." (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Sept. 21 at 2.)

Garrick Ohlsson—The pianist performs sonatas by Schubert (in A Minor, D. 784) and Beethoven (in F Minor, Op. 57), in addition to ten études by Scriabin and four preludes by Rachmaninoff. (Colden Center, Queens College, Flushing. 718-793-8080. Sept. 21 at 2.)

Kent Tritle—Organist, playing Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E-Flat Major (the "St. Anne") and his chorale prelude "Schmücke dich," as well as Mendelssohn's Sonata No. 4 and Reubke's "Sonata on the Ninety-fourth Psalm." (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Sept. 21 at 4. Tickets at the door.)

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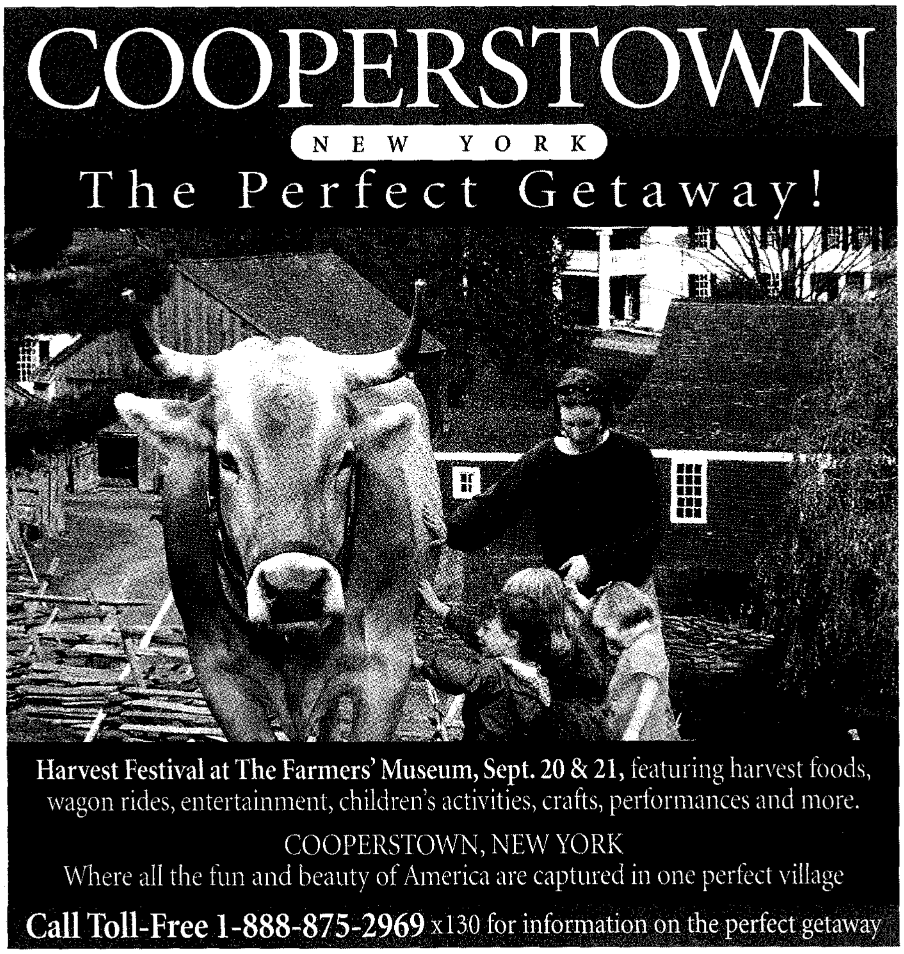
LISTENING BOOTH

Once Upon an Opera—The release on CD of a historic 1931 complete recording of **MASSENET'S "WERTHER"** (Arkadia 78034; two disks, no notes or libretto) makes one regret that classic French singing has all but disappeared from international stages. (The same composer's "Manon," opening this week at the Met, typifies current casting: not a single French name among the leads—and that's how it's done these days in Paris, too.) On this recording, two legendary exponents of the French style—soprano Ninon Vallin and tenor Georges Thill—intensify the passion of their performances by letting them simmer against a background of restrained formality. Vallin, a great singer by any standard, displays impeccable technique. She maintains the Gallic far-forward vocal placement, but the strength of her lower register prevents her from sounding, after the fashion of many old-time French sopranos, like Minnie Mouse. (That approach, too, can be charming, and Germaine Feraldy, portraying Vallin's little sister, shows what it's all about.) As Goethe's suffering Romantic hero, Thill is powerful, his formal air notwithstanding. The leading couple's Act III encounter is riveting, and when the tiniest crack mars the climactic high B in Thill's "Pourquoi me réveiller," it superbly complements the breaking-point drama. The singers' classic French placement allows for perfect enunciation with a somewhat aristocratic accent, and the excellent digital remastering enhances the immediacy of this gripping performance of Massenet's sombre masterpiece.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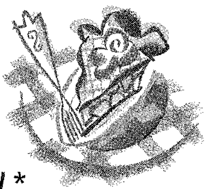
TASTE OF NEW YORK

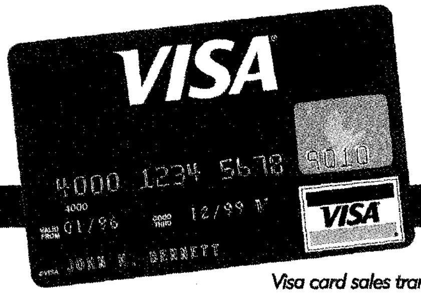
The VISA Preferred Guide to Dining

*As the dog days of summer give way to fall's evening chill and the trees in Central Park spin their leaves to gold, thoughts turn to cozy fireplaces, afternoon tea, and apple picking in the country. The new season also brings welcome change to menus in virtually every restaurant around town and it's like visiting a favorite spot for the first time. The New Yorker and Visa are at your service, updating you on the new menus at the best restaurants, along with a few classics worth another look. And when you charge an autumnal repast with your Visa® card at these or any of our featured restaurants, it's nice to know that you'll also be contributing to Visa's commendable efforts to help nonprofit organization Citymeals-on-Wheels bring hot meals to those in need.**



LA CÔTE BASQUE • 60 West 55th Street 212-688-6525 • When La Côte Basque announced it was shuttering down in its space adjacent to the St. Regis, one could almost hear a collective palpitation in the heart of New York gourmands. Fortunately, chef/owner Jean Jacques Rachou was merely emigrating westward...about one city block. Now comfortably nestled in its new location, with the familiar painted Basque country vignettes a bit more vibrant, the ambience a bit more energized, this citadel of classic French cuisine is better than ever. A mini crock containing a trio of scallop, shrimp, and morel bathed in a creamy pink lobster sauce is a fantastic starter, as is a glistening wedge of smoked salmon accompanied by a Yukon gold potato brimming with beluga caviar. Delicately sauced stuffed quail rests upon a hill of French lentils and minced vegetables, and Monsieur Rachou's cod comes wrapped in a blanket of steamed leeks wading in a subtle red wine reduction. A young burgundy, Savigny Les Beaune, from the impressive wine list, drinks wonderfully with both the quail and the cod.

MESA GRILL • 102 Fifth Avenue (15th Street) 212-807-7400 • What better way to fend off those autumn chills than a little fire. And nothing fires things up better than Bobby Flay's Mesa Grill. To call this merely Southwest barbecue is a true disservice. This lower Fifth Avenue, high-ceilinged, loft-like space is designed for fun and feast, and evenings are always loud and celebratory. Tasty and tangy margaritas start things off, along with fiery salsas and salads that successfully marry the South and the West. Mesa Grill has a way with fruit and bean salsas that can cool things down when necessary. If it's ribs you're in the mood for, this is the place. Ditto for seriously seared steaks and fish. But don't miss the delicious, cheese-oozing quesadillas and tortillas, abstractly spattered with Flay's colorful signature sauces.



THE PARK • 109 East 56th Street • 212-750-5656 "People come up and hug me all the time and say how much they love it here," John Scotto is saying, his hands raised, palms pointing upward. "But I have nothing to do with it. I just hire great talent." Considering how fast the handsome, young restaurateur has come up through the New York dining ranks, the enormous popularity of Scotto's latest restaurant, The Park, is certainly no accident. And he has had a great deal to do with its success. Located in the Lombardy Hotel, Scotto turned the space that once housed the restaurant, Laurent, into a bastion of Baroque elegance. Fabrizzio Salerni, former sous chef to Gray Kunz at Lespinasse, has created an eclectic menu at The Park that should please every possible palate. Worth noting: the perfectly cooked risotto, which varies almost daily. Today he champions brown truffles, the earthy flavors and aromas blending beautifully with just the right amount of cheese, butter, and broth. The Croque Monsieur sandwich (Montecristo to most) is pure heaven. Oriental shadings come in the form of yellowtail and tuna tartare bracketed by a crisp wheat hoop.

SPARKS STEAK HOUSE • 210 East 46th Street 212-687-4855 • Three decades have passed since Mike and Pat Cetta bought an East Side establishment from an English saloonkeeper named Don Sparks. All that remains is the name. Red meat enthusiasts will tell you there is no better steak joint in town. No argument here. Look no further if solid, beefy flavor is what you crave. From the sliced steak—with or without onion and peppers—to the sirloin and filet mignon, this is tender, juicy, mouth-filling flavor that only aged prime can offer. For those upon whom the glories of prime aging are lost, Sparks also serves fresh lobster in sizes ranging from huge to obscene, as well as halibut, shrimp, and salmon. A fair-priced and well-balanced wine list, with vintages ready for drinking now, is part of the Sparks allure too often overlooked.

—Ralph DiGennaro

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVEN SALERNO

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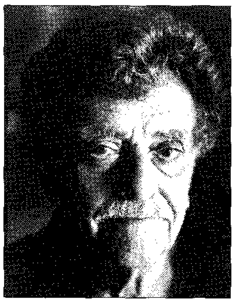
LOOK WHO'S COMING TO BARNES & NOBLE

Kurt Vonnegut

Monday, September 22nd, 7:30-8:30 PM
Union Square, 33 East 17th Street
Discussion • Signing

Don't miss author Kurt Vonnegut when he talks about his work and his new novel, *Timequake*, with Jesse Kornbluth, editor and co-founder of *The Book Report* on America Online.



Stephen Jay Gould

Tuesday, September 23rd, 7:30-8:30 PM
Union Square, 33 East 17th Street
Discussion • Signing

Meet bestselling author Stephen Jay Gould when he presents *Questioning the Millennium*. Gould explores the concept of the millennium and the reasons why this milestone fascinates us.

Ruth Rendell

Wednesday, September 24rd, 7:30-8:30 PM
Union Square, 33 East 17th Street
Reading • Signing

Join us when award-winning author Ruth Rendell reads from and signs copies of *Road Rage*. In this Inspector Wexford Mystery, Wexford is pitted against environmental terrorists who kidnap and threaten the lives of five hostages—including his own wife.

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Lara St. John—Violinist, performing sonatas by Beethoven (his Third, in E-Flat Major) and Saint-Saëns; with pianist Ilan Rechtman. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Sept. 21 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

Abbey Simon—The pianist performs sonatas by Beethoven (in E-Flat Major, Op. 81a) and Chopin (his Third, in B Minor), in addition to Schumann's C-Major Fantasy. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sept. 22 at 8.)

Iris Regev and Ilan Rechtman—The cellist and the pianist offer works by Schumann and Vivaldi. (Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. Sept. 22 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Moscow on the Hudson—Violinist Maxim Vengerov, pianist Vladimir Viardo, the Russian Chamber Chorus of New York, and the Yale University Russian Chorus are among the performers in a gathering of musicians, dancers, poets, and other artists celebrating the eight-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Moscow. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sept. 23 at 8.)

New Juilliard Ensemble—The modern-music group, conducted by Joel Sachs, opens its season with two premières—Virko Baley's "Sacred Monuments" and José Maceda's "Music for a Chamber Orchestra"—as well as works by Franghiz Ali-Zadeh, John Woolrich, and Zygmunt Krauze. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Sept. 23 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

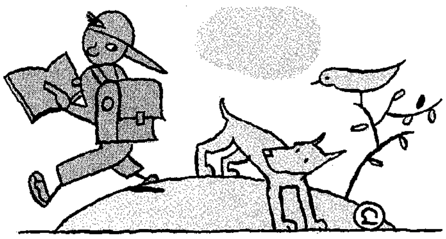
Read All About It—The annual New York Is Book Country festival returns with more than a hundred events, including the following highlights. Sept. 18 at 6:30: Actors Blair Brown, Stephen Lang, and Jason Robards read passages from "Crime Novels: American Noir of the 1930s & 40s" and "Crime Novels: American Noir of the 1950s," in an evening hosted by National Public Radio commentator Isaiah Sheffer. (The Racquet & Tennis Club, Park Ave. at 52nd St. For reservations, which are required, call 536-5563.) . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 6:30: Book-review editors Jabari Asim, David Mehegan, and Steve Wasserman consider the relevance of their vocation in an age of mass culture. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 7: William Matthews, Mary Karr, Cornelius Eady, Billy Collins, Joan Larkin, and other practicing poets discuss the voguishness of verse. (Deutsches Haus, New York University, 42 Washington Mews. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sept. 20, from 10 to 6, and Sept. 21, from 10 to 4: The tenth annual Small Press Book Fair, which, in addition to exhibits by more than two hundred and twenty-five publishers, presents (on Sept. 20 at 1:30) authors George Plimpton, David Means, and Charlie Smith reading selections from Hemingway. (Small Press Center, 20 W. 44th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sept. 21, from 11 to 5: A street fair, packed with more than a hundred and sixty-five exhibits from publishers, booksellers, small presses, and libraries, ends the festival. (Fifth Ave., from 48th to 57th Sts.)

More Readings—Sept. 17 at 5:30: By Adele Mailer, from "The Last Party," her account of her marriage to Norman Mailer. (Logos Bookstore, 1575 York Ave., at 83rd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 7: By Indian fiction writers Anita Desai, Suketu Mehta, and Amitav Ghosh, from their work. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Tickets at the door.)

More Talks—Sept. 21 at 2: Beekeeper Sid Glaser leads an in-situ discussion of the dwellers of Wave Hill's outdoor hives. (249th St. at Independence Ave., the Bronx. For information, call 718-549-3200.) . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 8: Comedian Joy Behar moderates a forum on subversive comedy, with critic Laurie Stone, performance artist Holly Hughes, and comics Richard Belzer, Jon Stewart, and Mark Maran. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

BOOK CURRENTS

Back to School



EVER MEULEN

Having been incarcerated once again, schoolchildren everywhere will find cold comfort in learning that their predicament is a favorite topic of quite a few of the writers they're forced to study. But rather than blaming Shakespeare—who surely had no idea when he penned **As You Like It**, in which he described the schoolchild "creeping like snail / Unwillingly to school," that his lines would someday only add to the misery—the poor tykes should keep in mind that writing fiction can be a great form of vengeance for miserable school days. For Lowood, the horrific school in **Jane Eyre**, Charlotte Brontë drew extensively on her own experience of Cowan Bridge, whose harsh regime, she believed, brought on the early deaths of her two elder sisters.

Like Brontë, the novelist and biographer Jonathan Keates ("Allegro Postillions," "Stendhal") has seen school days as both pupil and teacher. "Teaching is a wonderful job, but I think the best books on the topic are realistic about the way in which kids can be absolute bastards to one another. Things like Flashman's bullying, in **Tom Brown's Schooldays**, by Thomas Hughes—that's essential," he says. It's no coincidence that most of the well-known fictional schools are bad ones, Keates adds. Witness Dickens's **David Copperfield**, in which the memorable school is the awful one run by Mr. Creakle, while the school we don't remember much at all about is the good one, Dr. Strong's.

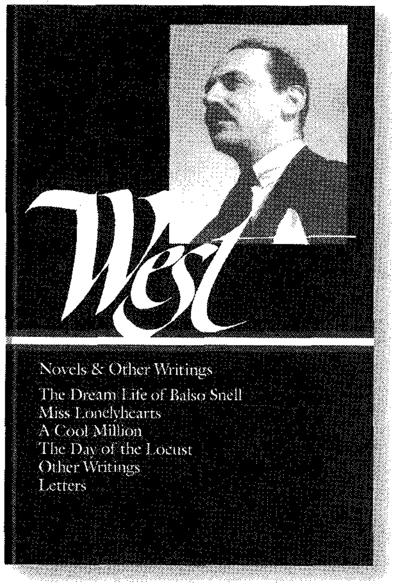
Yet even the worst schools can have great teachers. Holden Caulfield, in J. D. Salinger's **The Catcher in the Rye**, hates Pencey Prep but has real affection for his decrepit history teacher, Mr. Spencer. The most enduring, and most sentimental, portrait of a lovable teacher is in James Hilton's classic, **Goodbye, Mr. Chips**.

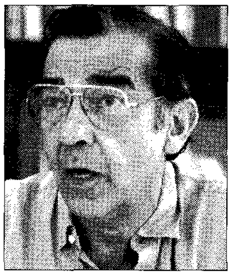
What does Keates think makes a good teacher? "The unplanned element is terribly important, just as it is in writing. I don't believe in the teacher who plans every single lesson, and I don't have any faith in the kind of book where you know exactly how it's going to go."

JOIN US FOR A PANEL DISCUSSION ON THE LIFE AND WORKS OF NATHANAEL WEST.

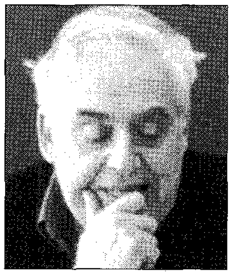
Friday, September 26th, 7:30 PM • Union Square, 33 East 17th Street

To celebrate the publication of The Library of America's *Nathanael West: Novels & Other Writings*, Barnes & Noble will sponsor a panel discussion on the life and works of American novelist Nathanael West. Distinguished panelists include Sacvan Bercovitch, Harold Bloom, Gary Indiana and Jay Martin. Please join us.

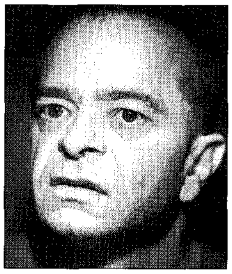




Sacvan Bercovitch, editor of The Library of America volume *Nathanael West: Novels & Other Writings*, is Charles H. Carswell professor of English and American Literature and Languages at Harvard University. He is the author of many books on American literature and culture and serves as editor of the multi-volume *Cambridge History of American Literature.*



Harold Bloom, world-renowned critic, is Sterling Professor of Humanities at Yale University. His recent books include *The Western Canon* and *Omens of the Millennium.*



Gary Indiana is a novelist and essayist. His most recent novel, set in Los Angeles, is *Resentment: A Comedy.*

Jay Martin is Edward S. Gould Professor of Humanities and Director of the Questions of Civilization Program at Claremont McKenna College. His biography *Nathanael West: The Art of His Life* is the standard biography of Nathanael West.

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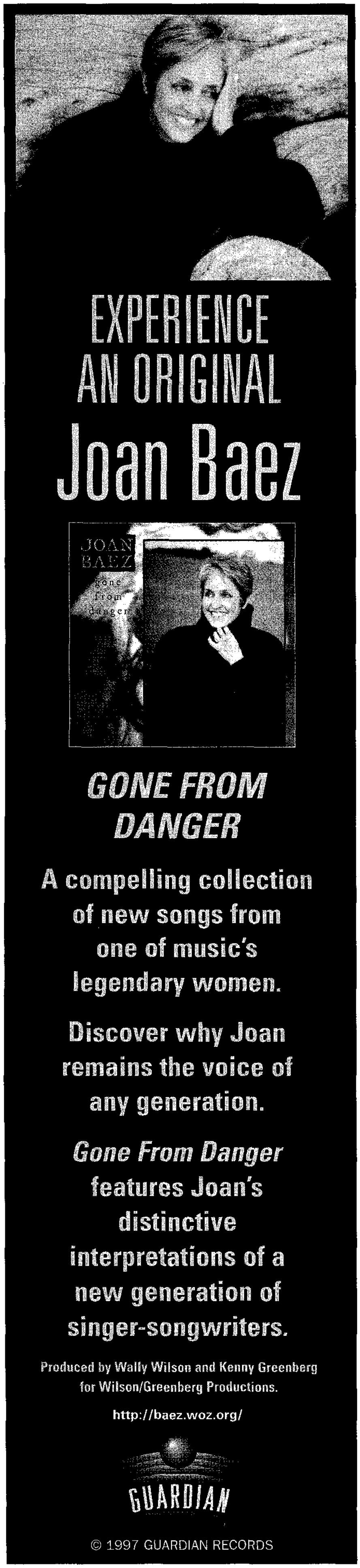
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THE MOVIES

OPENING THIS WEEK

Aaron's Magic Village—An animated musical about an orphan boy who battles a golem. Based on Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Stories for Children." Directed by Albert Hanan Kaminski. Opening Sept. 19. (Sutton and Village East Cinemas.)

The Birth of Love—Philippe Garrel's 1993 film, set during the Gulf War, centers on the romantic crises of two men, played by Lou Castel and Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. Opening Sept. 19. (Anthology Film Archives.)

Going All the Way—Reviewed below in Film Notes. Opening Sept. 19.

In & Out—A comedy in which a small-town English teacher (Kevin Kline) who is just about to marry is outed by a former student on national television. Also with Joan Cusack, Matt Dillon, Debbie Reynolds, and Tom Selleck. Written by Paul Rudnick. Directed by Frank Oz. Opening Sept. 19.

Intimate Relations—Reviewed below in Film Notes. Opening Sept. 19.

L.A. Confidential—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Sept. 19. (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

The Long Way Home—Mark Jonathan Harris's documentary examines the difficulties that Holocaust survivors faced during the years immediately following the Second World War. Opening Sept. 19. (Quad Cinema.)

The Myth of Fingerprints—A family-reunion drama set during the Thanksgiving holidays, written and directed by Bart Freundlich. With Roy Scheider and Blythe Danner as the parents and Noah Wyle, Julianne Moore, Michael Vartan, and Laurel Holloman as their children. Opening Sept. 17. (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

A Thousand Acres—The parcelling out of farmland to three sisters (Jessica Lange, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Jennifer Jason Leigh) sets off a conflict, in a film based on Jane Smiley's 1991 novel. Directed by Jocelyn Moorhouse. Opening Sept. 19. (Cinema II, Guild, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Toilers and the Wayfarers—Writer-director Keith Froelich's tale of growing up gay in a German-American town in Minnesota. In English and German. Opening Sept. 19. (Cinema Village.)

Wishmaster—A horror film directed by Robert Kurtzman, about the release of an evil genie (Andrew Divoff). Opening Sept. 19. (Chelsea Cinemas and First & 62nd Cinemas.)

FILM NOTES

(If a movie has been reviewed recently in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Air Force One—In Wolfgang Petersen's ludicrous thriller, Harrison Ford plays a red-blooded, two-fisted President who, when Air Force One is hijacked, turns into a business-suited guerrilla, foiling the plans of the ruthless, goateed head terrorist (Gary Oldman). The picture's attempt to satisfy the aggressive fantasies of a graying white-male audience is weirdly fascinating. It's something you don't see every day: a geriatric comic book.—*Terrence Rafferty* (7/28/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII.)

Career Girls—Mike Leigh's new picture follows a pair of former college roommates (Lynda Steadman and Katrin Cartlidge) seeing each other for the first time in six years. Leigh, using frequent flashbacks, appears content simply to alternate the heroines' shared past with their briefly shared present, and to elicit a few casual comic observations from the contrast. The film is generally amiable, but it's hard not to suspect that in this case the director went to work with an idea that was too thin for a feature film and with actors who lacked the versatility to flesh it out.—*T.R.* (8/11/97) (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Regency.)

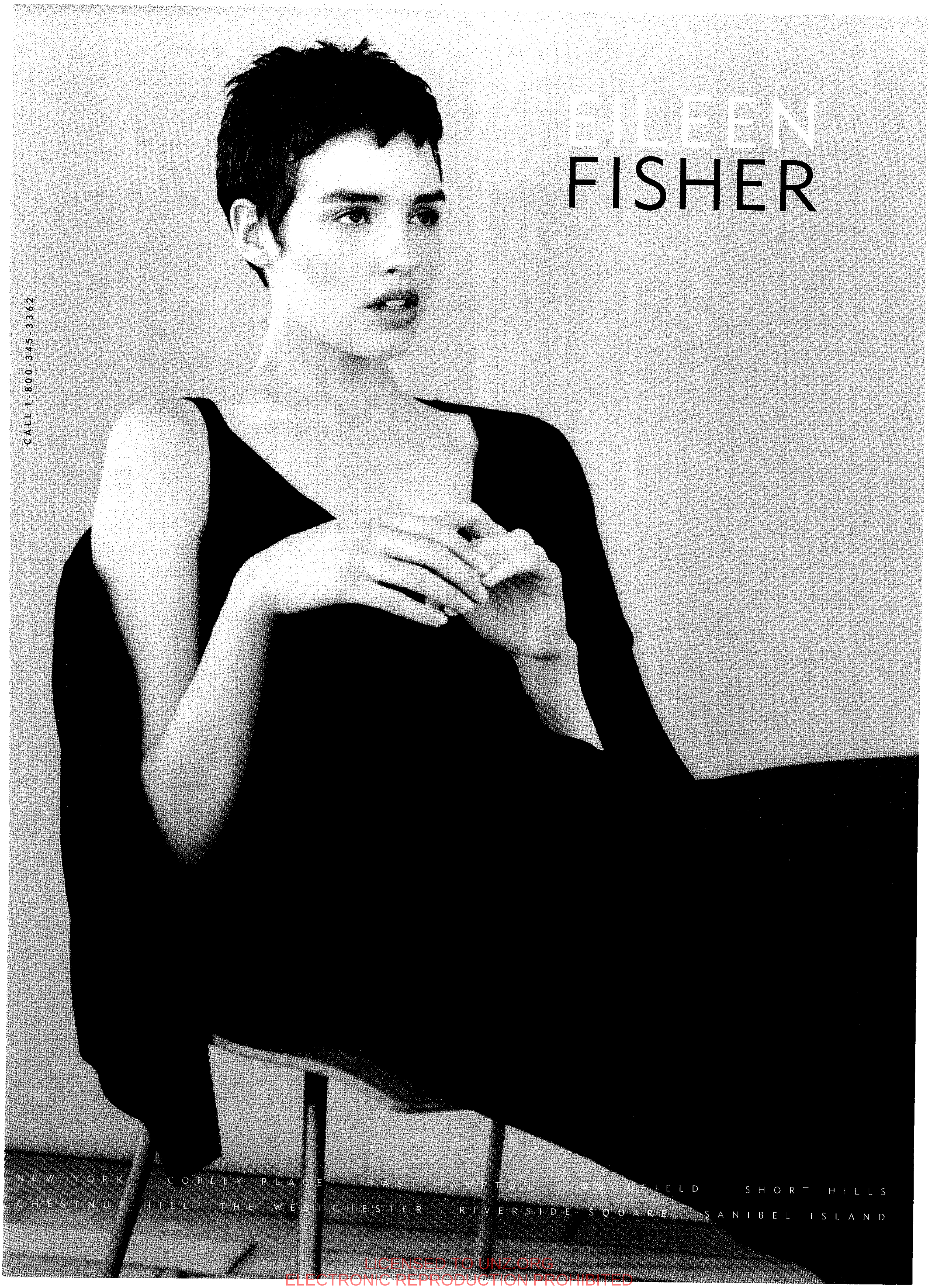
Conspiracy Theory—An interminable thriller in which Mel Gibson plays a New York taxi-driver who crams his head, and his apartment, full of evidence of massive conspiracies, one of which turns out to be real. The director, Richard Donner, doesn't have the wit to keep his material at arm's length; he speeds up the editing to make us feel that paranoia is the only possible response to a menacing world. Julia Roberts, as a lustrous and sympathetic lawyer, provides the few bright spots in a dour couple of hours.—*Anthony Lane* (8/18/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Olympia, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

Cop Land—A careful, clever, slightly unexciting drama from the young writer and director James Mangold, set in a New Jersey town where most of the citizens are New York policemen. The stars are Harvey Keitel, Robert Patrick, Ray Liotta, Peter Berg, Michael Rapaport, Robert De Niro, and Sylvester Stallone (as the local sheriff, a fat, half-deaf deadbeat). The movie is a kind of high-intensity actors' workshop, but the rhythm is hurried and choppy, as if Mangold, realizing that his film was too ruminative for its own good, had tried to stir it up in the editing.—*A.L.* (8/18/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Olympia, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 34th Street Showplace, Village Theatre VII, and Ziegfeld.)

Different for Girls—A motocycle messenger (Rupert Graves), nostalgic for the punk-rock London of his youth, bumps into a childhood friend (Steven Mackintosh) who's undergone a sex change and now answers to the name of Kim. The joke in Richard Spence's buddy comedy turned romance is that the straight guy is an immature exhibitionist, while the transsexual has become a shy, prissy girl. The film is witty when it explores Kim's new lifestyle—the physical adjustments she's had to make, the fear of conspicuousness that has turned her into a conformist. But when the buddies embark on their courtship, it descends into formula. She calms him down; he makes her feel like a woman; and the audience sighs in disappointment at seeing an intriguing situation processed into something so tired and conventional. Punk nostalgists will enjoy the soundtrack, though.—*Sarah Kerr* (Angelika Film Center and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

The Disappearance of García Lorca—A Spanish Civil War refugee (Esai Morales) returns to Andalusia in the fifties to find out what happened to his idol, the famous poet, who vanished in 1936. The film, based on the biographer Ian Gibson's investigation into García Lorca's death, assumes far too much audience familiarity with the writer (and with the whole tense Civil War period), expecting us to shed tears over a tragedy that is barely sketched out. Andy Garcia, who portrays Garcia Lorca in flashbacks, is commanding, as usual, but he stresses sternness and machismo, playing the writer like a Mob boss and missing his effervescence. Directed by Marcos Zurinaga.—*S.K.* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square.)

Down by Law (1986)—A low-key minimalist comedy about American anomie, by Jim Jarmusch, shot in black-and-white. The setting is New Orleans, where two deadbeats—Jack, an in-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effectual pimp (John Lurie), and Zack, an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—become the victims of frameups and are put in the same prison cell, where they vegetate in hostile silence. Everything changes when a little life-loving Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them; the three become pals, grinning and talking together. And, eventually, Roberto devises an escape plan. Jarmusch's passive style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor. And without the boredom of the first three-quarters of an hour Roberto wouldn't be so funny. The music is by Lurie, the songs are by Waits.—*Pauline Kael* (American Museum of the Moving Image; Sept. 21.)

The Entertainer (1960)—The John Osborne play was staged by Tony Richardson in 1957, starring Laurence Olivier as Archie Rice; it was his greatest contemporary role, and he appears in this film version, again directed by Richardson. The play is a lewd, tragic vaudeville about the life of a bankrupt pursued by creditors, a crapulent song-and-dance man whose emotions break through onstage in stale blue jokes. The action shifts between the music-hall stage and the rooms that Archie and his wife, Phoebe (Brenda de Banzie), share with his father, Billy Rice (Roger Livesey), who was a headliner in his day but now, in his seventies, is retired to a life of mildewed gentility. Archie is obscenely angry as he lashes out at us, the audience, in frustration at his own mediocrity. Osborne can't bring Archie's principled, observant daughter, Jean (Joan Plowright), to life, but when it comes to a character like Archie—a man who does so much to make you hate him that you can't—he gives him a Shakespearean fury. With Albert Finney and Alan Bates.—*P.K.* (Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 21 and Sept. 23.)

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy I, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Metro Cinema I and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton I and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly I and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

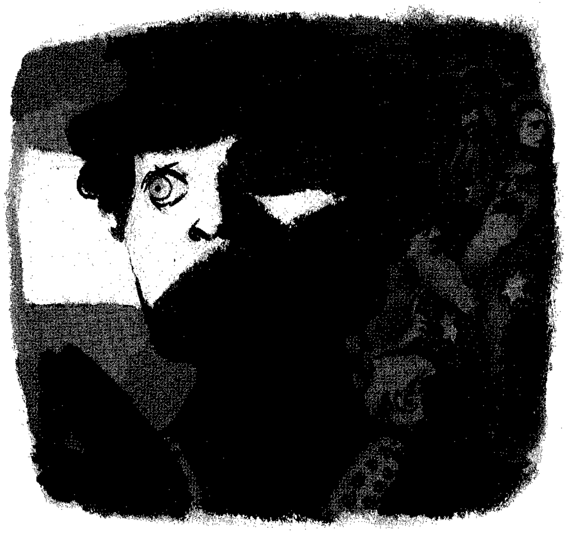
The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's first feature struck a direct blow for personal cinema, reaching international audiences simply on the strength of the director's perceptiveness and honesty. The antihero is Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud), a thirteen-year-old rebel filled with inchoate yearnings. He brings a tragicomic volatility to the film. Photographed by Henri Decaë, it's packed with racing images: Doinel scam-pering through Paris streets, whirling on a carnival ride, and (most famously) galloping toward the seashore. In French.—*Michael Sragow* (Symphony Space; Sept. 23.)

The Full Monty—An amiable light comedy, directed by Peter Cattaneo, about six unemployed British steelworkers who mount an all-male strip show for cash. The script, by Simon Beaufoy, is clean and well developed. Each character is given his bit to do, and when the motley crew comes together the actors all work wonderfully with one another, finding a sexy, warm performance rhythm as they gyrate to some classic seventies disco. Two actors—Mark Addy, who plays an overweight, insecure worker, and Robert Carlyle, as the ringleader—are sensational.—*Bruce Diones* (Angelika Film Center, Coronet Cinemas, East 85th Street, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 19th Street East 6.)

G.I. Jane—Ridley Scott's pushy, rousing, and often splendidly misjudged movie stars Demi Moore as Jordan O'Neil, a lieutenant in naval intelligence who, under the unreliable aegis of a ball-breaking senator (Anne Bancroft), becomes the first woman to undergo SEAL training, most of which consists of being pushed into the water. Nobody expects (or even wants) her to succeed, but the rules that govern Hollywood are even more inflexible than military law, so we know perfectly well that she'll make it. The movie feels like an odd mixture of video game, Army-recruitment commercial, and supremely demanding workout video—when Jordan isn't crawling through an obstacle course, she likes to relax with a few hundred pushups. Viggo Mortensen plays the statutory mean bastard who trains the recruits.—*A.L.* (9/8/97) (Chelsea West, 84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 2, Gotham Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

Going All the Way—Director Mark Pellington brings a jittery music-video style to Dan Wakefield's best-selling 1970 novel about two friends bucking repression in fifties Indianapolis, with sophisticated—perhaps too sophisticated—results. Jeremy Davies is close to perfect as a severely shy young photographer, and Ben Affleck is touching as his mentor, a confident stud whose service in the Korean War has awakened him to life's deeper questions. But neither Pellington's playfulness nor his actors' finesse can prevent this kind of coming-of-age story, in which young men steer between scary, sexually aggressive women and overbearing mothers, from seeming a little stale. With Lesley Ann Warren, Jill Clayburgh, Amy Locane, and Rose McGowan as various Scyllas and Charybdises.—*S.K.* (Lincoln Square; starting Sept. 19.)

Gravesend—The twenty-two-year-old Salvatore Stabile's much ballyhooed low-budget adventure, about four dead-end kids with no future beyond the tips of their marijuana joints, is the indie movie every studio head dreams of finding: grainy, aggressively streetwise, and violent. It plays like "Mean Streets" as reconceived by Richard Price, but this time there's no Catholic guilt or other residue of civilized life against which the flickering brutality can work. Instead, there is Stabile's self-conscious choirboy voice-over, which provides some much needed counterpoint to the references to "Jew lawyers" and "eight-foot niggers." In the end, though, this hip little fable doesn't take any real risks.—*Daphne Merkin* (9/15/97) (Angelika Film Center.)



Pauline Collins in "My Mother's Courage."

BLITCH

In the Company of Men—In Neil LaBute's audacious first film, two executives (Aaron Eckhart and Matt Malloy) come up with a plan to date a deaf secretary (Stacy Edwards) and then dump her. If LaBute's sole purpose had been to show off these two misogynists, the film would be a pretty tasteless affair, but the twists of the plot turn it into a black-hearted examination of power and manipulation, as dark and as uncomfortable to watch as the best of Mamet.—*B.D.* (Angelika Film Center, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Intimate Relations—A compelling period film, set in the fifties in a provincial English market town, and based on a newspaper account of a stranger-than-fiction double murder. Julie Walters plays Marjorie Beasley, a cocoa-drinking housewife who disdains her husband but will go to any lengths to satisfy her frustrated longings. She takes in a handsome lodger (Rupert Graves), and the farcical seduction that follows soon turns grotesque, as she makes the Glenn Close of "Fatal Attraction" look weak-willed. Her adolescent daughter, the ongoing witness to this lunatic folly and the catalyst who brings about its tragic conclusion, is brilliantly acted by the newcomer Laura Sadler. The writer-director, Philip Goodhew, who grasps that sexual obsession is inherently opaque, underlines the sense of isolated dementia with an atmosphere of creepy, bird-chirping high normalcy.—*D.M.* (9/15/97) (Angelika Film Center; starting Sept. 19.)

Mimic—An eerie and well-paced creature feature by the Mexican director Guillermo Del Toro, about some genetically mutated killer superbugs who dwell in the tunnels of Manhattan's subway system, impersonating humans. Mira Sorvino (beautiful but colorless) and Jeremy Northam (beautiful, with color) are the scientists who set about combatting the

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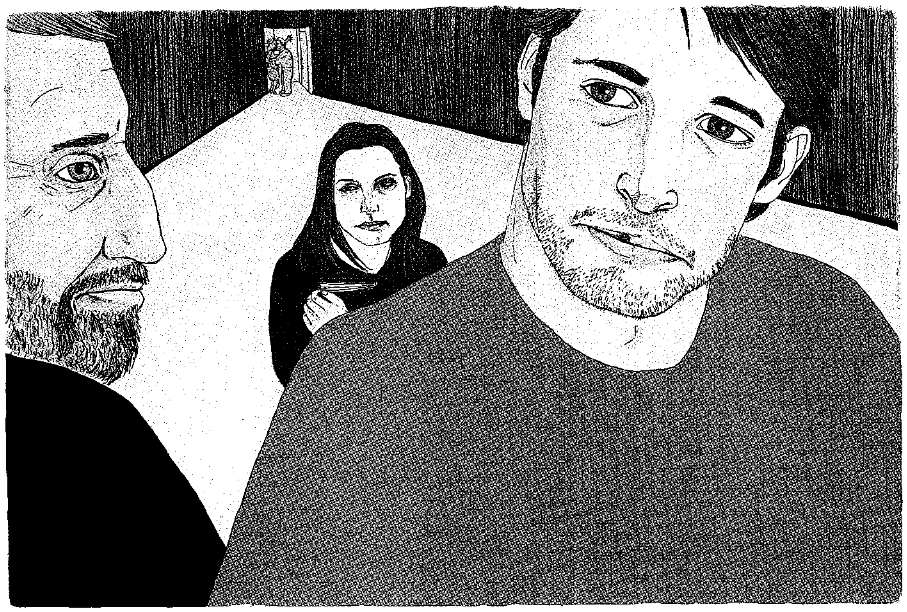
giant insects, and Del Toro puts them through the paces of a standard thriller screenplay with masterly skill. The movie is moodily staged and gorgeously photographed—rich black shadows and copper-hued tunnels—and it has *some genuinely creepy moments.* It also cheats quite a bit. (The picture itself is a mimic of the "Alien" flicks.) Although the ending is a letdown, Del Toro creates a sense of dread that has an old-style Universal Pictures horror kick.—*B.D.* (86th Street East Twin, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, State, and Village East Cinemas.)

Mrs. Brown—Queen Victoria (Judi Dench), in mourning for her husband, Prince Albert, is reassured, and then comforted, by John Brown (Billy Connolly), who had worked for Albert. Over time, the Queen's private secretary (Geoffrey Palmer) and her Prime Minister, Disraeli (Antony Sher), become alarmed by the growing intimacy between monarch and manservant. The director, John Madden, could have set this up as a minor tragedy, but he has the wit, especially in the first half, to play it cool and droll, and he is helped no end by a series of finely gauged performances.—*A.L.* (8/4/97) (Angelika Film Center, Carnegie Hall Cinemas, and Cinema II.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's British-made, London-set horror film records the deterioration of a murderous, terrified Belgian girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. The script, by Polanski and Gérard Brach, seems completely shaped for the camera; the approach is so objective, so external, that the film doesn't raise questions about this foreign girl's estrangement and loneliness, doesn't offer explanations of her madness. It just stays on her—on her hallucinations and her fantasies of being in danger, and on the actual reprisals she takes against anyone who comes her way. It's clinical Grand Guignol, and the camera fondles the horrors. Undeniably skillful and effective, all right—excruciatingly tense and frightening. But is it entertaining? You have to be a hard-core horror-movie lover to enjoy this one.—*P.K.* (Film Forum 2; starting Sept. 19.)



Roy Scheider, Julianne Moore, and Noah Wyle in "The Myth of Fingerprints."

Shall We Dance?—A middle-aged Japanese businessman (Koji Yakusho) sees a young woman standing at a high window; in an act of admirable folly, he tracks her down and finds that she is a dance teacher. He therefore learns to dance—initially in order to be near her, and then, more surprisingly, because he starts to enjoy himself. Masayuki Suo has written and directed a comedy that exerts a cool and slightly mysterious charm. In Japanese.—*A.L.* (Angelika Film Center, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 72nd Street East.)

She's So Lovely—Maureen (Robin Wright Penn) is married to Eddie (Sean Penn), though since they spend most of their time drunk, missing, broke, or simply broken it's kind of hard to tell. Finally, Eddie shoots someone and is put away. Ten years later he comes back and discovers that his beloved wife is married to Joey (John Travolta)—well, these things happen—who has supposedly brought her happiness and normality, although even he seems a bit of a thug. The picture, directed by Nick Cassavetes, from a script by his late father, John, is a gruelling exercise in anti-pleasure. And the title is a lie: although it may be ungallant to say so, she isn't lovely in the least. She's a complete pain.—*A.L.* (9/8/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema I, Embassy 1, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Village East Cinemas.)

Sunday—An independent film that bypasses Gen X malaise in favor of exploring grown-up sadness and resilience. A man and a woman—he (David Suchet) a downsized I.B.M. tax accountant, she (Lisa Harrow) a hard-up actress—meet one Sunday in Queens and trade consoling fictions. Suchet, with his wet brown eyes, makes failure seem sexy, and the camera finds something exhilarating in the abandoned setting—a neighborhood of diners, adult-video stores, and topless bars—which perfectly suits the movie's tone of bruised affection. The elegant script was co-written by James Nossiter, who also directed, and James Lasdun.—*D.M.* (9/15/97) (Film Forum 3.)

ALSO PLAYING

AUSTIN POWERS: INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **BANDWAGON:** Sutton and Village East Cinemas. . . . **BATMAN & ROBIN** (reviewed in our issue of 7/7/97): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **CAPITAINE CONAN:** Anthology Film Archives. . . . **CONTACT** (7/21/97): First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and 19th Street East 6. . . . **CONTEMPT** (7/7/97): Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and The Screening Room. . . . **DELINQUENT:** Embassy 3. . . . **THE END OF VIOLENCE:** Lincoln Square and Village East Cinemas. . . . **EVENT HORIZON:** First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, State, and Waverly. . . . **EXCESS BAGGAGE:** Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **THE FIFTH ELEMENT:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **FIRE:** Quad Cinema. . . . **FIRE DOWN BELOW:** Chelsea West, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Olympia, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **4 LITTLE GIRLS:** The Screening Room. . . . **THE GAME:** Astor Plaza, *First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray* Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **GUANTANAMERA:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **HOODLUM:** 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Metro Cinema, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Waverly. . . . **KISS ME, GUIDO:** Chelsea Cinemas and Lincoln Square. . . . **LATIN BOYS GO TO HELL:** Quad Cinema. . . . **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA:** Paris. . . . **THE LOST WORLD: JURASSIC PARK** (6/2/97): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **LOVE SERENADE:** Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **MEN IN BLACK** (7/7/97): Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Manhattan Twin, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **MONEY TALKS:** Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Orpheum VII, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **MOUTH TO MOUTH:** Quad Cinema and 62nd & Broadway. . . . **MY MOTHER'S COURAGE:** Film Forum. . . . **NIGHT FALLS ON MANHATTAN:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **OUT TO SEA:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **RIDING THE RAILS:** Cinema Village. . . . **A SELF-MADE HERO:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema. . . . **SPEED 2: CRUISE CONTROL** (7/7/97): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **ULEE'S GOLD** (6/16/97): 59th Street East Cinema.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Through Sept. 18: "Jour de Fête" (1950, Jacques Tati). . . . From Sept. 19: "Repulsion" (†).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films adapted from British stage productions. Sept. 18 at 2:30 and Sept. 21 at 5: "The Browning Version" (1951, Anthony Asquith). . . . Sept. 18 at 6: "Loyalties" (1933, Basil Dean) and "Love from a Stranger" (1937, Rowland V. Lee). . . . Sept. 19 at 2:30: "Loot" (1970, Silvio Narizzano). . . . Sept. 19 at 6: "The Devils" (1970, Ken Russell). . . . Sept. 19 at 8: "The Madness of King George" (1995, Nicholas Hytner). . . . Sept. 20 at 12:30: "The Admirable Crichton" (1957, Lewis Gilbert). . . . Sept. 20 at 3: "Edward II" (1991, Derek Jarman). . . . Sept. 20 at 5: "A Man for All Seasons" (1966, Fred Zinnemann). . . . Sept. 21 at 1 and Sept. 23 at 6: "A Taste of Honey" (1961, Tony Richardson). . . . Sept. 21 at 3 and Sept. 23 at 2:30: "The Entertainer" (†). . . . Sept. 22 at 2:30: "The Holly and the Ivy" (1952, George More O'Ferrall). . . . Sept. 22 at 6: "Blithe Spirit" (1945, David Lean).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Sept. 17 at 2 and 6:30, Sept. 18 at 2, Sept. 19 at 2 and 6:30, Sept. 20-21 at 4 and 7:30, and Sept. 22-23 at 6:30: "My Sex Life . . . Or How I Got Into an Argument" (1996, Arnaud Desplechin; in French). . . . Sept. 21 at 2: "Atlantis" (1991, Luc Besson).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Sept. 20 at 2: "Bright Road" (1953, Gerald Mayer), with Harry Belafonte and Dorothy Dandridge. . . . Sept. 20 at 4:30: "The Birds" (1963, Alfred Hitchcock), with Rod Taylor and Tippi Hedren. . . . Sept. 21 at 2: "Down by Law" (†). . . . Sept. 21 at 4: "The Devil, Probably" (1977, Robert Bresson; in French).

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—Sept. 23 at 7: "François Truffaut: Stolen Portraits" (1993, Michel Pascal and Serge Toubiana), a documentary. . . . Sept. 23 at 8:45: "The 400 Blows" (†).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St.—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Sept. 21 at 7, the feature will be "The Letter" (1940, William Wyler), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall.

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—Sept. 17-18 at 9:30: "Bitter Moon" (1992, Roman Polanski). . . . Sept. 19 at 7: "Zvenigora" (1928, Alexandr Dovzhenko; silent). . . . Sept. 19 at 9 and 10:30, Sept. 20 at 8, and Sept. 21 at 9: Two films by José Rodriguez-Soltero. . . . Sept. 19-23 at 10:20: "A Single Girl" (1993, Benoît Jacquot; in French). . . . Sept. 20 at 6: "Arsenal" (1928, Dovzhenko; silent). . . . Sept. 21 at 7: "Earth" (1930, Dovzhenko).

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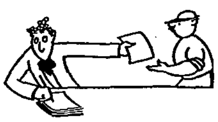
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

BRAVE NEW WORLD DEPT.

The Times embarks on new ways to get out the gray.



THE New York *Times* is—as many a grizzled editor has told many a cub reporter, by way of explaining why some gamy detail or barnyard epithet or double-entendre had to be blue-pencilled—a family newspaper. And, in the case of the *Times*, the phrase is more than just another way of saying that the news must be fit to print. For hundreds of thousands of veteran readers, the paper is like a member of the family. You never really chose it, it's just there—always has been, always will be. You may love it or resent it, you may find its crotchets endearing or annoying, it may bore you one day and enthrall you the next, but the idea of living without it (though the two of you may occasionally take separate vacations) never comes up. The *Times* is reassuringly familiar. And you spend a lot of time with your consciousness focussed on it. Let's say, conservatively, that a typical reader gives the paper half an hour on weekdays, an hour on Sundays. That adds up to more than two hundred hours a year. Over a sixty-year lifetime of *Times* reading, the total exceeds four years' worth of eight-hour days. How many of us will ever devote that kind of time to gazing into the eyes of a loved one?

Dining In
The New York Times

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM BACHTELL

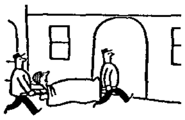
It stands to reason, therefore, that when the appearance of the *Times* changes discombobulation results, as if one had looked in the mirror and found oneself with an unexpected nose job. That's why the newspaper of record thinks twice, and then twice more, before it administers autorhinoplasty. The modifications that are discombobulating readers the length and breadth of the metropolitan area this week may not be all that big, but their arguable modesty does not mean that it has not required considerable effort—to wit, ten years, two high-level task forces with pulp-novel names (the Futures Group and the Mohonk Team), the building of two enormous new printing factories (one, in faraway Edison, New Jersey, opened in 1992, and the other, in exotic College Point, Queens, opened eight months ago), and the spending of more than three-quarters of a billion dollars—to bring them about.

Arthur O. Sulzberger, Jr., the dapper ex-reporter, ex-ad salesman, and full-time scion who has been the *Times'* publisher since 1992, explained all this and more one afternoon last week, in the course of briefing the Talk of the Town on the upheaval to come. The Edison plant, he said, has enabled the *Times* to use color in its preprinted Sunday sections, such as Travel, Arts & Leisure, and the *Book Review;* College Point enables it to do the same in the daily paper. Starting on September 15th, the *Times* will be a five-section paper on Mondays: main news, metro, arts, sports, and business. For the rest of the week, it'll have all of the above plus one of the below: Science Times; Dining In, Dining Out (a revamped Living section); House & Home (the Home section redux); and, on Fridays, a two-part Weekend section. And, now that the *Times* has a separately printed Northeast edition (plus a national edition, produced in eight plants around the country from pages downloaded by satellite), the New York edition can go to press later. "By not having to truck papers to Boston and Washington, we get a huge gain in terms of deadlines," Mr. Sulzberger said. "Before, the *Times* spoke to its readers at nine o'clock in the evening. Now we can speak to them at eleven-thirty at night."

With a flourish, Mr. Sulzberger plopped a stack of prototypes on a coffee table in his cozy office. We inspected them carefully for signs of the impending collapse of Western civilization. We detected none. The color photographs and graphics on the front pages looked surprisingly ungarish. Their tones were muted and earthy, and they brought out the crispness of the paper's classy typography. It's not quite Rembrandt, but Rembrandt never had to wrap fish. —HENDRIK HERTZBERG

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN DEPT.

Compassionate tourism at Mother Teresa's home for the dying.



MOTHER TERESA'S last act of humility was to die in the shadow of Diana, Princess of Wales. It was as if the eighty-seven-year-old nun had been waiting for the moment when she would attract the least attention, on the day before the most riveting funeral in decades. Watching the news, you could feel the anchors' relief when, after dutifully beaming the image of Mother Teresa's corpse lying in state in Calcutta, they were allowed to return to the bracingly Shakespearean drama unfolding in London.

Sixteen years ago, at the age of twenty-one, I volunteered, briefly—and to no sanctifying effect—at Mother Teresa's home for the dying destitute, commonly known as Kalighat. There I was taken under the wing of a beekeeper from Arizona who had given up his apiaries in middle age to go to medical school.

Sister Luke, who ran the day-to-day

operation, wore black horn-rims and had a mean streak. She seemed to resent our presence. (I saw her point: imagine putting up with an endless stream of foreigners stopping off between tours of Rajasthan and Indonesia for a little restorative do-gooding.) I stayed out of her way.

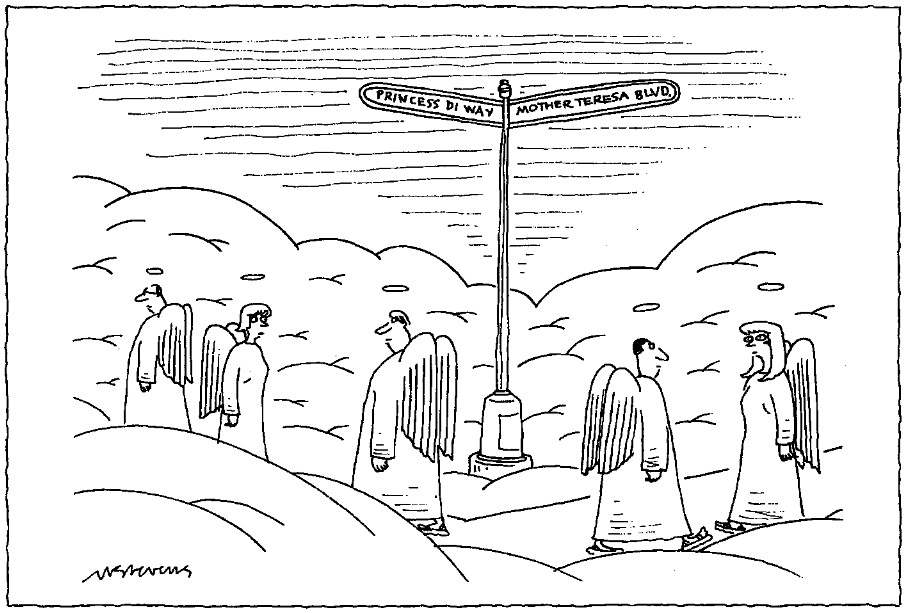
The beekeeper showed me where the pills were, and the clean bed linens. He told me to jump in and do what needed doing. I started small, intending to work my way up to major saintliness. I massaged people's heads, mostly, to relieve headaches. Sometimes, laying on hands, I thought, *Heal,* to see if that would work. I avoided the bedpans. I played hide-and-seek with a ten-year-old boy who was dying of something mysterious. And, like everybody else, I kept one eye out for the possible appearance of the living saint.

Even if you thought you knew how small Mother Teresa was, in person she was even smaller. Like all famous people, when she came into the room a flash went off: not holiness—celebrity. She spoke with a Transylvanian accent. She was as sweet and autocratic as a grandmother. With her wrinkled amiability, she reminded me of the comedian George Burns (who once played God); and her only otherworldly quality was that whenever I saw her she made me feel like laughing, without the material explanation of a punch line.

Now, on television, she lay on her back. Young nuns bent to kiss her old, misshapen, infinitely expressive feet. They had tied a cloth under her chin to keep her mouth from falling open.

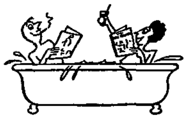
Even while alive, Mother Teresa was a relic. And yet, despite her fanatical tendencies, there was something curiously modern about her. Her aspirations didn't depend on the miraculous. She promised to heal no one—only modestly, lovingly, to help people die. She urged volunteers to take Jesus at His word: "Whatever you do for the least of my brethren, you do for me."

On my last morning, the beekeeper asked me for help. An old man needed bathing. No stretchers were available, so we strung him between us, unkindly, and he shook and gaped, lost in his agony. We carried him into the washroom and removed his pajamas. Underneath, he wore a diaper of bandage, and when the beekeeper scissored this off we saw the cancerous testicle, as big as a balloon. It was then that the old man covered himself, ashamed. As we poured water over him, the beekeeper intoned, "This is the Body of Christ." It wasn't that we believed it, only that we were trying to. Still, it never happened to me. The failure of that miracle, however, was due not to the powerlessness of God but to the limits of my compassion. To place the blame for the world's misfortunes on our own heads was Mother Teresa's lasting, secular legacy. By seeking to solace only essential needs, and by giving death its due, she proved herself, quite miraculously enough, to be the kind of saint an age like ours could believe in. —JEFFREY EUGENIDES



INK

No wallpapering over the difference between these two magazines.



WITHIN Manhattan's trendsetting Time Warner and Condé Nast media empires, some employees have been baffled by a recent snafu involving their magazine subscriptions. Smart young editors who had put in requests to receive *Wallpaper** (**The stuff that surrounds you*), Tyler Brûlé's sharp, new, much-talked-about London-based life-style glossy, were taken aback when a Seventh Avenue trade journal entitled *The Wall Paper: The Newspaper of the Wallcoverings Industry* hit their in-boxes.

The differences between the two publications are glaring: *Wallpaper*, which costs seventy dollars a year, resembles any number of oversized fashion magazines featuring slim, attractive models of both sexes; *The Wall Paper*, which caters to the wall-covering community and goes for a bargain twenty-five bucks a year, looks like *Daily Variety. Wallpaper* offers up "A Summer in Suburbia," with color spreads of a pouty young couple cavorting on the grounds of a jazzy house on the outskirts of London; *The Wall Paper* features a virtual shooting gallery of sales and marketing managers' black-and-white head shots, plus a regular comic strip called "Got'cha Covered." Lead paragraphs in *Wallpaper* invite deconstruction: "It's difficult to know where to place the shag palace in the iconography of the twentieth-century interior." *The Wall Paper* gets right to the point: "No event impacted the wallpaper industry more than DuPont's development of laytex [sic] paint."

Maurice Murray, the founder and publisher of *The Wall Paper*, started his tabloid in 1980. Today, at seventy-two, he boasts a circulation of approximately eighteen thousand, with subscribers "all across the U.S. and Canada, and internationally," he says. "Russia and China have a love affair going on with wallpaper—the louder and bolder, the better!" Is he aware of the confusion lately? "Yes, I've been getting calls about once a week."

Tyler Brûlé, the cute twenty-eight-year-old Winnipeg native with the worldly-sounding name (pronounced like the fattening dessert), was until recently unaware of *The Wall Paper*. "It didn't show up on any trademark searches," he says.

Murray does not feel threatened by the new magazine. "It has nothing to do with wallpaper," he says. "They never even use it in their interiors. But if they overstep their boundaries and cut into my business we'll do something about it."

—CHARLES WINECOFF

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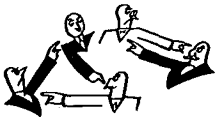
THE WAYWARD PRESS

Reporters may cringe when a private eye in Little Rock goes public.



After five years of Bill Clinton's Presidency, the nation knows that Arkansas politics attracts many strange figures—none stranger, perhaps, than a retired private investigator in Little Rock aptly named Larry Case.

According to Little Rock habitués, Case has turned up on the sidelines of several Arkansas political scandals in the past few decades, a shadowy figure with snippets of information to peddle about key players, usually unflattering and not always reliable but accurate enough just often enough to keep people talking to him. With the elevation of Clinton to the White House, Case's circle of acquaintances came to include a number of nationally known journalists. Now, however, conversations that some of these reporters may have mistaken for private talk with a private eye may become public fodder—providing perhaps the next chapter in the humiliation of the press.

For nine years, it seems, Case has been taping virtually all his phone calls—which is legal in Arkansas—and creating a permanent record of the traffic in seamy personal items that no one, given the current anti-paparazzi furor, wants to admit to engaging in. Last month, Case met with Max Brantley, a well-known Clinton supporter, who is the editor of the weekly *Arkansas Times*, at the West Little Rock Burger King and gave him a battered and bulging suitcase. Brantley describes it as "the kind of suitcase that Delta Dawn might have taken on her travels"—except that this one contained hundreds of hours of tapes.

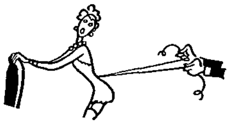
Although most of the tapes are unlabelled, Brantley says, quite a few of the voices are recognizable, and include those of reporters from both supermarket tabloids and mainstream publications. Journalists are heard flattering and cajoling Case, in the hope of obtaining juicy information about everything from Clinton's possible drug use to the nature of his sex life. In some cases, tabloid reporters discuss payment for potentially scandalous stories, none of which Case was able to document to their satisfaction. Some of the more upmarket journalists sound simply ingratiating and foolish, swapping off-color jokes about Clinton's anatomy. But at least one well-regarded writer says that his publication is considering hiring a private eye to interview a hooker about Clinton—an indiscretion likely to displease his editors.

Overwhelmed by the amount of raw material, Brantley called in his friend Gene Lyons, a pro-Clinton columnist for the *Arkansas Democrat Gazette*, as an auxiliary set of ears. Lyons, who had already been approached about the tapes, says that at first he regarded Case as "nuts—in the sense of being a dirtbag," and wanted nothing to do with him. But after he heard Case's taped exchanges with reporters who said they were from *Newsweek*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the Los Angeles *Times*—not to mention a conversation in which a familiar Arkansas figure discusses a two-million-dollar price for what the person called "below the belt" photos of Clinton—he changed his mind. Now Lyons thinks that the tapes may be grist for a book on political dirty tricks. Meanwhile, investigators on both sides of Paula Jones's sexual-harassment suit have been scurrying to get hold of the recordings. One White House official describes the situation as being like "some Indiana Jones movie."

But why, after years of trying unsuccessfully to sell his information, is Case giving it away? Reached at his home in Little Rock, he said, "I'm retired. This stuff is just sitting here accumulating dust, so I decided to clean out my closet." —Jane Mayer

THE RAG TRADE

Diane Von Furstenberg reinvents the mother-daughter dress.



There's been a lot of reminiscing recently about Diane Von Furstenberg's nineteen-seventies wrap dress, which, with its fabric tweaked here and its proportions rejiggered there, has been reintroduced for the nineteen-nineties. And why not remember it fondly? The Harveys Bristol Cream nights, the quiche Lorraine days . . . The remarkable thing about the wrap dress isn't the singles life it once led but the double life it's leading now. A new, uptown incarnation is showing up in offices and at the occasional elegant cocktail party, while its vintage cousin, having been there and done that two decades ago, is tying itself around women in their twenties and getting reacquainted with the club circuit.

The "new" wrap dress can be found hanging neatly on chrome racks behind the seventh-floor escalators at Saks. It looks perkier than its predecessor, as though it had acquired sensible eating habits, logged some time with a personal trainer, and perhaps been under the knife once or twice. Otherwise, the family resemblance is unmistakable: the V neck, the pointy cuffs and collar, the jaunty, just-above-the-knee skirt. A crimson silk version feels buttery to the touch and imparts a distinctly nineties brand of self-assurance; the magenta-and-orange teardrop pattern in silk jersey hangs with more humility, seemingly aware of its poly-cotton-knit roots, its Brie-and-Chablis past.

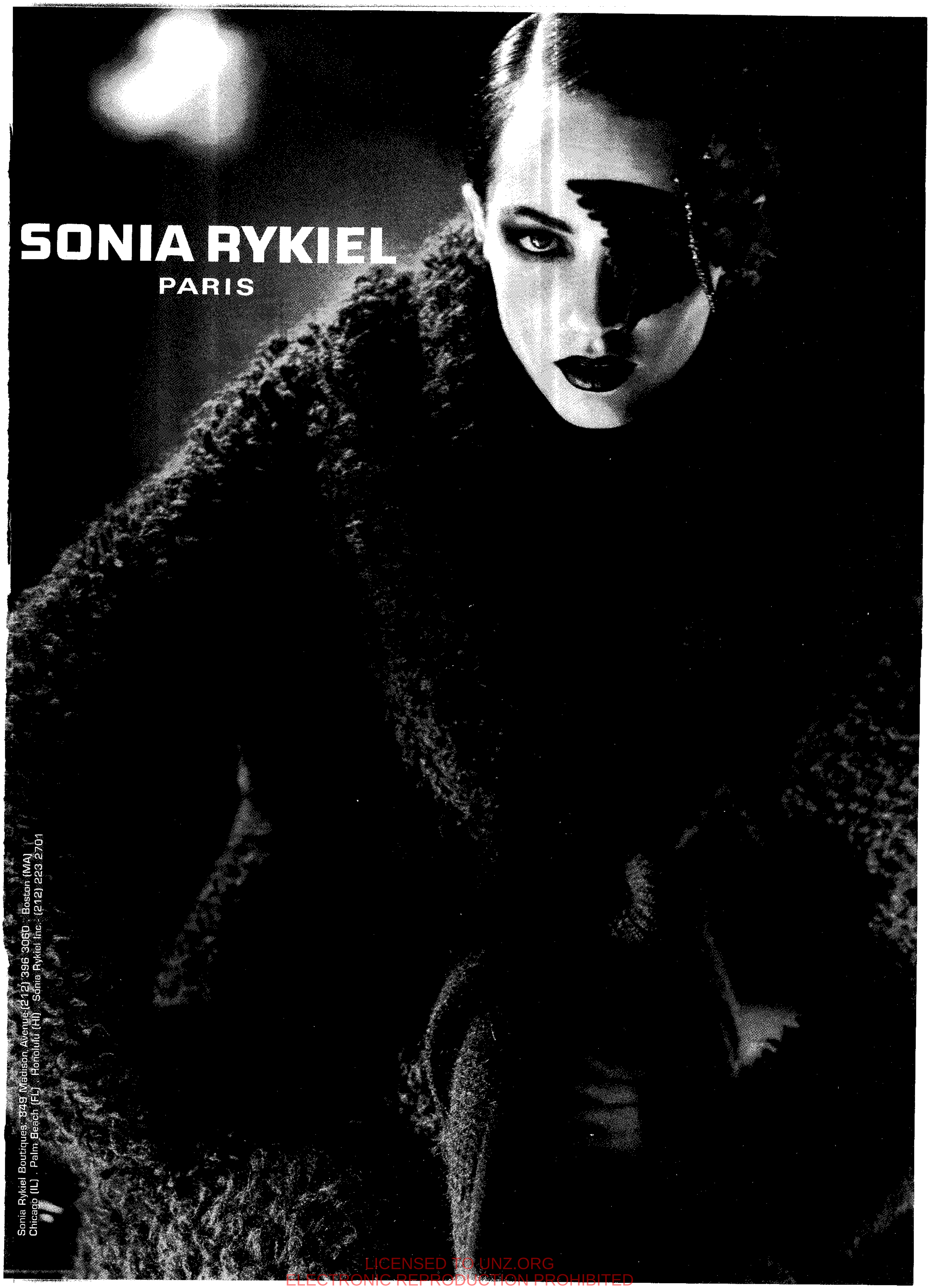
The wrap racks generate hanger-flipping interest—but not much more—among women who look to be in their forties and fifties and seem intent on finding something to wear to work. "Oh, this takes me back," one shopper remarks as she fans a dress out from the corners of its skirt and smiles. Yeah, but do you want to go there? suggests the look on her adolescent daughter's face.

A couple of miles away, at the 1909 Company, a vintage-clothing shop in SoHo, there are two seventies-issue Diane Von Furstenbergs, both enjoying marquee status. A black wrap with red and blue flowers hangs inside the store's glass-panelled door, its somewhat limp posture the epitome of pre-silicone-implant, me-decade chic. A lightly faded, swirly pink number stretches around a mannequin in the window, appearing confidently hip, as if it would know its way around a d.j. booth.

"I remember them from the seventies," says a young woman who is thinking about wearing the wrap she bought with antique pearls and a pair of old suède Calvin Klein wrap sandals. "My mother wouldn't have been caught dead in one of these, but everyone else's mom had one."

After Von Furstenberg's recent adventures on QVC and the Home Shopping Network, the designer seems pleased that her reborn wrap has captured the glare of a slightly hipper spotlight. "The young girls are grabbing it up. But older women want to wear it again, too. And everybody has a story attached to that dress."

—Rachel Urquhart



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THE CULTURE INDUSTRY

BEAT THE PRESS

Fear and self-loathing in the newsroom.

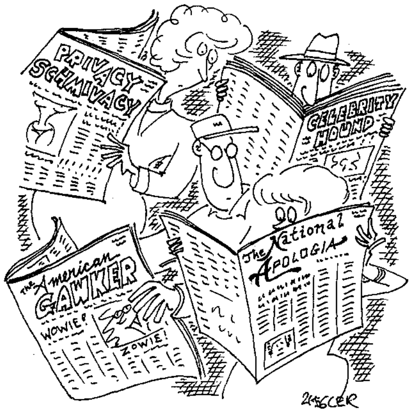
BY KURT ANDERSEN

BEGINNING in the mid-sixties, the angry, guilt-tripping, sanctimonious news media drove Americans into a state of confusion and self-flagellation, a kind of national nervous breakdown. During the eighties, we finally liberated ourselves from collective anguish and, by golly, restored the national self-esteem. Now, however, comes the perfectly symmetrical coda to this thirty-year Zeitgeist swing: an angry, guilt-tripping, sanctimonious citizenry is driving the news media into a state of confusion and self-flagellation, a kind of professional nervous breakdown. Every magazine and newspaper, it seems, suddenly wants to be something it is not.

The media's identity crises started getting out of hand last month, after an article in *Vanity Fair* alleged that Rudy Giuliani was having an adulterous affair and that New York newspapers were, in effect, covering it up. The response was an outbreak of hysterical disingenuousness. The gossip-mad New York *Observer* viciously ridiculed the magazine for publishing such . . . gossip. The *Post* and the *Daily News* ran page-one stories about the story, attacking *Vanity Fair* for trafficking in scurrilous gossip worthy of some . . . tabloid.

"I think I would not have had the confidence to hire Pete Hamill four years ago," Mort Zuckerman, the owner of the *News*, told me last spring. "Now I can deal with an editor much more easily and much more confidently." He also had the confidence, it turned out, to fire Hamill after nine months on the job. Hamill got the boot at least in part because Zuckerman wants more gossip and celebrity coverage in the paper than Hamill provided. He wants his tabloid, in other words, to be more like a tabloid—specifically, he says, more like the London *Daily Mail.* (Now that Hamill is gone, Zuckerman's most celebrated editor is James Fallows, of *U.S. News & World Report* and journalism's leading anti-junk-journalism crusader.)

Twenty-four hours after Hamill was fired for not being tabloidy enough—"What a fuckin' year!" he said to me, laughing, a few days later—Michael Kelly was fired as editor of *The New Republic*, for running the sort of magazine that his former boss calls "scandal-hungry." Kelly's tenure was much longer than Hamill's, lasting a good ten months. Martin Peretz, the owner of *The New Republic* and a close friend of Al Gore, has moved to the right over the past two decades, but Kelly's antagonism to Clinton and Gore provoked an identity crisis—he realized that he's a liberal after all.



During the last year or so, as the circulation of the *News* declined, the circulation of its tabloid competitor, the *Post*, increased. "We've tried to establish the paper as a must-read among the upmarket," David Yelland, the *Post's* deputy editor, told me. They've succeeded: it bothers Zuckerman that the unapologetically non-nutritious *Post*, with its four daily gossip columns (the *News* has only one), is the tabloid of choice for Manhattan's smart set. Tabloid entertainment isn't usually associated with factual accuracy, but at the *Post*, Yelland insists, that has changed. "The standards are much higher than they were in the eighties," he says. "As regards accuracy, I would quite happily compare it favorably to any other paper."

The editor of the *National Enquirer* had been undergoing a public identity crisis for months. During the last two weeks, Steve Coz's backpedalling apologias have been almost as ubiquitous as the attacks on him by members of "the entire celebrity community," in celebrity-community spokesperson Fran Drescher's phrase. "We didn't want to be smeared in that backlash," Coz said after the death of the Princess of Wales, "and unfortunately that's what's happening." In London last week, three downmarket dailies, the *Mirror*, the *Sun*, and the *Star*, also disavowed tabloidism as it was practiced up to the morning of August 31st.

Yet when journalists really do demonstrate restraint, and elect not to cover a story, they can get whacked just as smartly as when they rake muck. The press thought it was being decorous and serious-minded when it neglected to give much coverage to Paula Jones's sexual allegations against President Clinton—but then the tide turned, and the reticence was deemed a pernicious form of class bias. During the last Presidential campaign, after the editor of the Washington *Post* chose not to publish an interview with Bob Dole's former mistress, the mistress's story came out anyway, and the *Post* editor was accused of having let his own messy marital problems influence the editorial decision.

Still, James Fallows wrote last week in *U.S. News* apropos Diana, "The public wants to see evidence of the internal struggle. They want to see . . . reporters wrestling with whether it's necessary to invade someone's privacy or damage someone's reputation." The wrestling does occur. Restraint is shown. By its nature, however, it is ordinarily invisible to the public. Last year, the school-age child of a major American political figure running for reëlection got himself into some mischief—the kind of mischief that would have made a titillating news story, and probably dog the kid for years to come. The story was verifiable, known to reporters at *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *New York* (of which I was then editor), presumably among other publications, and yet no one ran with it—in part, to be sure, because of personal pleas from the major American political figure. Tough, market-driven editors and journalists, acting independently, found themselves ceding a distinct zone of privacy to a public figure. I found this uniform display of media discretion amazing. As the summer ends, I'll admit that I also find it heartening. ♦

JACK ZIEGLER

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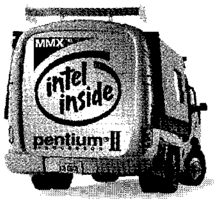
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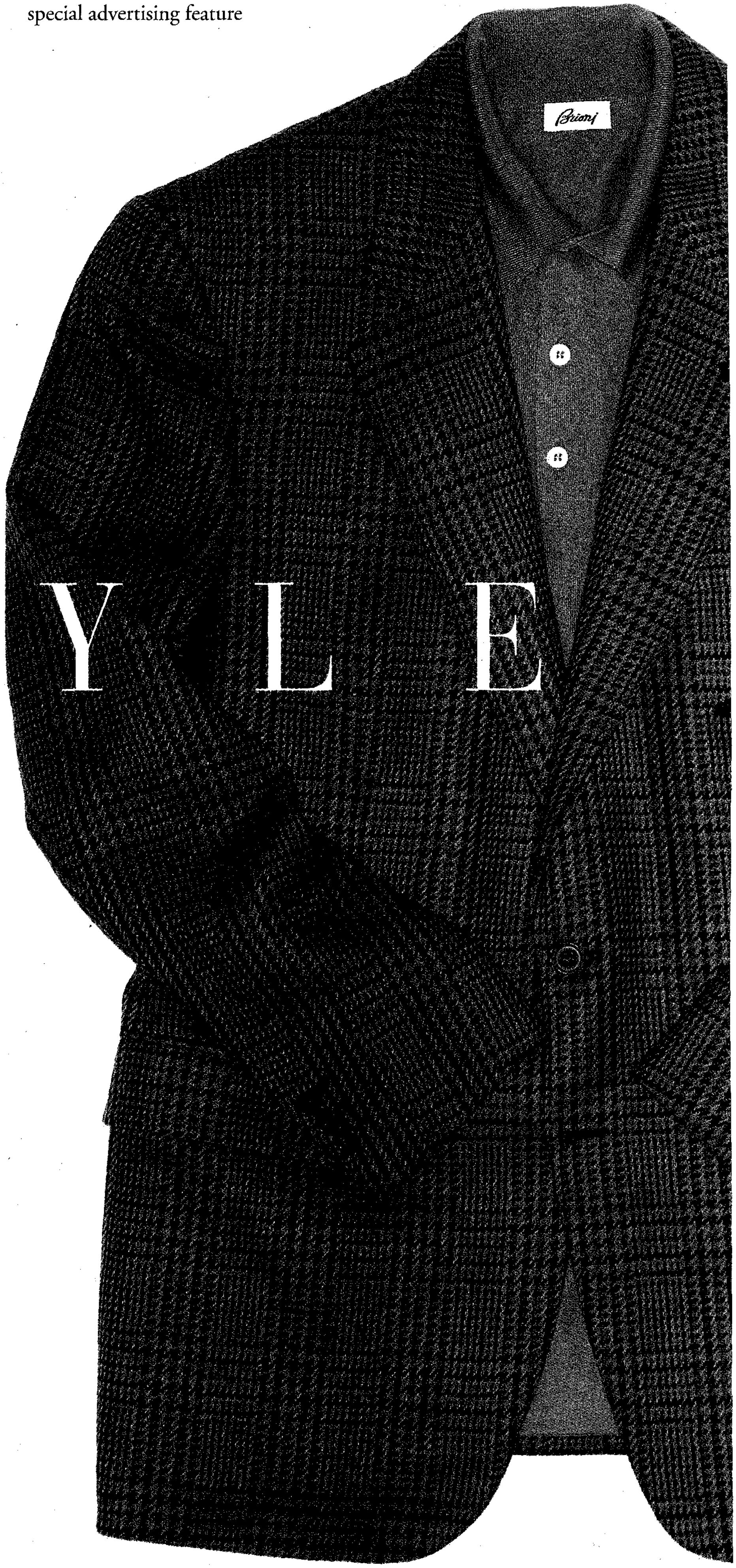
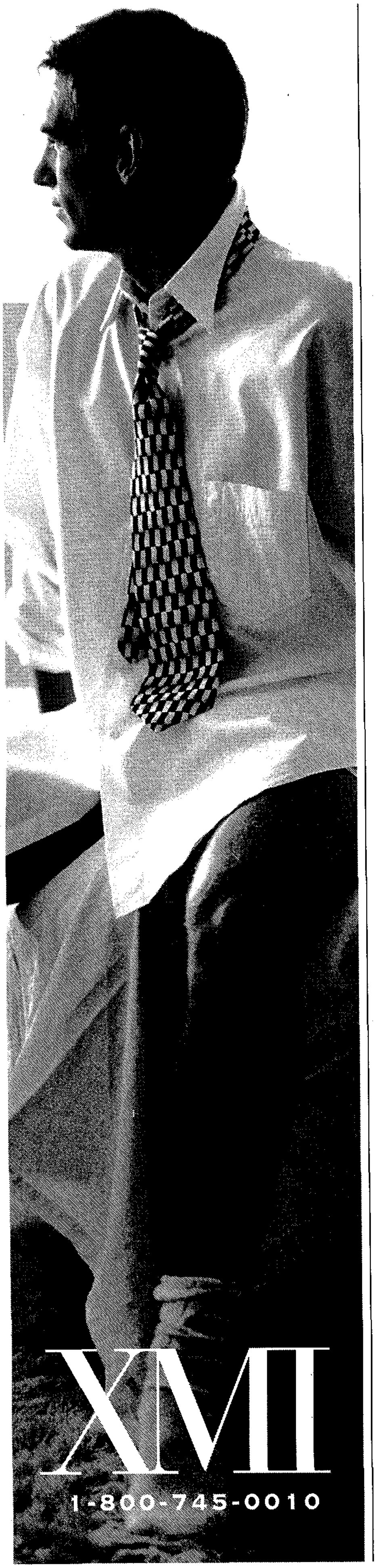
In Praise Of...

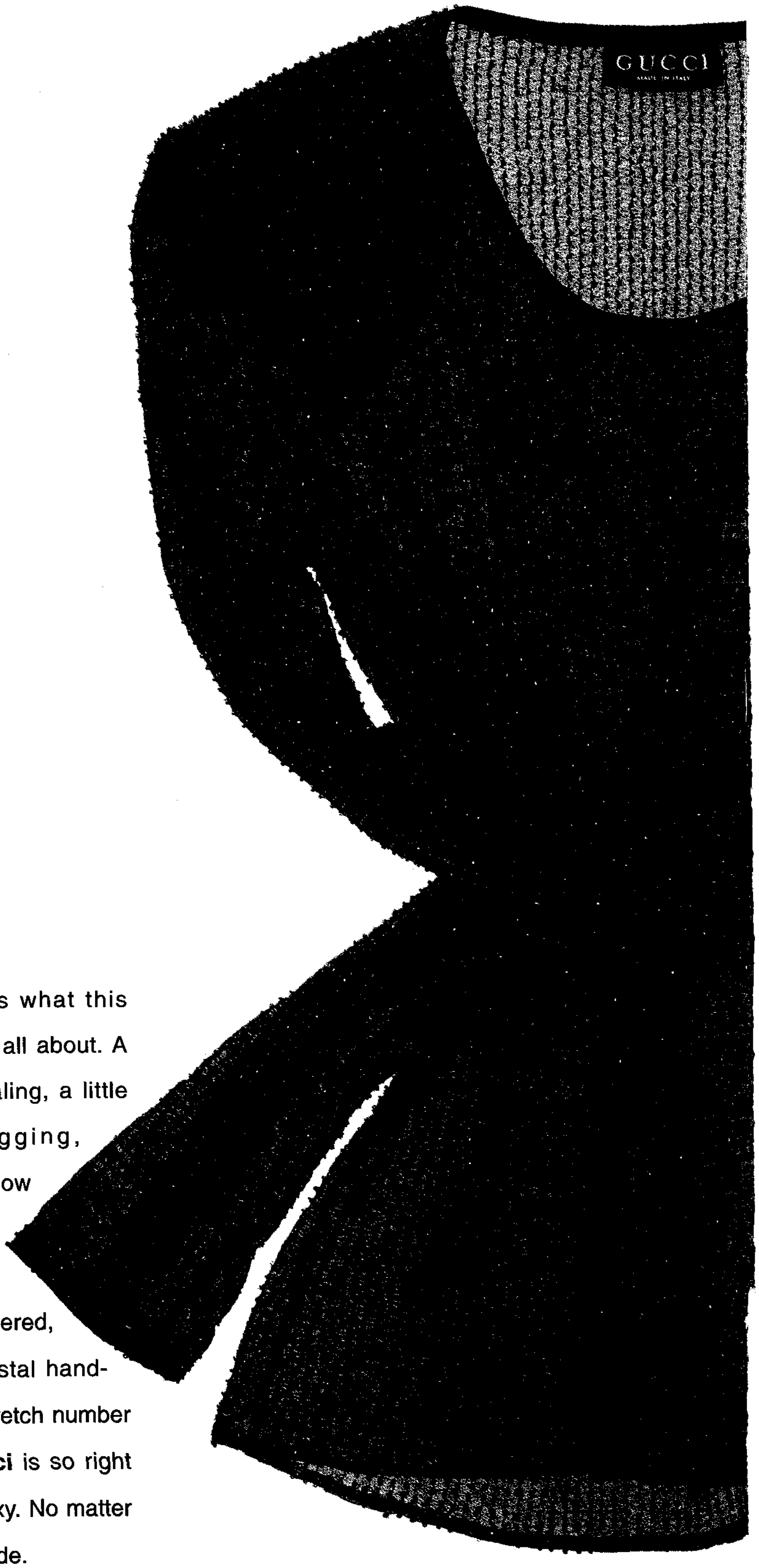
STYLE

Coco Chanel was right in saying, "Fashion goes out of fashion, style never does." Just think pouf skirts and slouchy pastel jackets, if you don't get exactly what madame meant. For Joseph J. Barrato, CEO of Brioni USA, style is a very individual thing. "It's characteristic of a person with a great deal of confidence in their own taste," he says. Today, that means slipping on pieces as smooth and well-designed as this hand-tailored **Brioni** tan, navy, and green glen plaid cashmere jacket, worn over a green cashmere and silk sweater *(right)*. Its brilliance lies in its sophistication, adaptability, and defiance of time. And isn't that, ultimately, what style is all about?

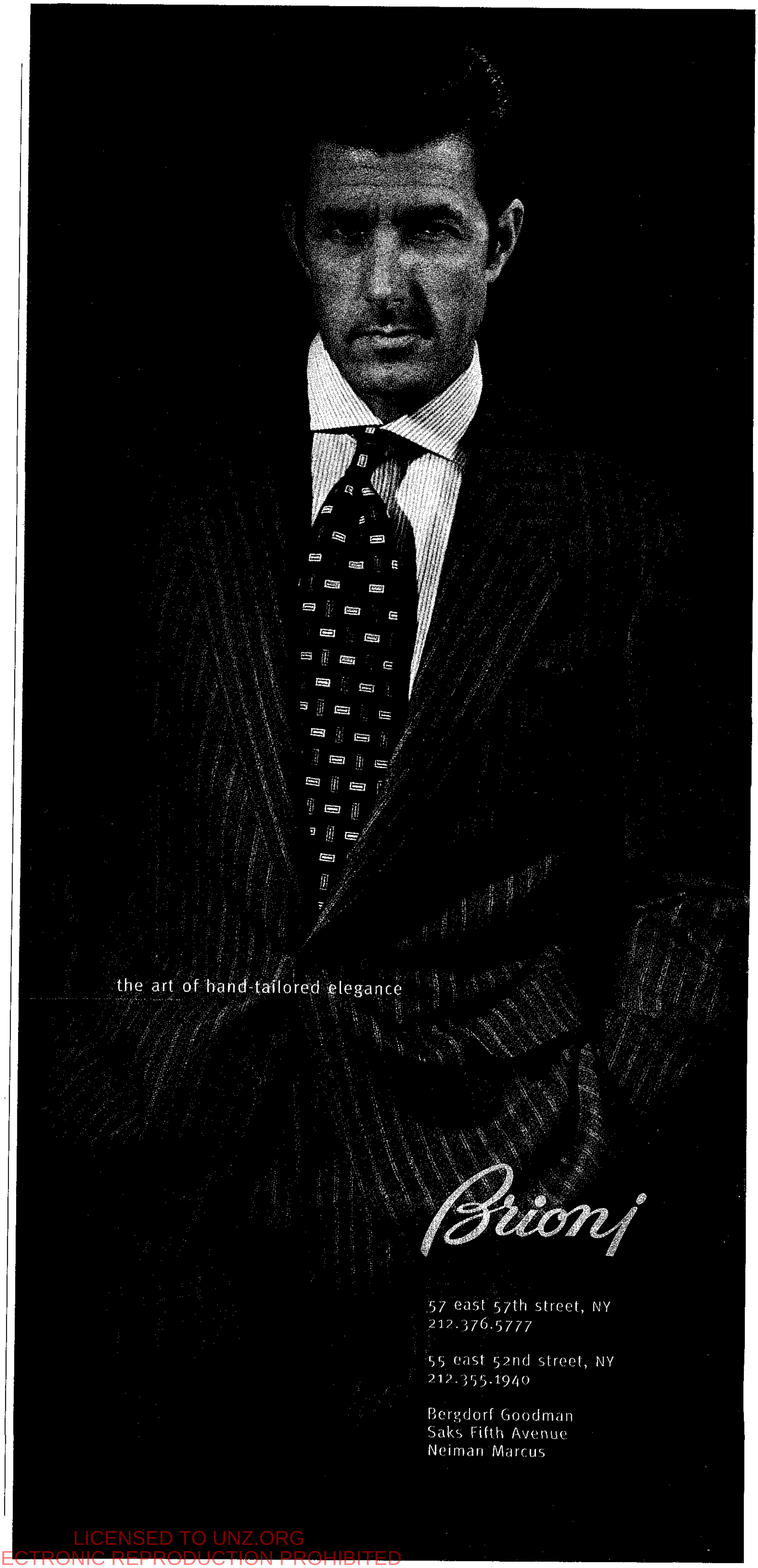
By Maryellen Gordon
Photography by Charles Masters







The flirt is what this knit top is all about. A little revealing, a little body-hugging, yet somehow discreet, this beautifully rendered, caviar crystal hand-beaded stretch number from **Gucci** is so right and so sexy. No matter what decade.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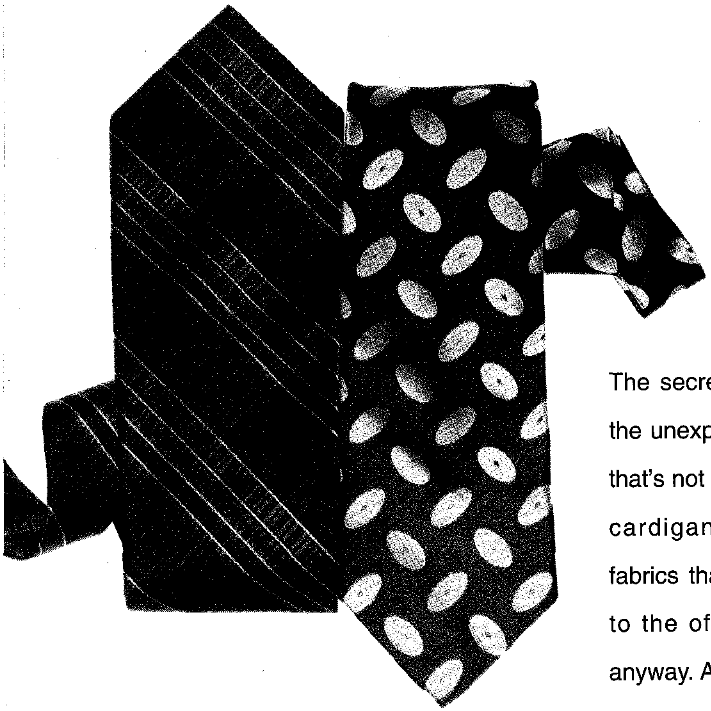
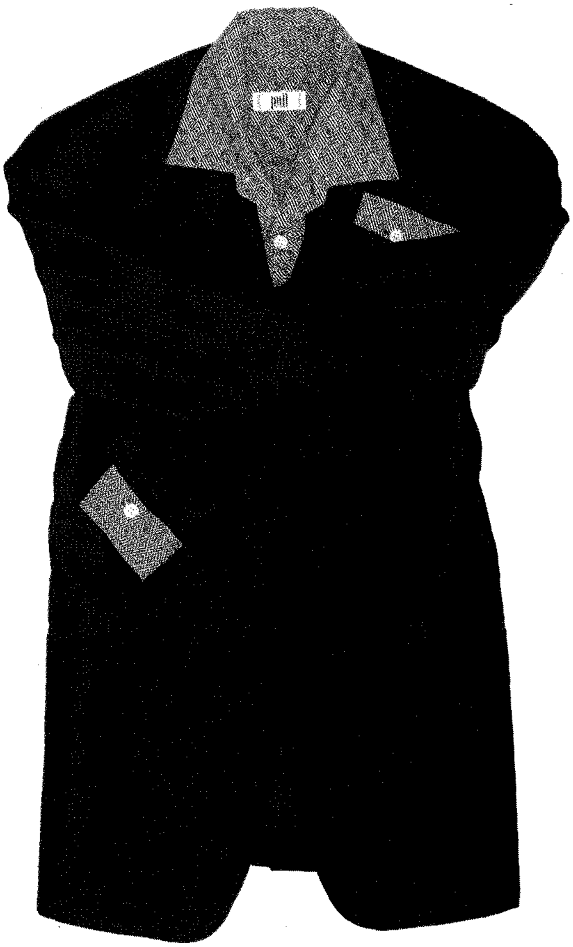
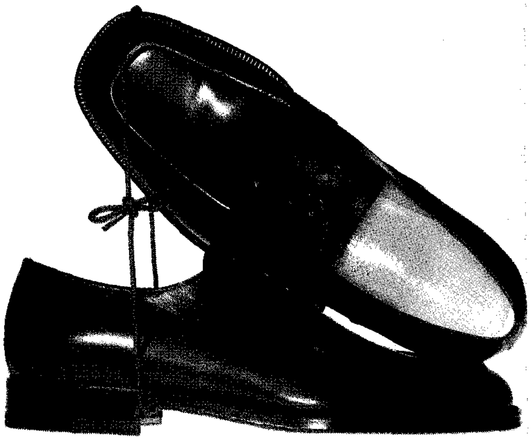
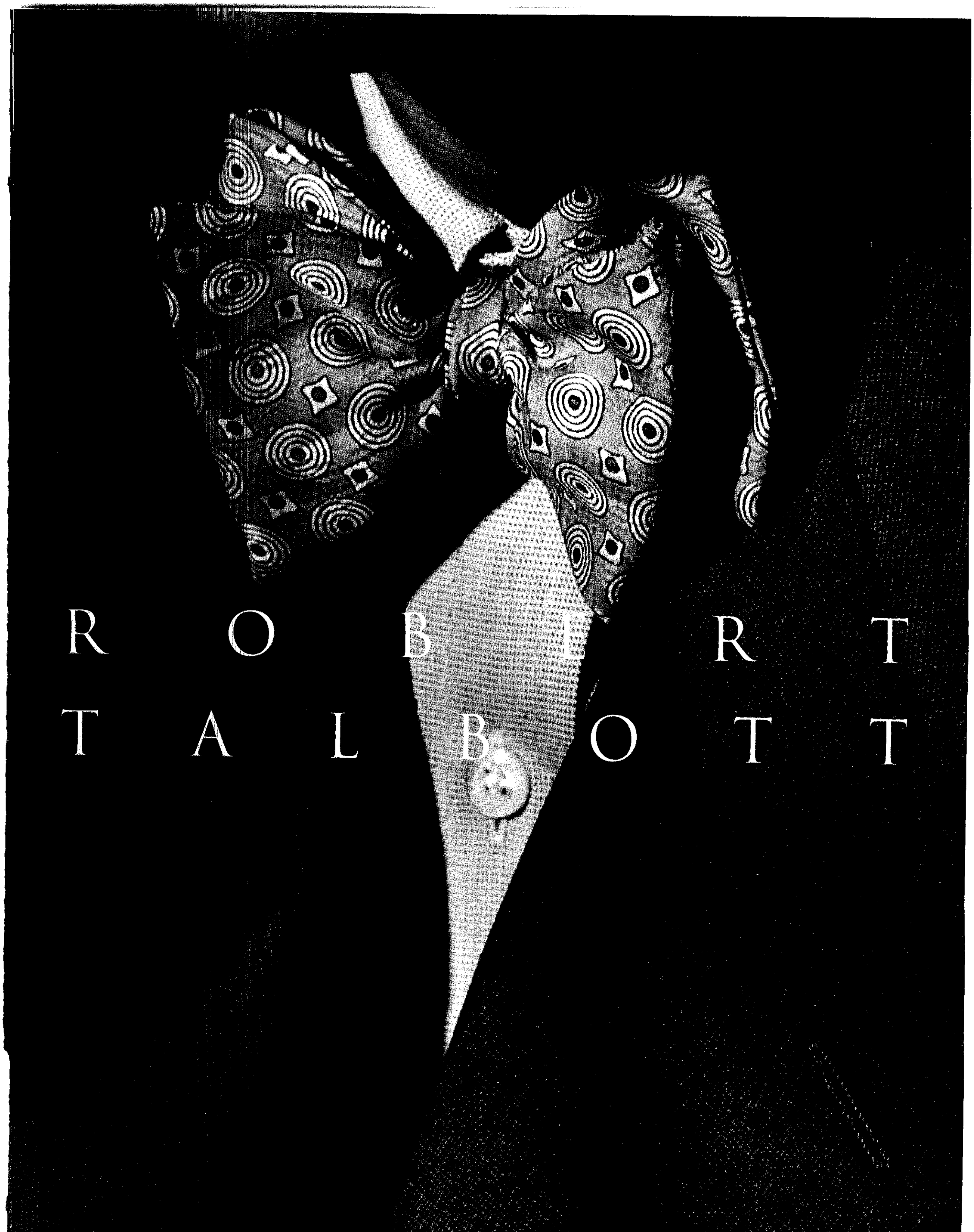


The secret to style is often in the unexpected. A hint of color that's not so traditional, like the cardigan at right; a mix of fabrics that you wouldn't wear to the office. Not everyday, anyway. A print that's got some whimsy, especially good to test out in a necktie. These are the looks that have personality. *Clockwise from right*: **Paul Stuart**'s gold cable cardigan and brown argyle socks, both in embraceable cashmere; leather artisan **Tanino Crisci**'s handcrafted brown square-toe oxford; **Dolce & Gabbana**'s burgundy silk passementerie handbag and moiré silk sandal; **Pal Zileri**'s aubergine silk and linen two-button jacket with diamond print rayon shirt; and **XMI**'s luxuriously woven silk ties in burgundy and green stripes, as well as a brown Italian grenadine weave with a gold and citrus pattern.







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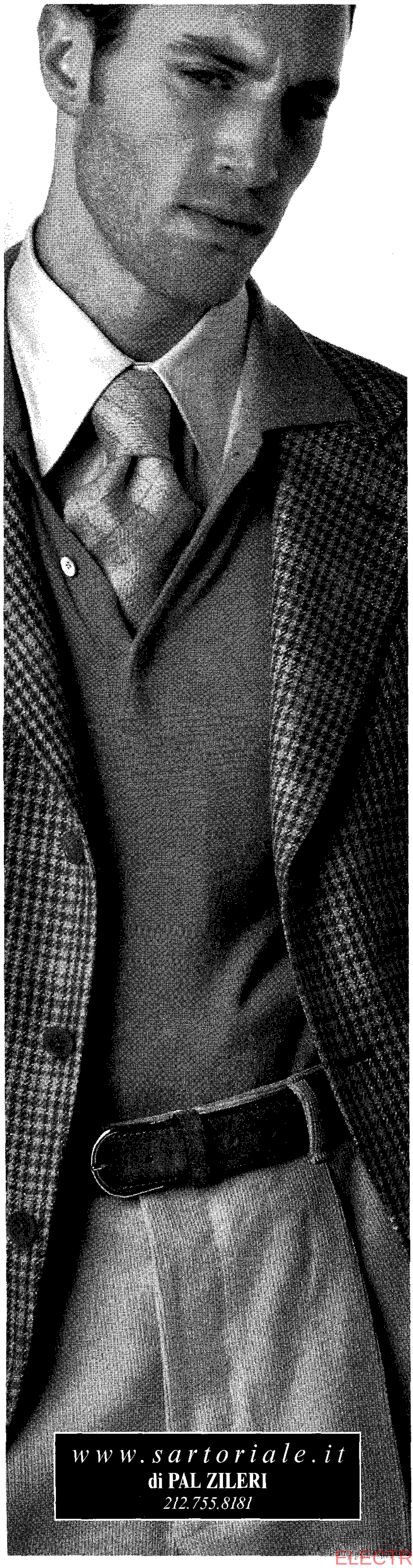

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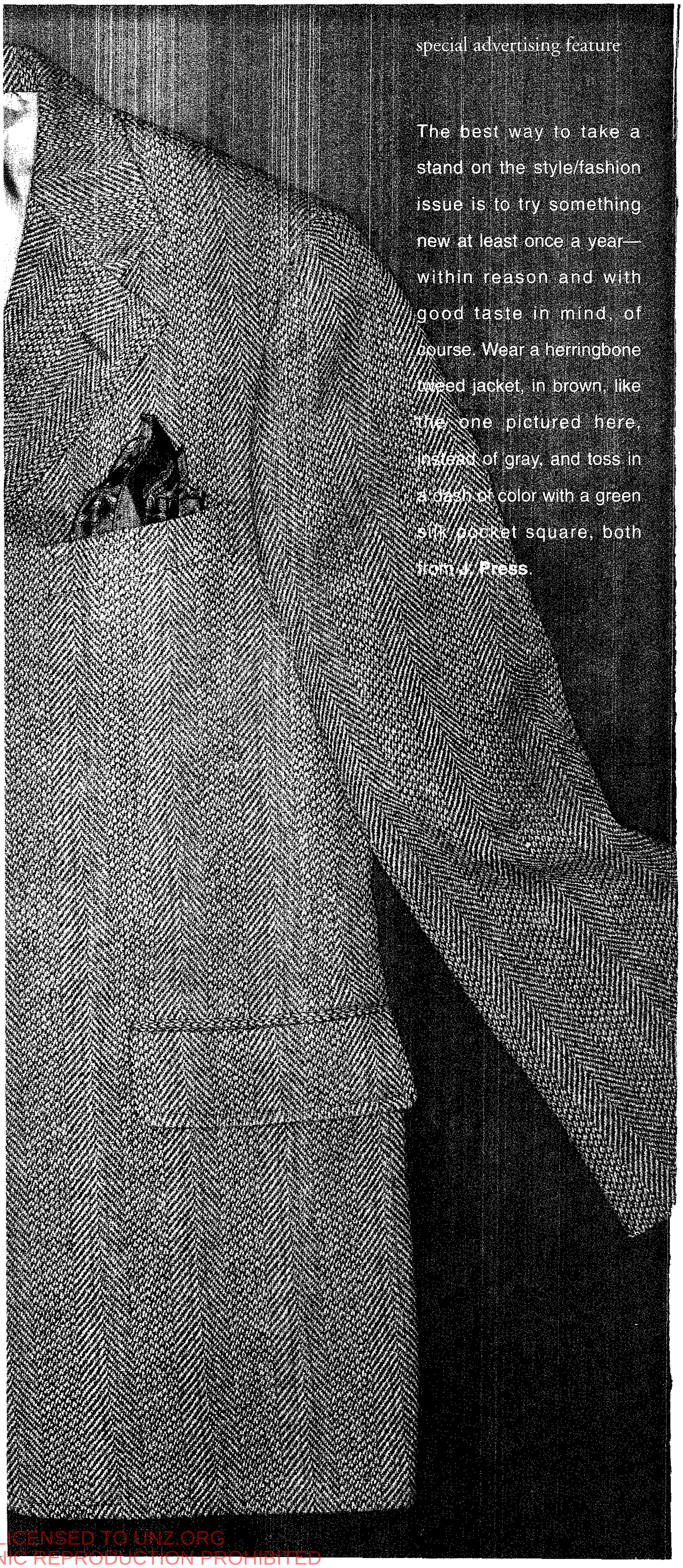
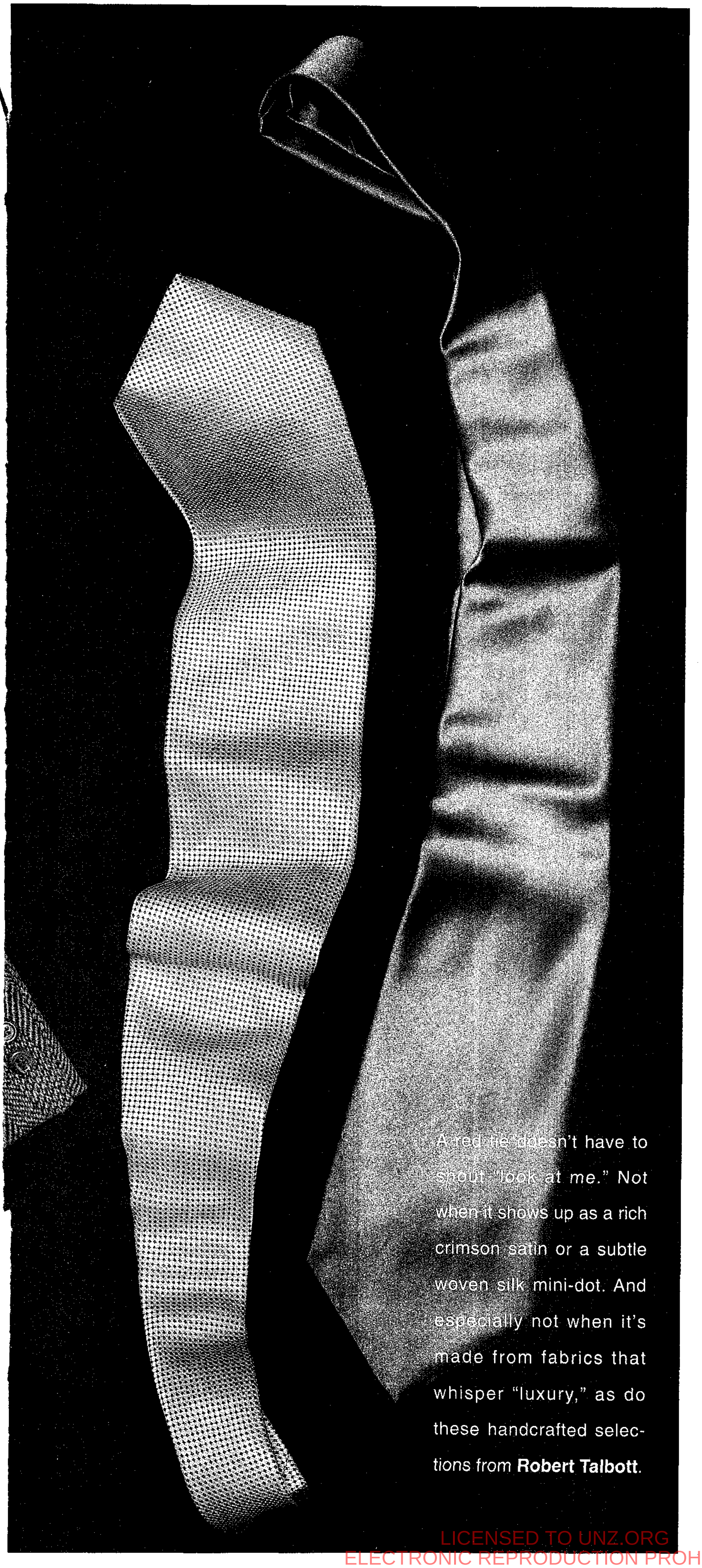


special advertising feature

The best way to take a stand on the style/fashion issue is to try something new at least once a year—within reason and with good taste in mind, of course. Wear a herringbone tweed jacket, in brown, like the one pictured here, instead of gray, and toss in a dash of color with a green silk pocket square, both from **J. Press**.



A red tie doesn't have to shout "look at me." Not when it shows up as a rich crimson satin or a subtle woven silk mini-dot. And especially not when it's made from fabrics that whisper "luxury," as do these handcrafted selections from **Robert Talbott**.

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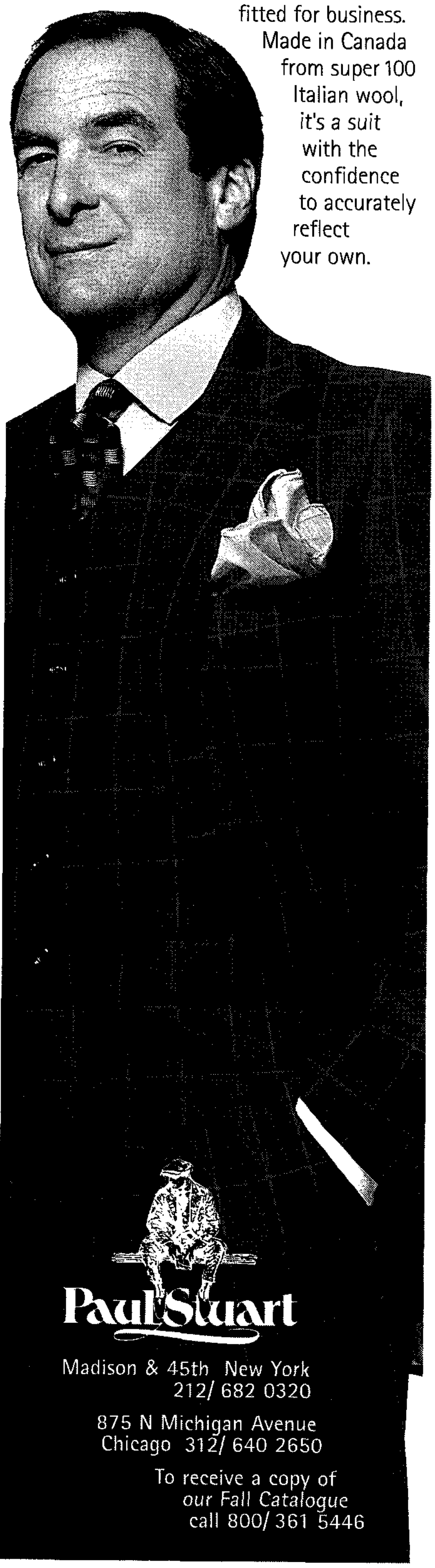

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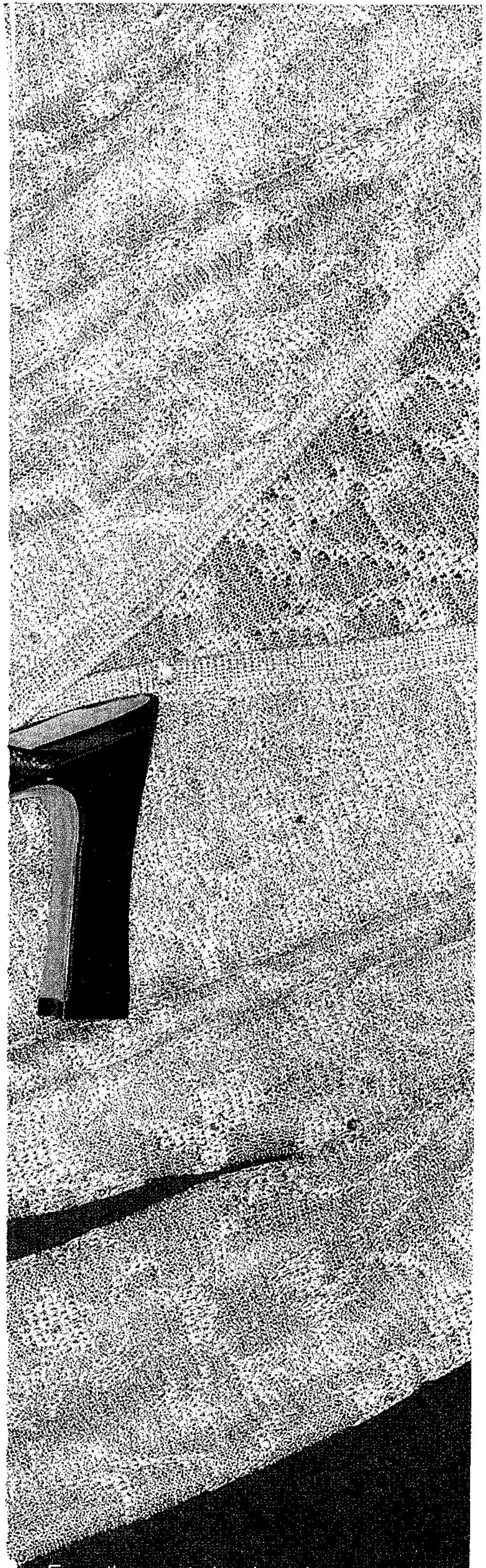

Even the most classic style icons need jazzing up once in awhile, agrees chic knitwear doyenne Marie Gray, co-founder and chief designer of **St. John**, whose strappy, rhinestone-studded, sable satin mule, smoky topaz choker, and gold knit cardigan, shown here, make individual style statements.

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ANNALS OF LAW

FROM PARK AVENUE TO DEATH ROW

What if you are so insane that you think you can be your own lawyer?

BY JEFFREY TOOBIN

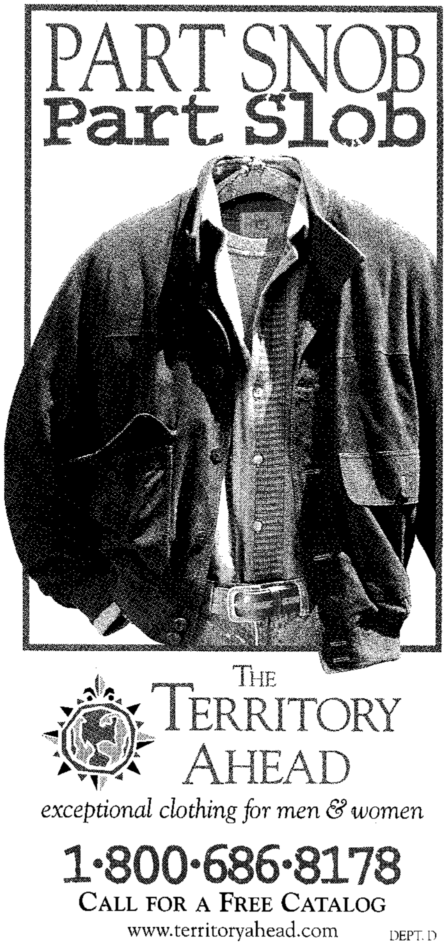
EDWARD ALLEN, JR., was born in 1944, into a world that seemed to be a model of chilly urban gentility. His family appeared to be classic German Jewish aristocrats. They lived in a nine-room apartment on Park Avenue, vacationed in Nassau and Havana, and dressed formally for dinner, which was prepared by the family's staff of three. Edward Allen, Sr., managed the family trust funds and worked as a vice-president of the Bear Stearns brokerage house, but the focus of his life was the bridge games and the quiet camaraderie of the Harmonie Club, the grand palace off Fifth Avenue that served as the unofficial headquarters of the German Jewish élite.

As a boy, Edward, Jr., received his religious training at what amounted to an ecclesiastical annex of the Harmonie—Temple Emanu-El, the well-endowed synagogue that was just a few blocks away from the club. (In keeping with the austere customs of Temple Emanu-El, Edward was "confirmed" there at the age of thirteen; the tradition of bar mitzvahs was favored by those Jews who had arrived in the United States more recently, from Eastern Europe.) Edward attended the Riverdale Country School, a private school in the Bronx.

After that auspicious beginning, however, Edward's life has been marked by business reverses, family tragedy, and mental illness. And for the past two years he has been awaiting execution on death row at the Oklahoma State Penitentiary, for murdering his wife, Catherine Tucker Allen, on November 7, 1993. At his trial, in the small panhandle city of Guymon, Allen represented himself and claimed that he was legally insane at the time he shot his wife. People from privileged backgrounds who commit heinous acts—like John W. Hinckley, Jr., and John E. du Pont—tend to hire attorneys who deploy the insanity defense in the hope of securing lighter sentences. Hinckley was found not guilty by reason of insanity after he shot President Reagan and three others in 1981, and du Pont, who killed the Olympic wrestler Dave Schultz on January 26, 1996, was charged with first-degree murder but was convicted of lesser charges earlier this year and may be released from prison in five years. Allen's situation, however, brings to mind Joseph Heller's original Catch-22. The insanity defense is supposed to offer some protection to the insane, but what if you are so insane that you think you can be your own lawyer?

Last month, the Oklahoma Court of Criminal Appeals granted Allen a new trial, on the ground that the judge, George H. Leach, had unduly limited Allen's ability to prove that he was insane. Yet Allen has said that in this next trial, which should begin shortly in Guymon, he may seek to represent himself again—and if he does so he may, of course, receive another death sentence. In an especially bizarre and tragic way, Allen's case illustrates the American judicial system's struggle with the notion of insanity—how to define it and why a defendant's mental illness should matter to the appropriate resolution of a given case.

CHILDHOOD acquaintances recall Allen as a gawky, unpopular boy. Jerry Rosenberg, who was a classmate of his at Riverdale and is now a lawyer at Rosenman & Colin, in New York, told me recently, "He was awkward, clumsy, not very well liked, the natural butt of too many jokes—the kind of kid who would always bat ninth and play right field. But he complemented all that clumsiness with arrogance about his parents' wealth. There were various buses that went up to Riverdale. Eddie made a point of telling everyone that he came on Bus 21—the one that went up Park Avenue—because it was the one thing that he could point to as an achievement."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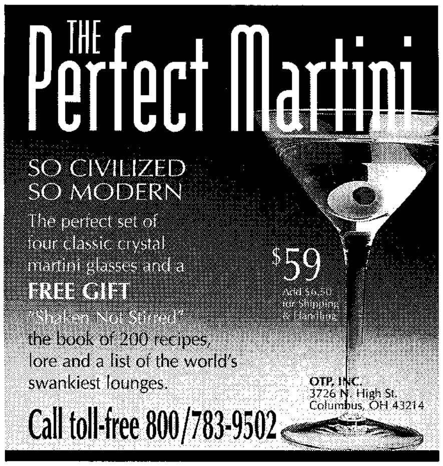
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But, according to Edward himself and to friends of the family, the Allens' finances were always more tenuous than appearances suggested. An acquaintance of Allen's and mine mentioned his case to me last year, and I wrote to Allen and later visited him in prison. Allen has also telephoned me many times and written me more than a hundred letters, all in his meticulous handwriting, which covered page after page, front and back, of yellow legal pads. Edward, Sr., it seems, didn't have much of a head for business. He was, his son often told me, "a gentleman," who preferred afternoons at the Harmonie to hard work at his desk. Perhaps because of the family's financial problems, which compounded through the years, Edward, Jr., displayed a near-obsession with money from an early age. He talked incessantly, usually in rambling monologues, about profit-making schemes, but the ideas never came to fruition. In a section of the Riverdale yearbook where the seniors were humorously matched to famous literary works, the choice for Eddie Allen had a dark edge: "Death of a Salesman."

Allen grew into a lumbering misfit of an adult: he was six feet tall, and his weight sometimes ballooned to more than three hundred pounds. He graduated from Riverdale in the spring of 1962, and that fall he entered American University, in Washington, D.C., but he flunked out after his freshman year and returned to New York. Shortly after he returned home, he tried to commit suicide with an aspirin overdose. After the suicide attempt, he received six years of weekly psychiatric treatment.

"Edward was one of the most difficult people to interview that I've ever encountered," a psychiatrist says. Edward Allen, Jr., photographed on death row in January by Keith Carter.

On and off over the next decade, Allen took classes at New York University, where he studied business management, and he finally graduated in 1973, at age twenty-nine. He then drifted through a series of jobs—as a low-level functionary at I.B.M. and at American Express—and a brief marriage. One day in 1981, he went to assist a young woman on a subway platform who was struggling to carry several packages. Edward was thirty-seven, and Catherine Tucker was a recent graduate of Sweet Briar College, in Virginia. A small-town beauty from Guymon, a city of about eight thousand, she was apparently taken with Edward's bluster and his familiarity with the ways of the big city. Around this time, Edward started describing himself as an investment banker, operating what he called the International Brokerage & Investment Company out of an apartment he now shared with Catherine, on West Seventy-second Street. (Edward's family is not related to the well-known Allen & Company investment firm.)

Not long after their wedding, on December 18, 1982, Edward and Catherine moved to the Dallas area, in search of investors. Few appeared. A son, Banning, was born in 1985, and a daughter, Lauren, followed four years later. Their life in Texas seems to have been one of increasing isolation from virtually everyone except each other and the children. A series of deaths in Edward's family added to their seclusion. Edward's father, beset by continuing money troubles, was forced to sell the apartment on

Park Avenue and move to smaller quarters, on the fifteenth floor of a modern building near Sutton Place. On March 27, 1985, Edward Allen, Sr., jumped out a window to his death. Soon after that, his widow, Mary, was found to have cancer, and she died in 1990. Edward, Jr., had a younger brother, Tom, who died of AIDS the same year. (A sister, Peggy, from whom Edward has been estranged since the nineteen-sixties, married and moved to Connecticut, and she now works there as a real-estate agent.) Edward once wrote in a letter to me that it was "a lot of death in a short span."

With their business generating little income, Edward and Catherine moved with their two children to the Tucker family ranch, near Guymon, at the beginning of 1992. There Edward's behavior began to grow grandiose and bizarre. He told the Tuckers that he had twenty million dollars in a Swiss bank account, that he owned a yacht in Florida, and that he had once been on a Central Intelligence Agency plane over the ocean when people were pushed out the door. "We used to ask Catherine where was the documentation for all these great plans that he had, and all that money," her mother, Jayne Tucker, told me when I visited the ranch, several months ago. "And she would say that Edward kept it all on his yellow pads." Finally, in October of 1993, Catherine told Edward that she wanted a divorce. Edward moved to the Ambassador Inn, on the outskirts of town.

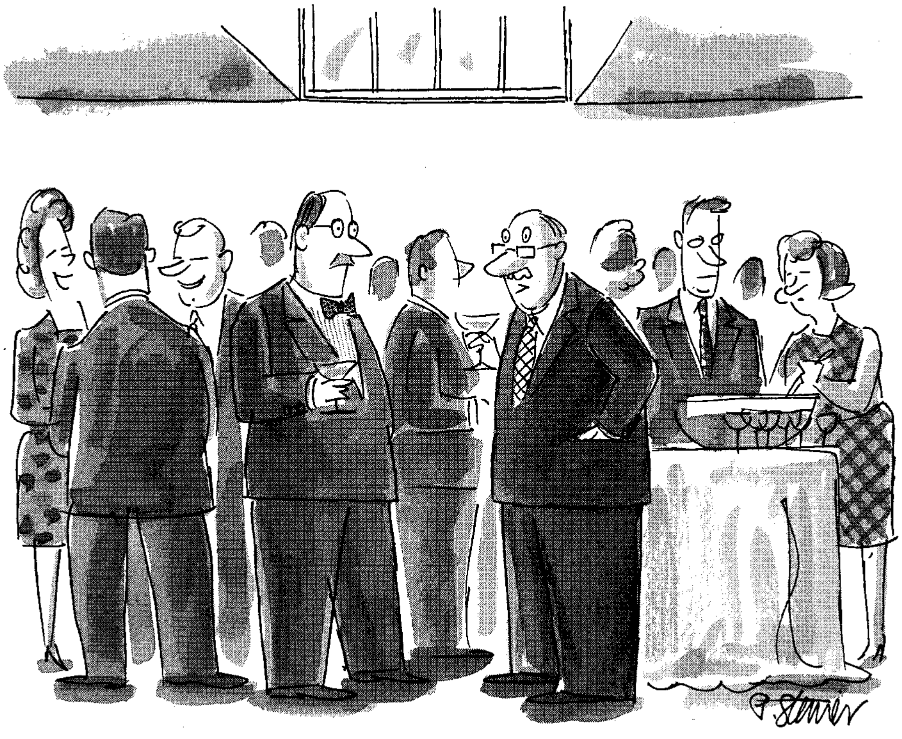
On Sunday, November 7, 1993, Catherine had arranged to pick up four-year-old Lauren from a visit to her father at his hotel. Catherine told her mother that she wanted Edward to sign some papers, so that she could register Banning and Lauren for school. "I went with her into town, because I didn't want her alone with him," Mrs. Tucker said. "We went to the hotel office and called to his room for him to bring Lauren out, but the line was busy. We called his cell phone, but that line was busy, too. Finally, Catherine got tired of waiting. She was in a real good mood and wanted to get going. It was three-thirty-five in the afternoon. Just before she walked off to Edward's room, she told me she had just bought a new tube of lipstick and asked me how it looked. I told her, 'Don't you go into that room under any circumstances.' "

Several minutes passed, and Catherine did not return. "I looked out toward the room and didn't see her," Mrs. Tucker continued. "So I knocked on the door to his room. I could hear Edward talking in a conversational voice in the background. When I knocked, he yelled out at me, 'I'm busy! I'm on the phone!' Finally, the door opened and I saw that Lauren was trying to get out, but the chain was still on the door. The door closed, and I could hear the chain slide, and then Lauren came out, and the door closed behind her. Lauren told me, 'Dad shot Mom. Mom's dead. There's blood on the floor and blood on her head.' "

"We ran back to the office," Mrs. Tucker said. "And I was screaming, 'Get the law! Get the law!' They came right away, but it was twenty minutes before they got in the room—twenty minutes before we knew anything solid."

The police persuaded Edward to drop his gun outside his hotel-room door, and when the officers entered the room they saw Catherine sprawled by the side of the bed. She had two gunshot wounds in the head.

Mrs. Tucker paused in her narrative, and then said, "I taught speech for years, but it wasn't until that moment that I really learned the meaning of the word 'keening.' I was crying so hard I couldn't breathe. Then, after a minute, Lauren came up to me, pulled on my arm, and said, 'God will take care of Mom.' " On March 12th, not long after I visited the Tucker ranch, Jayne Tucker died—the result of kidney disease and, her family said, the stress brought on by her daughter's murder.



"Of course, that was long ago, but at the time it seemed like the present."

FOR more than a century, the insanity defense in Anglo-American law has revolved around a single case. In 1843, Daniel M'Naghten, who believed he was being persecuted by the Tory Party and others, attempted to kill the Prime Minister of England and wound up shooting his secretary by mistake. At his trial, M'Naghten was found not guilty by reason of insanity. In response to public outrage over the verdict, several leading judges were asked to redefine the legal standard. The judges' revised standard held that a person could be found not guilty only if he did not know the "nature and quality" of his acts or did not know that they were "wrong."

The M'Naghten rule was widely followed in the United States until the late nineteen-fifties and early sixties, when both popular and academic interest in the psychological roots of crime expanded the scope of the defense. During this period, there was a brief vogue for the so-called Durham rule, named after a 1954 case from the District of Columbia. This rule held that "an accused is not criminally responsible if his unlawful act is the product of mental disease or mental defect."

But as the country grew more conservative in the late seventies and the early eighties—and especially after Hinckley's successful invocation of the insanity defense—there was a backlash. Less stringent standards fell out of favor, and Oklahoma, like most states, adopted a variant of the M'Naghten rule. Some states, not including Oklahoma, permit defendants to enter pleas of "diminished capacity." This allows jurors to consider a defendant's mental state and possibly convict him of a lesser offense than the one charged—manslaughter instead of murder, for example.

The insanity defense, it seems, survives as a peculiar anachronism, and reflects a continuing ambivalence about the causes of crime. Norval Morris, a law professor at the University of Chicago and a leading critic of the defense, points out that it is odd for the law to accept just one of the causes of crime as a legal excuse. "We know that social adversity and poverty are often relevant to why someone commits a crime, just as we know that psychological adversity—insanity—is relevant, too," Morris says. "But we've created this one escape hatch for legal insanity that has no more justification than one for poverty. If you know that you are killing someone, you should be guilty of murder." Still, as the continuing appeal of the defense illustrates—defendants who raise the insanity defense win acquittals at roughly the same rate as all defendants who go to trial—juries seem to recognize that the mentally ill do not have the same freedom of choice that other people have. Edward Allen's case illustrates the tensions inherent in the defense. The murder of his wife was not only unforgivable but also unfathomable.

ALLEN did not, of course, have to defend himself. Arrested and charged with first-degree murder, he was at first assigned an attorney from the Oklahoma Indigent Defense System, a fifty-three-year-old former paratrooper named James Rowan. Rowan realized the futility of any defense based on the notion that someone other than Allen might have committed the murder. Thus, he began laying the groundwork for a defense based on his client's mental state. He arranged for Allen to be taken to Eastern State Hospital, to determine whether he was mentally fit to stand trial. Allen was examined by Dr. John R. Smith, a respected Oklahoma psychiatrist, who has worked for both the defense and the prosecution in criminal cases, and who examined Timothy McVeigh. "Edward was one of the most difficult people to interview and examine that I've ever en-

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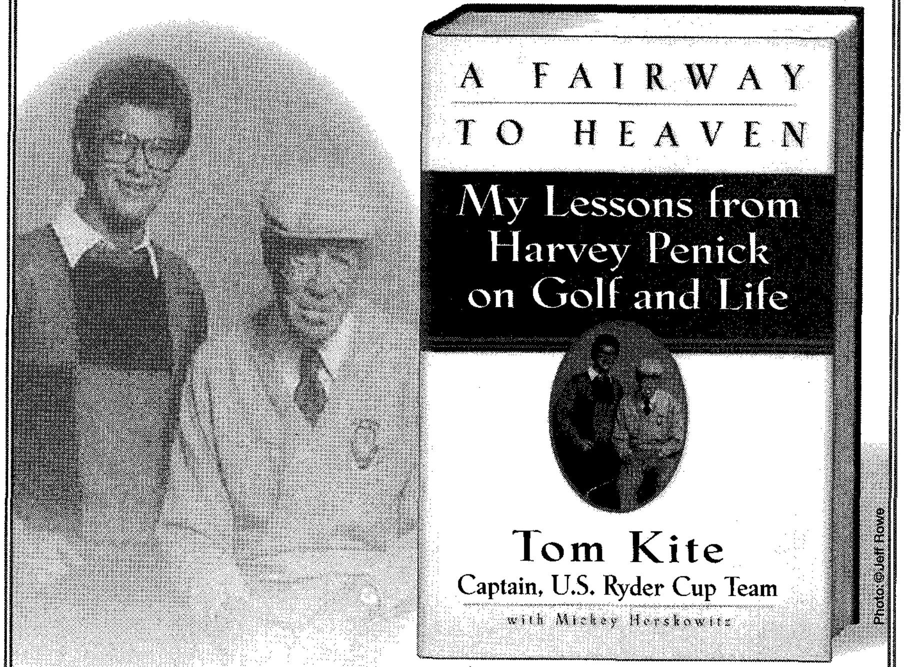
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My Lessons from Harvey Penick on Golf and Life
Tom Kite
Captain, U.S. Ryder Cup Team
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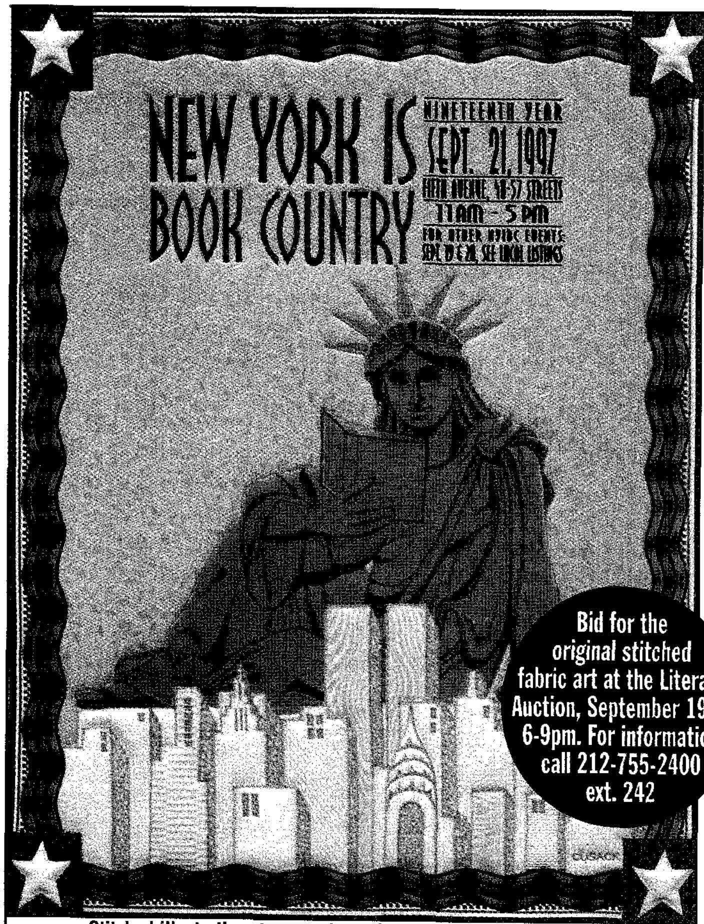

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countered," Smith told me. "He just talked and talked, and was impossible to keep on the subject. My conclusions were that he did have a mental illness—narcissistic personality disorder and bipolar disorder, manic type."

I asked Smith how he thought Allen's condition affected his actions.

"I think this man killed his wife because of his mental illness," Smith replied. "If a narcissist can't stand any criticism, you can imagine what a divorce means to him. His wife's leaving him was impossible for him to handle, so he killed her. But the case had an unusual twist. Another aspect of his narcissism was that he thought he was smarter than everyone else, including me. When I first met him, Edward had big cotton balls hanging out of each ear. He told me those were to block out the voices of his wife, who was calling from the corner. I could tell that that wasn't true. He was trying to pretend that he was insane. He was a malingerer. He is so narcissistic and so manic that he thought he could malinger in the most outrageous way and still get me to believe it. He thought he could use his intelligence and wit to outwit us all. But the fact is that he still did have a mental illness."

So was Allen legally insane?

Smith said that the answer depended on the legal standard that would be applied. Since Smith believed that Allen had killed his wife because of his mental illness, he thought that Allen was insane under the Durham rule, but, he pointed out, Oklahoma operates under the M'Naghten rule. "If you know right from wrong, then you are competent, even if you have a raging mental disorder, which Edward really does," Dr. Smith said. "In a technical legal sense, Edward killed her knowing he was killing her. In that sense, he was not insane. The reason that he killed her—at a deeper level—obviously makes no sense. Over all, then, I told Jim Rowan that I didn't feel he met the criteria of insanity."

Shortly before the trial, Rowan asked another doctor—a clinical psychologist named Philip Murphy, who testifies exclusively for defendants in insanity-defense cases—if he would testify on Allen's behalf. Murphy recalled recently, "Jim called me and said, 'Is he just New York obnoxious or is he well beyond that?' " Following an examination, Murphy announced his readiness to testify that he thought Allen was insane under Oklahoma law.

As the trial approached, however, Allen became even more manic and self-confident. He apparently thought he could fool the jury into believing he was insane by using the same kind of ploy he had attempted with Dr. Smith. Not long before the trial started, Allen turned on Rowan and sought to have him replaced. Since there was no ready substitute, he ultimately decided to represent himself, even though Rowan and, later, Judge Leach attempted repeatedly to talk him out of acting as his own lawyer. The trial, which took place in the county courthouse, in the center of Guymon, lasted seven days. Allen's representation of himself, Rowan said, "was the ugliest thing I ever saw in a courtroom."

The transcript of the trial reads like a macabre black comedy. Allen more than proved the validity of Dr. Smith's diagnosis of him as grandiose and narcissistic. Apparently in an effort to aid his insanity defense, Allen twitched and limped in front of the jury. In his rambling monologue, he said, "My wife Catherine was an extraordinary person. I say this without any hyperbole intended at all. I believe that Catherine Kimberly Allen was the single greatest person that lived in this country's history."

Allen offered a startling description of Catherine's behavior in his hotel room the afternoon of the murder: she was trying to seduce him. "When Catherine came in the room, there was a certain amount of playfulness on her part, the normal kind of repartee, double-entendres, and some comments about how she looked and what she was wearing and she took my hand and we had an embrace and . . . I probably would have attempted to make love to my wife that day." Several women jurors were apparently so offended by Allen's testimony that during a break they moved to seats in the back row of the jury box. Allen said he remembered little about the murder except that he felt he was being pursued by several business associates, who, he said, had threatened him in the past. Significantly, as it turned out, the judge barred Allen from calling Philip Murphy to the witness stand, because the defendant, in his role as a lawyer, had not filed written notice of his intent to call the doctor. In a short but devastating rebuttal case, the prosecutor, Scott Julian, called witnesses who said that Allen had not twitched or limped until he did so before this jury.

After about forty minutes of deliberation, the jurors found Allen guilty of first-degree murder. During the brief penalty phase of the trial, Allen agreed to have James Rowan represent him. It made no difference. After again deliberating only briefly, the jurors voted unanimously that Allen should be executed. "I could see it in their eyes," Rowan said later. "Those jurors were homicidal within an hour of hearing from Edward."

EDWARD ALLEN lives today in H Unit of the Oklahoma State Penitentiary, in the small city of McAlester, near the southeastern corner of the state. H Unit houses the hundred and thirty other inmates on death row and several prisoners who are potential disciplinary problems. H Unit looks like a grass pyramid, with a guard tower poking out of the top. Built in 1990 as a super-secure facility, the building has no conventional windows for the prisoners, but it has a glass roof and a twenty-by-twenty-foot open-air exercise courtyard in the center.

Allen, who will be returned to Guymon for retrial shortly, shares a nine-by-seventeen-foot cell with another death-row prisoner. Meals are distributed through a "bean hole" in the door. Because he fears the other prisoners in the exercise area, he forgoes the hour a day outside his cell that would otherwise be available to him, and usually spends twenty-four hours a day in his cell. He receives no psychiatric treatment or medication. He is allowed showers on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday. "Once or twice a week, we get ice in the late afternoon," Allen wrote to me in one letter. "We get cold tea or Kool-Aid (grape, orange, strawberry) at lunch and dinner. The Kool-Aid and tea are horrible, but cool."

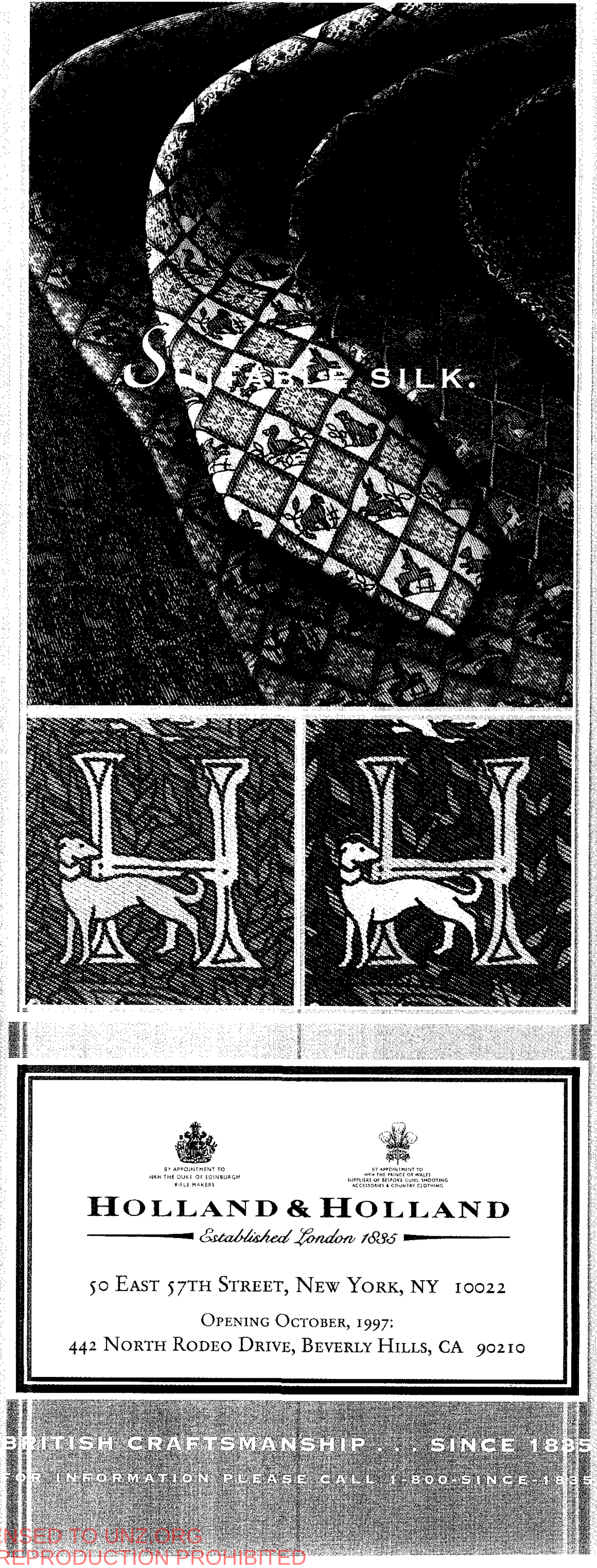
Most of Allen's letters consist of lengthy diatribes against his prison guards (who he says are anti-Semitic), against various Jewish leaders in Oklahoma and New York (who he says have refused his pleas for money), and most of all against his lawyers (who he says have "committed multiple felonies" in the course of representing him). Notwithstanding Allen's paranoid ravings, his appellate attorney, William Luker, filed a brilliant appellate brief on his behalf, and on August 14th the Oklahoma Court of Criminal Appeals, though renowned for its pro-prosecution leanings, granted Allen a new trial. "Dr. Murphy's testimony was the cornerstone of Allen's insanity defense," Judge Charles S. Chapel wrote for the court, so "the sanction of excluding [his] testimony was far too severe." In the retrial, it seems likely that the prosecution will again seek the death penalty for Allen.

On the day I visited, Allen wore a blue work shirt over a white T-shirt and bluejeans. Once corpulent, he is now lean, and his face is gaunt and is also ashen from lack of sunlight. His hair, slicked straight back from his forehead, looks remarkably as it did in his Riverdale yearbook photograph, taken more than thirty years ago. Allen and I faced each other through a Plexiglas barrier and spoke on a telephone. When Allen sat down in the booth opposite me, the first thing he did was pull out a photograph that he had hidden in his sock. It showed Catherine, posed seductively in a red jumpsuit with the zipper pulled down between her breasts. He pointed to the watch she was wearing. "I gave her that watch," he said. "It's a Patek Philippe commemorative for the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the company. She sold it for fourteen thousand dollars."

The reversal of Allen's conviction brought him no satisfaction. He told me, "Luker and Rowan have done me bad and I'm not a happy camper. These people set out to screw me. They're facing disbarment at best and indictment at worst. There's absolutely a good chance that I'll represent myself again."

In the light of his appellate victory, Allen may seem to have benefitted from his manipulations—that he had been, as it were, nobody's fool for a client. But in the long run the insanity defense may not help him much at all. The concept of legal insanity may have so offended the jurors' common sense that they punished him with the death penalty for his attempt to exploit it—a possibility with the new jury as well.

As I was leaving, Allen had a final message. "I'm innocent, totally innocent," he said. "I couldn't kill anyone. I don't want my sentence reduced to life. I'm only interested in being totally exonerated. If I can't be completely cleared, then I want to be executed." ♦



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LAST ACTS

The death of Mother Teresa teaches the author the limitations of being a doctor.

BY ABRAHAM VERGHESE

IN the last week of August, my wife, Sylvia, and I were visiting our first movie set. I had been invited to see how a book I'd written about my work with AIDS patients was being turned into a film. A shop at a strip mall in a suburb of Toronto had been fitted out as a doctor's office. Actors with purple Kaposi's-sarcoma lesions painted on their faces stood around, looking quite healthy between takes.

Outside the mall, policemen held up traffic whenever one of the assistant directors—A.D.s—relayed the command from the director inside. The third A.D., a young woman in her twenties with chin-length blond hair and wearing shorts and workmanlike boots, had guided us through a tangle of wires and cables to a spot where Sylvia, eight months pregnant, could sit. The A.D. put her finger to her lips, signalling that we should stay quiet, as the camera was about to roll. Whenever we saw her between takes, she was in motion. We found out later that although she was only twenty-nine years old she was a pro at this, part of a closely knit local crew that had been recruited for the job.

After the filming of a party scene, the extras, the observers, and most of the crew stepped out of the "clinic" into the street. It had been warm inside with the lights. I found a chair for Sylvia under the shade of a tree, and I sat on the pavement.

I don't know why I looked behind me, but when I did I saw the blond A.D. sitting against a brick wall, her head in her hands, her face looking haggard. "Are you all right?" I asked. She didn't reply. She just looked at me. I moved toward her. She focussed very clearly on my face, her expression puzzled. I squatted next to her. I could see sweat beading on her upper lip. I put my hands behind her shoulders and eased her toward me, and then lowered her until she was lying on the pavement. As I did so, our faces were inches apart and she kept my face in focus. I think that her lips moved, and that she tried to protest—perhaps to say that she was all right. But the words never came. An impending faint was my first thought. Or heat exhaustion, nothing more. Her pulse was strong.

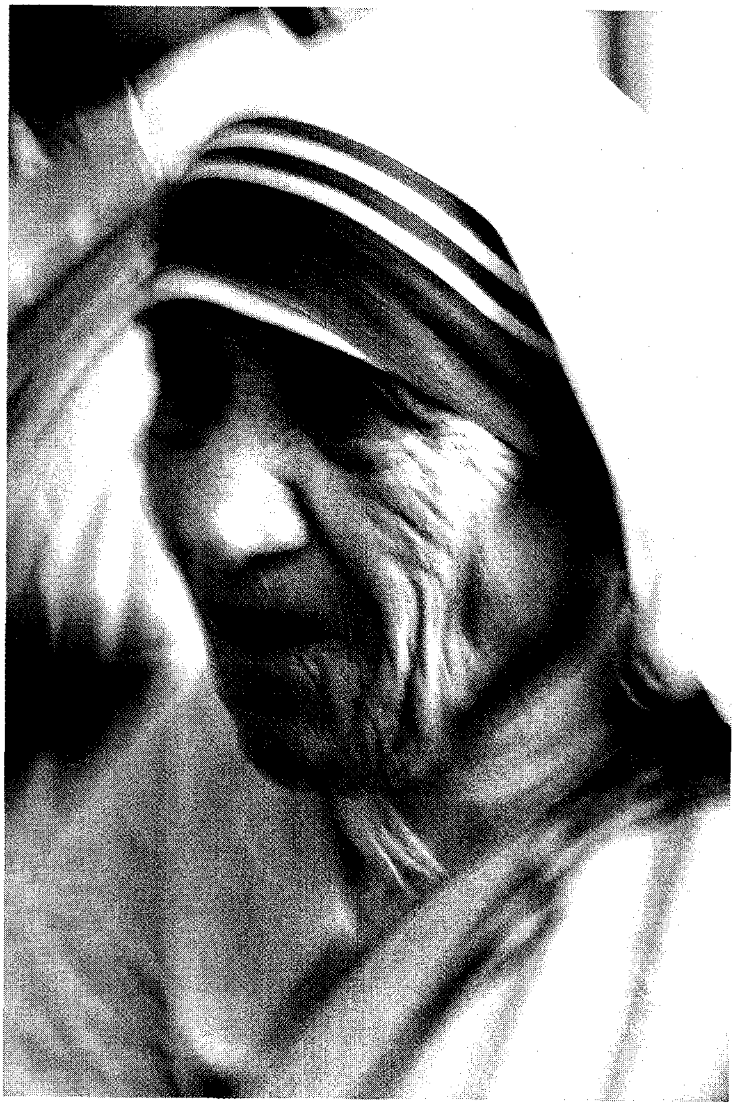
Sylvia knelt beside me and began to fan the A.D. with a manila folder. Not many people were aware yet that anything was amiss. I unbuttoned the top of her shirt and waited for her to come around. But now, not twenty seconds since I first caught sight of her, I noticed that her lower lip on the right side was drooping and the right side of her face was sagging. I lifted her right arm, and when I let go it flopped onto her chest, its posture hinting at paralysis. The left side of her body was fine. She was no longer looking at my face. Her eyes were open, but she was looking right through me.

Something was terribly wrong. I began my ABCs—airway, breathing, circulation. I tilted her head back and, using my fingers, swept her throat clean. She was still breathing spontaneously, and her pulse remained strong at about 110 beats per minute. Then her sphincters let go.

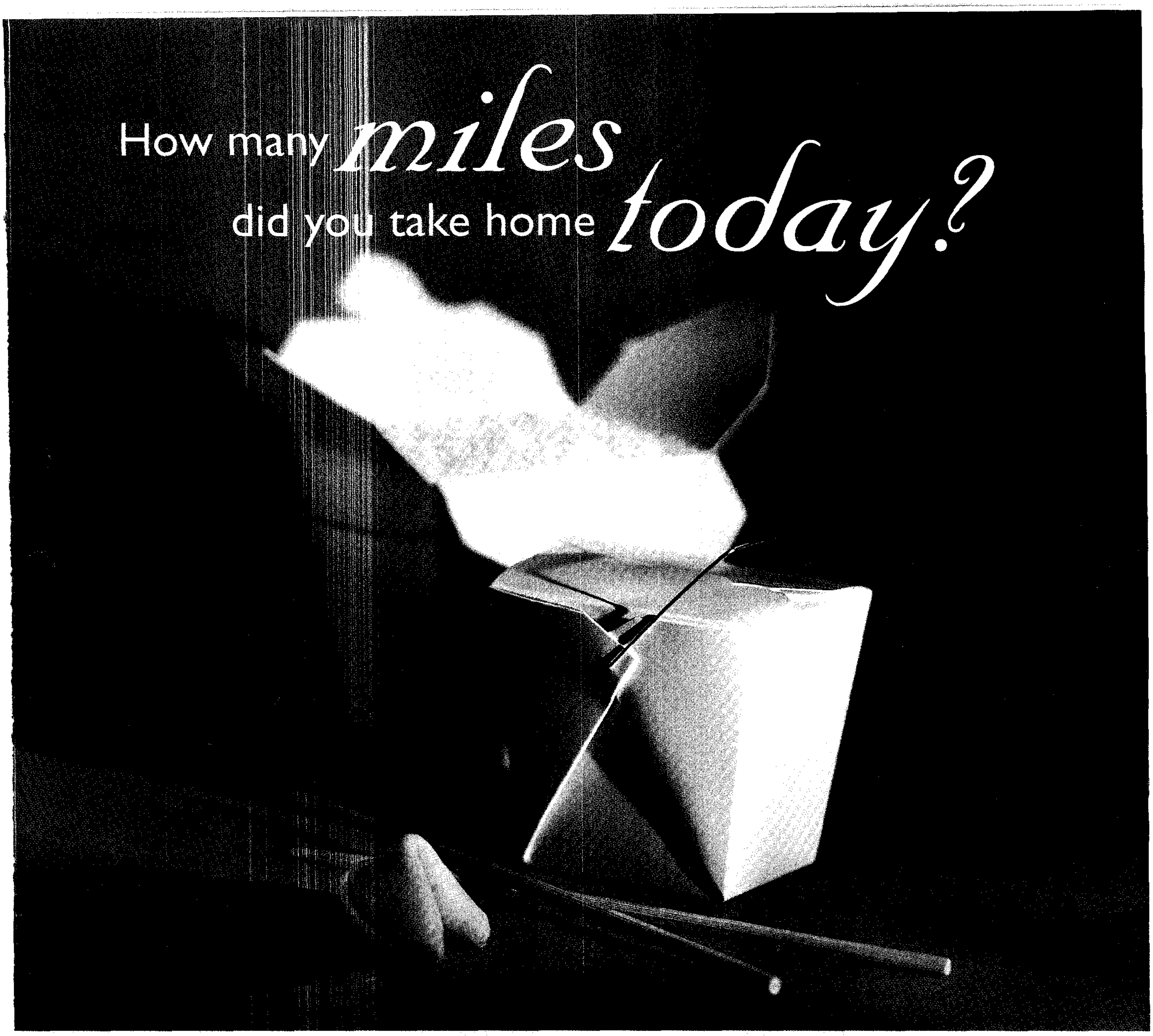
I called over my shoulder, "Send for an ambulance! No, a car won't do." Did anyone know if she was a diabetic? I asked. Did she have any medical problems? There was a flurry of activity around me. No, there was no past medical history that anyone knew of. Someone said that seconds before she stepped outside she had complained of a severe headache. Had it come on abruptly? Yes, very abruptly.

She was now retching. The facial droop was more pronounced. I looked at her pupils. The left pupil, which only a few seconds ago had been the same size as the right, was now clearly dilated—much bigger than the right one.

If this had been a history given to me in the hospital by my interne while I stood at the bedside, I would have put it all together dispassionately. The sudden onset,



Mother Teresa embraced the situation that I found impossible, seeking out what I had fled. Photograph by Max Vadukul.



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"I've had to be both hunter and gatherer."

• •

the severe headache, the quick progression to paralysis and coma in a young person with no other known risk factors were characteristic of a cerebral bleed, probably from a congenital aneurysm or an arteriovenous malformation that had ruptured. And the bleed was near the motor and speech area on the left side of the brain; hence the right-side paralysis and her inability to speak. Blood was accumulating so rapidly that it had pushed the brain down, jamming the third cranial nerve on the left side and causing that pupil to lose its nerve supply and dilate.

But this wasn't the hospital. It was the pavement, and I was kneeling, my back cramped from bending over her and my fingers covered with saliva, and I was wishing that I had a suction catheter to clean out her pharynx in case she threw up. This was not a recitation in the past tense of the "history of the present illness" which I might have heard from my interne as I flipped through a chart. The present illness was happening before my eyes. There was little doubt that this was a bleed, but a part of me was disbelieving, as if the knowledge I possessed within the hospital were suspect when it had to be applied on the street. This can't happen here, I kept thinking—not to someone I just spoke with an hour ago, someone I was getting to know, someone so young.

The ambulance arrived. The two attendants were cool and composed. I identified myself and described what I had observed; then I stepped out of their way while they made their assessment. We loaded her stretcher into the ambulance, and I climbed into the back with one of the attendants. Through the rear window I could see my wife's face, anxious and shocked—an accurate reflection of my own feelings. Life had intruded on the movies.

Lights flashing, we raced away. She was now profoundly comatose, her breath rapid and deep. In a short time, the respiratory center of the brain might be affected, and then we'd have to breathe for her. The attendant gave her oxygen and suctioned her mouth. I took her blood pressure. "Thanks for the help, Doc," he said. "Most of the time, doctors at the scene are a pain in the ass. They get in the way." Yes, I thought, that's because we are no good on pavements.

The nurse in the emergency room had me wait outside while she took the stretcher into the trauma room. The E.R. doctor came out a few minutes later. He said that the young woman had been intubated and was on a respirator.

By this time, several members of the crew had arrived at the hospital. Their faces were pale, and one woman's lip was quivering uncontrollably. "She'd just spoken to me, she had just walked away," this woman said. "I had no idea . . . Oh, my God." And then more details emerged: she was a nonsmoker and a vegetarian; she was unmarried; her parents lived in another city—parents for whom this catastrophe had yet to happen. The verdict soon came from the CAT scan: a terrible cerebral bleed. I took no pleasure in having predicted the diagnosis.

That night, I couldn't sleep. I was rattled by the manner in which this event outside the hospital had managed to expose my fears. The bedside vigils I had kept, the many deaths I had seen, the tricks I had learned which brought comfort to families and made death itself as painless as possible—they were no comfort to me. I felt like a fraud. As much as I was around death, it wasn't something I liked to think about. I had witnessed knives sticking out of chests, brains trickling out of bullet holes, and patients with Kaposi's of the lung whose breath was slowly being choked off, and as long as I saw this within the confines of the hospital, in my role as a physician, it was bearable—normal, even. But this woman's experience had unnerved me and rendered me queasy. It was a reminder of just how dangerous life was outside my workplace. Dealing with AIDS had left me with the strange idea that there was always time to prepare for death. What chutzpah to think I had that sort of control. I should have known better.

TWO days later, as Sylvia and I were leaving Toronto for home, we stopped by the hospital for a last visit: the young woman remained in a deep coma. We arrived in El Paso late Saturday night and woke on Sunday to the news of the terrible car crash in Paris. I couldn't help feeling that what had happened to the young woman in Toronto and the car crash were somehow connected, if only because of the self-referential way in which we view events that we are witness to. The odd sense of fear and disbelief that I'd felt in Toronto came flooding back.

Less than a week later, I learned that Mother Teresa had died. I had left India as a young doctor, running away because I felt that medical knowledge alone could never overcome the country's poverty and squalor. I went on to build a comfortable life in America, where I could practice medicine within the walls of advanced medical-industrial complexes. Mother Teresa travelled from Skopje, in what is now Macedonia, to Ireland and then to India, seeking out what I had fled.

Agnes Bojaxhiu, who eventually came to be known as Mother Teresa, was only twelve years old in 1922, a pink and plump child, when she experienced her first calling to become a nun. As a

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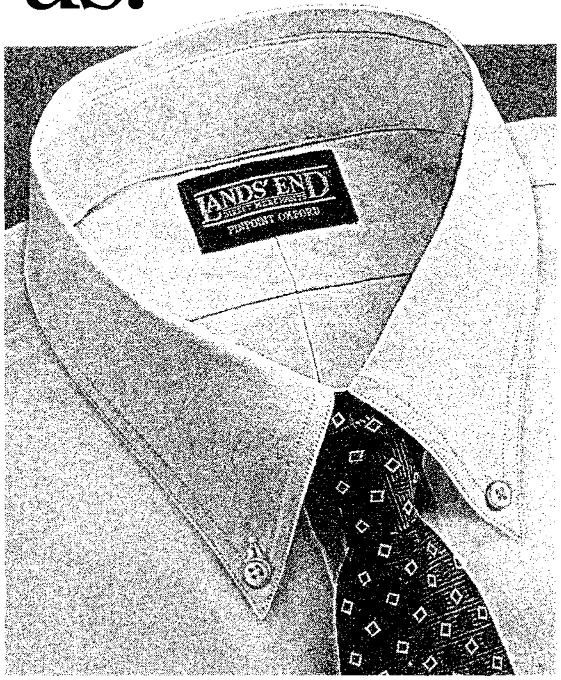

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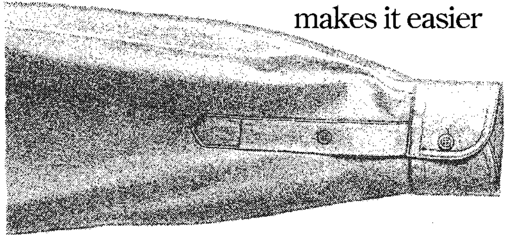

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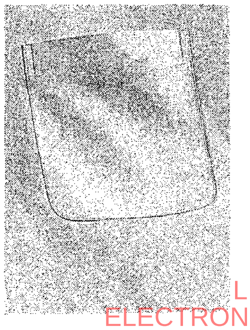

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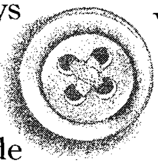

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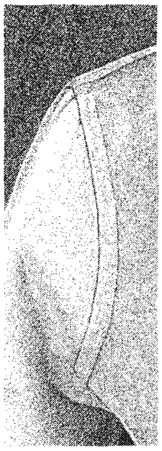

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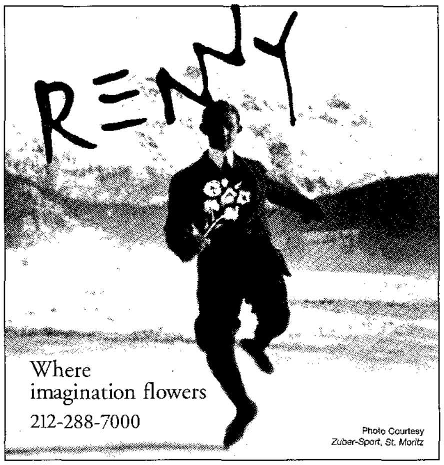

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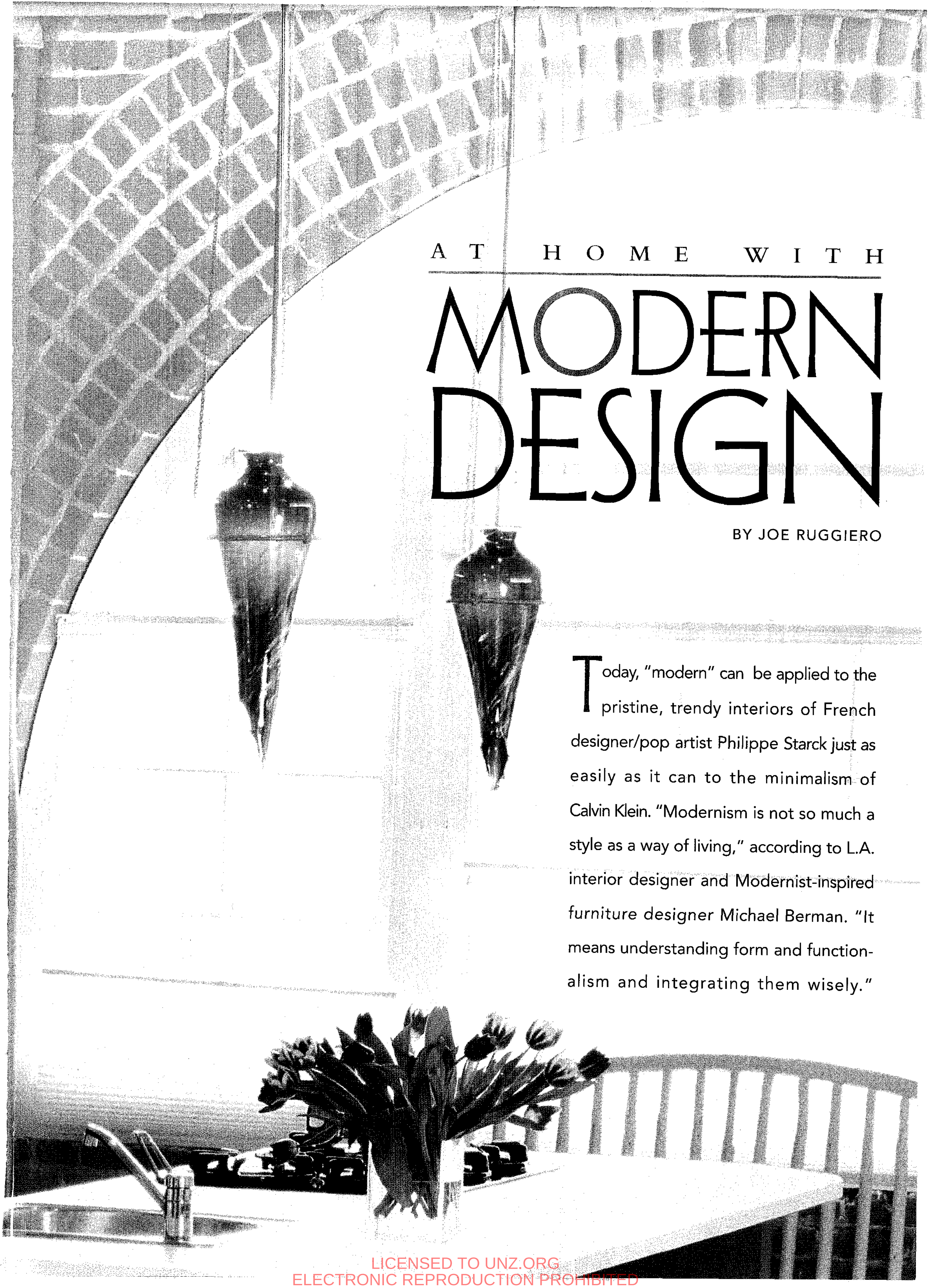
To move while dancing the tango
Among the ballroom mirrors on page 1944.

—Charles Simic

member of a Catholic youth group, she heard stories of Jesuit missionaries serving in Bengal which stirred her imagination, and at the age of eighteen she decided to leave home to become a missionary. She asked her priest in Skopje, "How can I be sure?" and he told her, "Through your joy." The route to Bengal led her first to the Loreto Abbey in Rathfarnham, Ireland, and then, as a Loreto novice, to Darjeeling, India. In 1931, she took her first vows as a sister of Loreto and was assigned to teach at St. Mary's school in Calcutta, which was part of the Loreto convent. Fifteen years later, on the night of September 10, 1946, while travelling to Darjeeling by train, she experienced what she referred to as her "call within a call." She left the Loreto convent to carry out the direct order that she believed she had received from Jesus—to "consecrate myself to help the poor, living among them," and she abandoned her nun's habit for a simple cotton sari. She began by teaching young children: she held her class under a tree near a sump, drawing the figures of the alphabet in the ground, instructing the children on hygiene—and giving everyone a good bath. Within a few months, she had also opened a dispensary.

Walking through Calcutta one day, Mother Teresa came across what appeared to be a bundle of rags on the pavement. Upon closer inspection, it turned out to be a woman, barely conscious, her face partially eaten away by rats and ants. Mother Teresa and another nun lifted the woman and took her to a hospital. The hospital refused to accept her, saying that there were no beds; besides, the woman was dying, there was nothing to be done. When Mother Teresa asked where they might take her, she was told that they should return her to the place where they had found her. Mother Teresa refused to leave, and she was with the woman when she died a few hours later. "It was then that I decided to find a place for the dying and take care of them myself," she later said.

I remember thinking of Mother Teresa once as I stood at a deathbed. I was at the home of a young man who was dying of AIDS: his diaper looked like a loincloth; his hair and beard had grown long and wispy; his body was emaciated and lean. So often in her writings and in her televised speeches Mother Teresa had said, "When we touch the sick and needy, we touch the suffering body of Christ." And yet as I cared for that young man, and as I touched his body, I couldn't make the connection. Though I was born a Christian, I didn't have the religious conviction that would allow me to see his body as that of Christ. What I saw was a young man with AIDS who had no functioning T cells left, had exhausted the treatments of that era, and was dying of pneumonia, gasping for air. I gave him morphine—truly a holy drug, because of its ability to disconnect the head from the chest and to take away the anxiety that only makes breathing worse. He had been peaceful for many hours after that, and was even able to open his eyes and say goodbye to his loved ones. The room was full of



AT HOME WITH

MODERN DESIGN

BY JOE RUGGIERO

Today, "modern" can be applied to the pristine, trendy interiors of French designer/pop artist Philippe Starck just as easily as it can to the minimalism of Calvin Klein. "Modernism is not so much a style as a way of living," according to L.A. interior designer and Modernist-inspired furniture designer Michael Berman. "It means understanding form and functionalism and integrating them wisely."

AT HOME WITH MODERN DESIGN

Indeed, the best of modern design merges form and function—without sacrificing either. As our desire for space, flexibility, and durability in home furnishings has grown, designers have zealously kept pace to accommodate and anticipate these needs with practical, efficient, and aesthetically pleasing innovations.

TECHNOLOGY MADE AESTHETIC

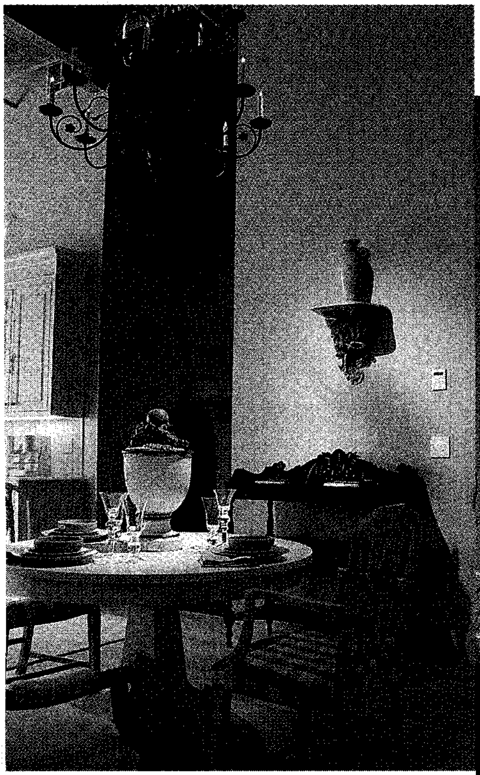
■ "Contemporary media systems can include home theater, computers, and fiber-optic telecommunications, all in one environment," says West Coast designer Jon Edwards, who specializes in customized screening rooms for major motion picture studios and executives. "As we witness a continuous evolution in media technology, our desire to integrate it comfortably where we live and work remains a constant."

We are finally at a point where media equipment and computers are so handsomely designed that they can blend into interiors, making these items easier to live with. Television storage units, for example, can come outfitted with electronic lift devices, designed to resemble fine antiques. Available in many styles from French Provincial to English Country, the units employ rack-and-pinion mechanisms that enable the television to disappear into a credenza or chest at the touch of a button, custom-built to accommodate any size TV. Homeowners can also choose from assorted finishes and hardware compatible with existing décor.

SEAMLESS SOUND

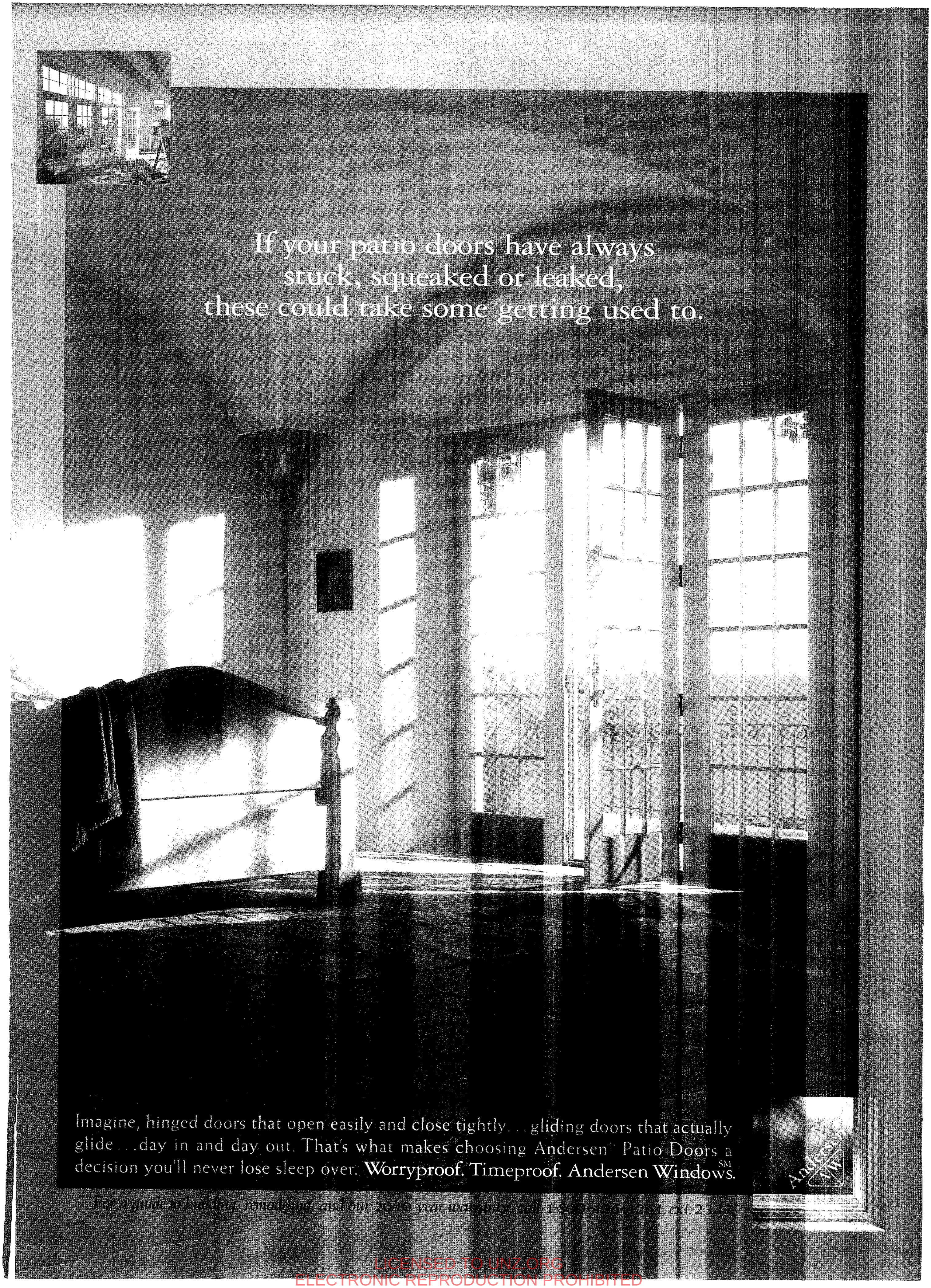
■ Audiophiles no longer have to compromise valuable living space with obtrusive components. Now the mellifluous sounds of their CD collections can emanate from behind their walls. Most audio speakers have cone-shaped diaphragms. But one of the latest in-wall speaker innovations, with a flat speaker diaphragm, allows homeowners to wallpaper or paint (up to four coats) on the exterior wall right over speakers without detectably compromising audio integrity.

"The four-inch thick speakers fit snugly into a small cavity



(on the cover) Thoroughly modern attitude bathed in dazzling light. **(left)** Sound goes undercover with invisible in-wall speakers. **(below)** The Wright stuff: Andersen's "Wichita" art glass design can be added to existing panes for a decorative effect.

COVER AND ABOVE PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF IDEA HOUSE SAN FRANCISCO © MATT AND JOYCE JORGENSON; *RIGHT*, COURTESY OF ANDERSEN WINDOWS



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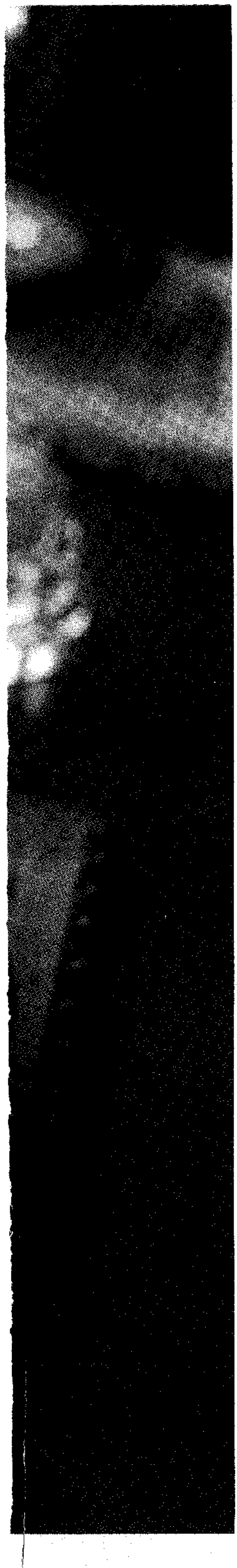
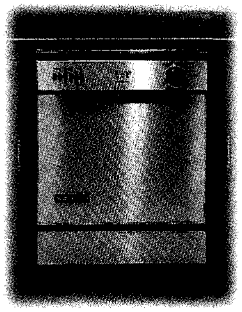


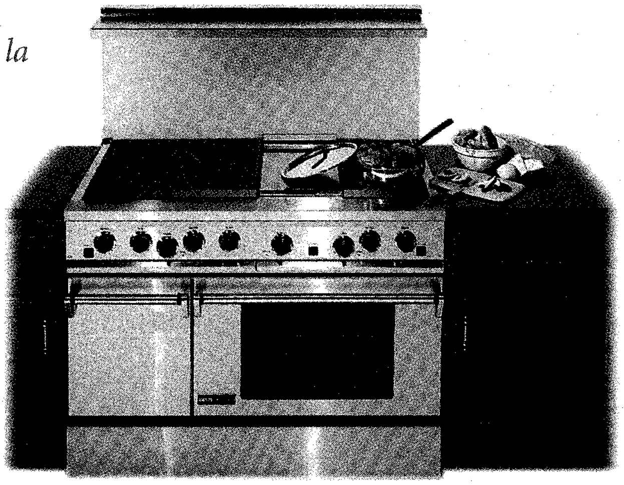


Fresh herbs as opposed to dry. Going to the butcher instead of the supermarket. The wedding china, not everyday.

Her dinner party was that special. Perhaps the brilliant shine of stainless steel inspired her, from a kitchen that was special too. Filled with restaurant-quality appliances–aka the Pro-Style™ Collection from Jenn-Air.

From the quintessential cooktop to the matching refrigerator and dishwasher, they're all sleek, gleaming and state-of-the-art. The crème de la crème, as they say.

True, throwing the perfect dinner party is a major project. But if you've got the perfect kitchen, it's a labor of love.



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For a free brochure call 1-800-JENN-AIR or visit our Web site at ***www.jennair.com*** in your drywall," says systems engineer Jim Schuessler from Sound Advance Systems, the Santa Ana manufacturer of this new speaker design. "And installation is no more involved than a simple wallboard patch between existing studs." Nothing is external, he says, and the finish is seamless.

STYLE AND SUBSTANCE CO-EXIST

■ Safety, as well as streamlined efficiency, is increasingly important throughout the home, and most notably in kitchen design. The Crescent Cooktop stove from the Blue Creek line by Jenn-Air stylishly combines both. The unique crescent-shape unit fits easily into any corner or island, and the configuration of the burners means never having to reach over one hot burner to tend another. Its countertop surface, which dissipates heat quickly, has the luxe appearance of marble. The Blue Creek line also includes stainless steel appliances in handsomely tinted finishes such as bordeaux, sapphire, champagne, and jade. One member of this Jenn-Air line is its near-silent dishwasher.

The utilitarian medicine cabinet has also been redesigned to include safety features and options never before imagined for the oft most overlooked room in the house. One modular unit from Robern has prescription safes that allow parents to lock up medications away from small children; internal electrical outlets are available for hairdryers; make-up and shaving mirrors swing into view; defogging switches have even been built in to the cabinet to effectively remove shower steam from the mirror.

ENLIGHTENED INTEGRATION

■ Mixing contemporary furnishings with antiques and flea-market finds has become a popular way to appoint an environment that is both stylish and individual. "Pieces from different eras can create incredible dialogues with each other, because it's the quality of the design that endures," says Carl D'Aquino of Carl D'Aquino Interiors in New York. "I had a client who said 'No antiques in this house!' But when I found this wonderful, classic chair designed in 1924 by the French designer Jean Prouvé," he says, "the client fell in love with it. That's a perfect testament to the timelessness of good design."

ARTFUL WINDOW-DRESSING

■ Andersen Windows' recent introduction of the Art Glass™ Collection is a successful example of the best of contemporary technology married to classic style from the past. The collection's Frank Lloyd Wright Series combines the architect's renowned designs with the clean lines of today, helping to create a truly modern interior.

(inset) **Cool customer: Blue Creek Crescent Cooktop from Jenn-Air dissipates heat quickly.**
(below) **Jenn-Air's sleek stainless kitchen ensemble marries well to an eclectic interior.**

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF JENN-AIR

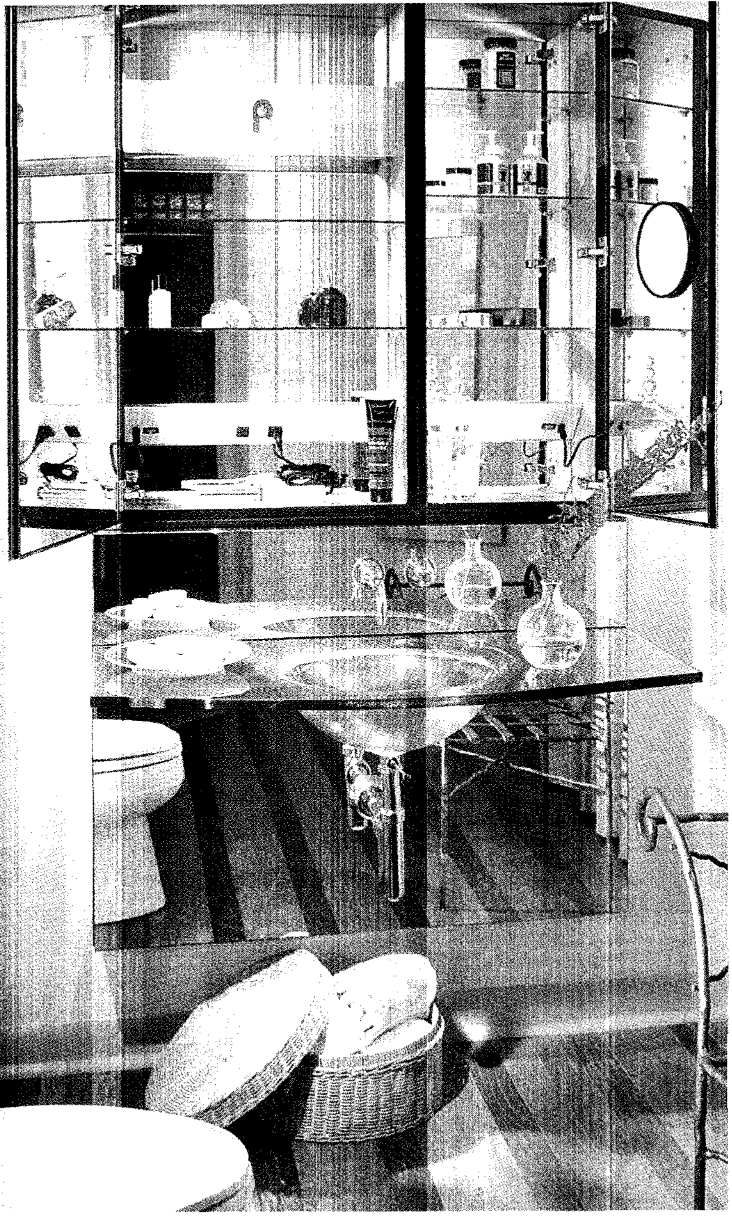
Already known for the sweeping views they allow, Andersen designs are thirty-five percent more energy efficient during winter, forty-one percent more in the summer than ordinary double-pane windows. When added to the existing windows, the removable Wright-inspired third pane takes on the appearance of stained decorative glass with a distinctive design signature.

MODISH DURABILITY

■ "Modernism is achieved by selecting designs and forms that share a simplicity of line and restraint in ornamentation, with the importance placed on finishes and textiles," says designer Berman. The materials of modern design have so markedly improved, it is no longer necessary to choose style over substance.

In flooring, for instance, ceramic tiles have taken on bold new looks, one of which is based on antique European château wood floors. Produced in planks or strips, similar to authentic hardwood floors, these tiles, imported by Country Floors, can be set in a variety of popular patterns including basketweave, herringbone, or traditional straight-planking. "Not only are they aesthetically pleasing," says spokesperson Douglas Karlson, "they don't have any of the maintenance problems that are associated with traditional hardwood floors such as warping, rotting, or termites."

Once associated with the dowdy kitchens of the fifties, vinyl flooring has made a great leap forward. Materials can more closely than ever mirror the look of mosaic tile, hardwood, slate, or limestone. Vinyl is ideal for large installations where significant amounts of organic materials can be cumbersome and costly. "This type of vinyl flooring is



Mirrored vanity is equipped with a prescription safe, defogging switch, and a makeup mirror that swings into view.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF ROBERN INC.

AT HOME WITH MODERN DESIGN

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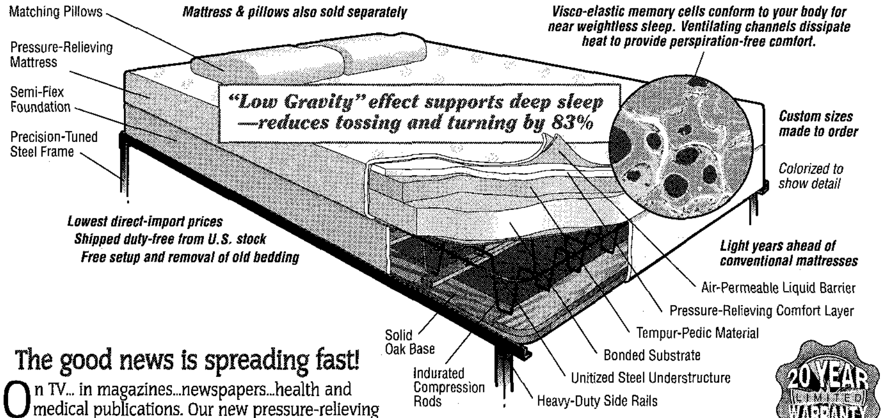
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basically three-layered," says Chuck Mills, owner of San Francisco's CEM Designs/Associates, specializing in flooring and window treatments. "The bottom layer is a vinyl backing while the middle layer is an actual color photocopy of the material the vinyl is meant to imitate. The top layer is made of a patented forty millimeter gauge that can withstand ten years of heavy commercial usage, translating into many more residential years."

BETTER Z'S

■ Products that promote our health and well-being are also incorporating cutting-edge technology. The Tempur-Pedic Swedish mattress and pillow contain visco-elastic memory cells that "cradle" your body's shape as you sleep. The manufacturer also claims the near-weightless sleep reduces tossing and turning by as much as eighty-three percent. The Tempur-Pedic stabilizes your musculoskeletal system in a pressure-free "body mold," says spokesperson Doug Roach, creating what is being called "the first really new sleep concept in seventy years."

Clearly, every day we are faced with breakthrough products that force us to reexamine the way we choose to live. The good news is that while we are busy trying to fit these new necessities into our lifestyles, considerable ingenuity and creativity is going into their design. Form and function are increasingly one and the same. And, for the homeowner, the quest for the modern interior—one that tastefully combines state-of-the-art technology and design—has just begun.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID LIVINGSTON AND COURTESY OF IDEA HOUSE SAN FRANCISCO

(*right*) Out of this world REM's: NASA-inspired Tempur-Pedic mattress adjusts to the body's natural contours for a "near-weightless" night's sleep.

Joe Ruggiero, national design authority and host of "Best of American Design" on HGTV Network, was formerly the chief design consultant to the award-winning PBS series "This Old House."

his friends. Stories were being told—funny reminiscences, which involved him and made him smile. What I had brought to that gathering was the miracle of pain relief: of morphine, of skilled home nurses, of hospice volunteers, of portable suction and oxygen. His death, thanks to all that technology had to offer, was better than it would have been without those comforts. Certainly it was better than dying on a pavement—better, too, than being found at the eleventh hour and dying in the arms of the Missionaries of Charity.

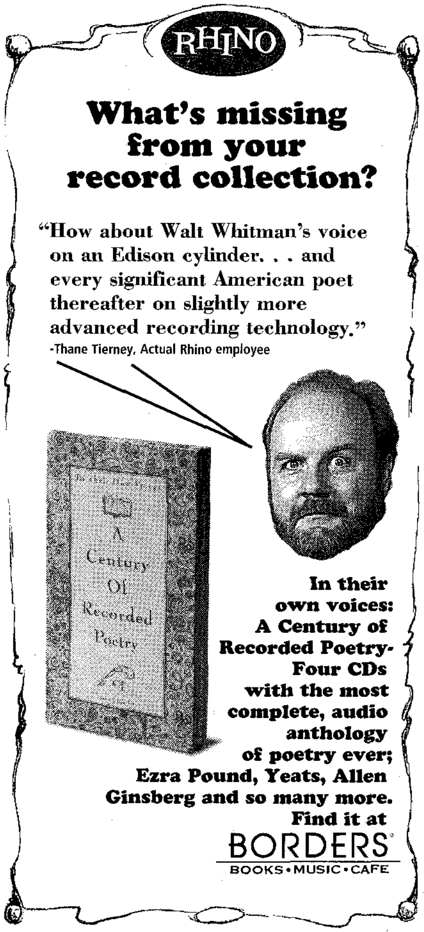
After Mother Teresa's death, when I looked at her picture in the newspaper—the gnarled hands clasped in what could be prayer or a namaste, and the gritty, wrinkled, familiar face staring out from under the cowl of the white sari—the word that came into my head was not death but joy. It was a word she used often. The times I saw her on television, her face had radiated joy. I envied that. How could I, lacking her vision, ever experience such joy? For me there was nothing joyous about ministering to the dying. I could see nothing joyous, either, in the story of her early days, when she would traipse alone through the slums and through the monsoon rain that flooded the open sewers, dispersing the mounds of garbage to form a slushy carpet underfoot. She would have encountered adults with plague, leprosy, and cholera, children with meningitis, and infants with diarrhea. And in these close quarters tuberculosis would have been everywhere and the sight of someone coughing up blood-flecked sputum commonplace to her. She had embraced the very situation that I had found impossible. These sights had fuelled her "begging expeditions" for money from the rich, or for medication from chemists' shops. What she often received instead was "first-class *gali*"—verbal abuse—and the suspicion that she was covertly trying to convert Hindus.

Did she ever doubt? Did she have my kinds of doubt? Did she recognize that, as much as she was one with the poor, and while she had accepted her awards only in the name of the poor, she was in fact different from the poor—and the not so poor—for one reason: her remarkable faith. Her religious conviction was, in its own way, a form of élitism. It was the currency she possessed which allowed her to do something that few others could do, or could never do for very long. It explained her joy, her indefatigability in situations that would have exhausted those of us who lacked that faith. There were times when I longed for that kind of certainty, and for a voice that would soundly tell me what to do. In the absence of such a calling, when AIDS came along I made it mine, perhaps as a subconscious way of easing my guilt at leaving India. My crutch was technology and scientific understanding and ordinary human compassion; and it limited me to certain settings—hospitals, in particular—where I could safely exercise these skills.

Mother Teresa had survived bouts of malaria, at least three heart attacks, had a pacemaker fitted, and had undergone angioplasties to clear blocked coronary arteries. Over the years, the very technology that was out of reach for so many of the poor whom she cared for had helped her—had prolonged her life. Mother Teresa had made standard medical care an integral part of her mission and had trained herself in the basics of nursing. But in a situation where there would never be enough medicine or enough money the purpose of her mission was also to carry on where medical care left off. She accepted death.

Upon hearing the news of the death of the Princess of Wales, Mother Teresa had said, "She died so young. I don't know the ways of God." I was startled to read those words, but I was immensely drawn to her, too, on hearing something so human, something that resonated with my variety of secular despair. And if she had ever had doubts, what she accomplished in eighty-seven years was even more remarkable.

The young assistant director survived and is now conscious. It is difficult to say how much speech and motor function she will recover. I wonder what Mother, as she was called in India, would have said about my grief at her death and my anxiety for the fate of the young woman felled with the cerebral hemorrhage. She would have prayed for the young woman, and known instinctively the words with which to console the parents. As for the ending of her own life, I think she would have found something wasteful in any sort of mass tribute to mark her death. "Get on with it," she might have said. "There is work to do." She might have said, as she did say to many who visited her, "Make your life something beautiful for God." ♦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PERSONAL HISTORY

ELEMENTS OF ANTI-STYLE

Is there a reason that a style or an attitude becomes a fashion? The author recalls the late seventies, when everything he was involved in seemed to be a statement of a very fashionable anarchy.

BY MALCOLM McLAREN

VICTORIAN PETTICOATS

In October, 1978, I was working on a film script for "The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle." The title was deliberately provocative. I wanted to tell a story, my story, of irreverence and embezzlement. I had helped to create and manage one of Britain's most successful and most untamed rock bands, the Sex Pistols. In the process, I got called many things—by journalists, by executives in the music business, sometimes by members of the band itself. I was meant to be a charlatan, a con man, or (most flatteringly) the culprit responsible for turning British popular culture into nothing more than a marketing gimmick. The film would be my chance to prove that so many of these accusations were true.

The band had not played for more than six months. (Its last performance, in San Francisco, ended with Johnny Rotten, the lead singer, shouting at the audience, "Ever get the feeling you've been cheated?") Rotten was trying to get the courts to stop me from using the band's name and what he thought was the band's money. Virgin Records, which sold the Sex Pistols in Britain, seemed to be siding with Rotten: the company wanted more records to sell. And Warner Bros., which released the band in the United States, was trying to get back money it had advanced me ages ago. Everybody wanted something, and, amid all this, I was determined to get my film made.

During the nineteen-seventies, there seemed to be little music or design or style that was authentically original. There was no genuine tribe—just a lot of people who had got very rich by pretending to be the purveyors of popular taste. They promoted rock events in monster amphitheatres that reduced each member of the audience to the size of an ant. The King's Road, in London, epitomized the decadence of the decade: loon pants, velvet, and Victorian petticoats, the stale smell of patchouli oil, and the tartan brigade of the manufactured Bay City Rollers. There was no style—only bric-a-brac.

And then, with the Sex Pistols (a group whose music was so bad that everyone wanted to hear it), I had inadvertently become involved in a great success. But the success wasn't the doing of the music business. The success arose out of a concentrated effort to fail—at least, by any of the conventional standards of the time. And I was determined not to let any of the corporate record businesses—with their executives and their marketing departments and their vast systems of distribution—appropriate the band and make it their own. Instead, I was trying to use their money to fund a film that told an entirely different story, and one that would undermine much of what the representatives of this corporate culture claimed to believe in.

The film was to be told in ten lessons, my ten commandments. They included lessons on how to manufacture your own group and on selling the swindle. There was instruction in stealing as much money as possible from the record company of one's choice and in cultivating hatred—always the greatest asset. But by October I was running out of money, the script was late, and I still had two lessons to do. On the afternoon of Thursday the twelfth, I was writing my American chapter—"Taking Civilization to the Barbarians"—when I got a phone call from a tabloid journalist. He had come across the name of John Simon Beverly.

"John Beverly—that's Sid, isn't it, Malc?"

"Yes."

"He's just been arrested at the Chelsea Hotel in New York—for murder."

"Murder?"

I hung up the phone. I wasn't about to believe a story told to me by a tabloid journalist, so I immediately phoned a photographer in New York to confirm it. Yes, he said, it was true: Sid had been arrested and charged with the murder of his girlfriend, Nancy Spungen. It was already on television, and news of the killing had spread so quickly that crowds had formed outside the Chelsea Hotel in time to watch Nancy's corpse being carried out.

There were five of us in my cramped management office that afternoon, and we were stunned. Sid was capable of a wide range of self-destructive acts, but none of us thought that he could kill someone, especially his girlfriend (unless the whole thing was a botched double suicide). Sid's trouble was usually over drugs. Both he and his girlfriend were heroin addicts. Now there would be a trial—a murder trial in New York—and it was going to cost a fortune. Even though I was, technically, no longer managing Sid, I wanted to help. I'm still not entirely sure why: maybe because I felt that there was no one more fun than Sid. He never saw a red light; he saw only green. He was chaos incarnate, and he made my blood flow. And I suspected that if I didn't help him no one else would.

I rushed off to Heathrow for the next flight to New York. Press people were everywhere. One of them wished me luck, and, spotting my holdall, said, "Got the cash, Malc?"

When I landed in New York, I went straight to the court. It was packed with journalists, who all turned around as I entered. The proceeding had already begun. Sid was in the dock with his familiar black spiky hair and wearing a black suit. But he was frightened; he looked pale and fragile. Bail had just been set: fifty thousand dollars. I needed to do something and raised my holdall in the air as if it were loaded with money. I wanted to let the lawyers know that I could guarantee bail. But there was no money in my holdall, and I couldn't guarantee the bail, and Sid, vulnerable and dejected and confused, was escorted from

GAVIN EVANS/RETNA LTD.

McLaren's view of style was fetishism carried to the extreme, and his approach to fashion was to fail as flamboyantly as possible.

the courtroom and taken to Rikers Island.

I was going to have to find some money fast. And I needed to get Sid a very powerful lawyer.

THE BLUE LAMÉ SUIT

AT the age of twenty-five, I designed one of my first pieces of clothing: a bright-blue lamé suit, my first rock-and-roll suit, which I intended to wear walking the length of the King's Road. I was looking for one of those chance rendezvous that would change my life. This was 1971, and the King's Road in Chelsea was full of people, a parade of late-sixties fashions and styles, a dropped-out, motley group of hippie emporia—Bazaar, Alkasura, Granny Takes a Trip. I started at the top, at Sloane Square. I had a bag of old rock-and-roll records that I thought I might sell. But I was counting on that unexpected moment of glamour. It was raining, typically. But the rain didn't matter. And so I walked. And I walked. And I walked. But nothing happened. Eventually, I reached the end of the King's Road, and just as I was turning around the bend known as World's End a man popped out from what looked like a black hole among the shops.

"You," he said. "What are you doing here?" He had a big black pompadour haircut and a strong Brooklyn accent.

I said that I had some records to sell.

"Why don't you come in here to sell them?"

I couldn't see what was he was referring to, until he pointed out a dark cavernous place, 430 King's Road. Inside I found music and a display of some clothes—Hawaiian shirts, Levi's, rock-and-roll skirts—but not much else. It was called Paradise Garage. By the time I left, my life had changed in the following respects: I had a job and a store.

Patrick Casey, an art-school friend of mine who never got up before five o'clock, offered to join me, and the two of us set up business in the back of Paradise Garage (we called our store, appropriately enough, In the Back of Paradise Garage). We sold secondhand records and teddy-boy suits (draped jackets with velvet lapels and drainpipe trousers). And then one day the man at the front of the shop disappeared and never returned. Suddenly his shop, this hole at the end of the King's Road, was ours to run, too.

We changed the name to Let It Rock, and between us and my girlfriend Vivienne Westwood we set out to make an environment where we could truthfully run wild. The shop rarely opened until eight in the evening, and for no more than two hours a day. More important, we tried to sell nothing at all. Finally, we agreed that it was our intention to fail in business and to fail as flamboyantly as possible, and only if we failed in a truly fabulous fashion would we ever have a chance of succeeding.

The shop purported to sell relics: Brylcreem, wallpaper, and posters that we judged to be authentic in their expression. Scavenging London's street markets, we turned the place into a replica of a nineteen-fifties working-class living room, with a cocktail cabinet, a mountain of valve radios, pink fluffy hearth mats, and a standup piano. We used a wall hung with chicken wire to display stilettos. Everything had to be authentic.

This was when I first met Charles Saatchi, the advertising executive and art collector, although I knew nothing about him then. He was just a geezer who showed up at six in a Rolls-Royce and started acting like a lunatic. He banged on the door wanting to be let in. "Who is this guy?" we asked ourselves. "He's not a teddy boy. He's not a King's Road bloke. He's just a guy in a Rolls-Royce." He could see that we were inside and didn't understand why we wouldn't open the door for him. We explained that it was only six o'clock and that we didn't open for two hours. He continued banging on the door until finally we relented, but only on the condition that he understood that we weren't going to sell him a thing.

"There must be something for sale," he said.

"No. There's absolutely nothing for sale."

"What do you mean? What about this record?" he asked.

"Not for sale."

"This jacket?"

"Not for sale, mate."

And so he left empty-handed. But he returned. In fact, he returned every day at about the same time—six o'clock—and did end up buying things: mainly, an awful lot of records.

Vivienne and I acquired a sewing machine. We were happy with the style that had come to characterize the store—it had an authenticity all its own—and we wanted to see if we could re-create it in clothes. The store was an inventory of the bits of the culture that we cared about—ruins and memorabilia and old gadgets—and we tried to do the same with the clothes we designed. We made teddy-boy suits, chicken-bone T-shirts (the bones linked together to form words like "Rock" or "Perv"), guitar-shaped mirrors, brothel creepers (crêpe-soled blue suède shoes), and mohair sweaters.

It wasn't long before the store was perceived as a success—it had become an oasis at the end of the glitterdom of the King's Road—and, adhering to our founding principles, we concluded that there was only one thing to do: close it. We wanted to appear to be failing. We reopened a little later as another store, with a different name: Too Fast to Live, Too Young to Die. In our new incarnation, we made clothes that looked like ruins—creating something new by destroying the old stock. I loved making T-shirts, for instance, that I would dye different colors, tread upon, trample, and generally mess up as much as possible. I wanted them to look as if they were just some old rags left underneath a car in a garage. I would adorn them with slogans: "It's forbidden to forbid," "Be reasonable," "Demand the impossible," "Keep the dialectic open." No one, I was convinced, would ever buy these. I then took them and rolled them on the ground. I was very pleased with the result. I had succeeded in taking an article of clothing that was crisp and new and white and making it into a thing that now suggested something wild and primitive. This wasn't fashion as a commodity. This was fashion as an idea.

THE GRAY WOOLLEN SUIT

I HAD to find a serious lawyer. I contacted my London solicitor, Steven Fisher, and asked him to come over to New York, even though I knew that he was involved in the legal case about the ownership of the Sex Pistols, which seemed to be escalating by the day in its complexity. But this was a murder trial, and Sid needed help. The only asset I had was the soundtrack that was being made for "The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle." We asked around town for the names of good lawyers and began our search.

I was entering an unfamiliar territory, one dominated by serious and responsible grownups. I tried to fit in through the art of disguise known as fashion. I wore a plain gray worsted school uniform from John Lewis—a department store on Oxford Street. Ironically, it was the suit that I'd always worn when I was managing the Sex Pistols. The jacket was tight and the trousers were too short, but it made me feel younger than I was, and somehow enabled me to do things that I would ordinarily fear undertaking: I could be young and immature, fearless and naïve. I love the way clothes have the power to change the mind that inhabits them: that's why I became interested in designing them with Vivienne. People normally wear a uniform to reflect their job or their role in life: as banker, secretary, lawyer, or garbage collector. Even painters have a particular uniform—that bohemian style. Fashion, used as a disguise, allows you to be something you're not. It is much more difficult to use fashion to express who you really are.

Roy Cohn was our first stop. He was sitting at his desk with an authoritative calm, wearing bright-colored suspenders and a loosely knotted tie. Steel garters held up his sleeves; the impression was of an uncompromising dedication to work. This, it was clear, was a man in control. Cohn, imperious in his bearing, invited us to understand that he was an Olympian within the legal profession, one who sold justice for shitloads of money.

He greeted us brusquely. "I don't wanna know," he said straight off, "whether he did it or not. What I wanna know is whether Sid wants to live."

I assured him that he did.

"He's gotta know what it's like in a United States prison."

I pointed out that he was in Rikers Island.

Cohn snorted. "Rikers Island is for beginners. The first thing we have to do is to show this young man what life in a New York prison is all about. Then he'll be more coöperative. We gotta make him understand, in no uncertain terms, that the last thing he wants is to be locked up in one of these hellholes."

According to Cohn's strategy, Sid had got involved with a bunch of lowlifes, and on the night of the murder a fight had broken out, during which the foul deed was committed by any number of roving criminals. Sid was a victim of circumstance. There was, of course, the legendary reputation of the Chelsea Hotel, and, according to Cohn, its first three floors were reserved exclusively for junkies, prostitutes, and their drug dealers—all otherwise known as artists. Cohn, I could see, was a hood lawyer, and there was no way he was going to sympathize with Sid's angst: the boy needed discipline—if only to insure that he behaved—and for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars Cohn virtually guaranteed victory.

I looked at Steven, and he blanched at the price and at the impossible confidence radiating from this booming, impatient man. We knew to move on.

I MET Allen Ginsberg in a night club. "It was a setup by the police," he suggested, concerned, interested, and he then added, following a brief spasm of doubt, "He didn't kill her, did he?" But it was a statement, really, not a question, and I heartily agreed, keeping my own unexamined doubts to myself. Ginsberg, determined that Sid should get justice, introduced me to William Kunstler, the legendary left-wing lawyer who defended the Chicago Seven. We met Kunstler at his home in Greenwich Village, wearing jeans and an open-necked shirt, his hair dusted with cigarette ash. We were led to a study carpeted in kilims where Kunstler made points about the politics of the culture and started to roll a joint. The eyes of my London solicitor widened behind his spectacles. Kunstler asked, deep concern in his voice, "Tell me. Is Sid still on drugs?"

"He's going cold turkey at Rikers," I replied. "He's on vitamin pills."

"Has he ever had psychiatric help?"

I shifted nervously at this. The implications of the question, and the prospect of Sid, unreconstructed London lad, expounding on the intimate details of childhood trauma for the benefit of a New York therapist, struck me as ludicrously improbable.

"Umm . . . " I said. "I don't believe so."

Kunstler was an impressive figure—and the most sympathetic lawyer I'd meet—and I could see that his politics were grand and serious, although it was unlikely that they would ever match Sid's. And Kunstler wanted to help. He tried desperately hard to understand punk rock and listened patiently to our explanations. His music, I suspected, was Bob Dylan or Joan Baez—possibly even Joni Mitchell. This was a concern. How would he ever understand the Sex Pistols?

We knew to move on again.

THE more lawyers I saw, the more I heard the same statement repeated: "I don't want to know if he did it. I just want to know if he's committed to getting off." And I began to ask myself, "Well, did he do it?" I wonder now if Sid actually told me, but if he did I've shut out

"Yes, I've been around the block once or twice, but I'm glad to tell you it's always been in Guccis."

whatever it was that he said. Did he do it? I don't know. I know only that I didn't want to know: I wanted to get Sid out of trouble. The details of that night are vague, recalled only by the druggy memories of those involved. Finally, the question became immaterial. Sid, my Sid, did not deserve to die in jail.

But I still didn't have a lawyer.

Why not, Steven suggested, try for the very best? Why not F. Lee Bailey?

F. Lee Bailey, we discovered, had a practice in Boston. I phoned and spoke to his secretary.

"Mr. Bailey is unavailable. He's in New York."

He was, of all things, at a book signing on Wall Street. I got the address, grabbed Steven, and dashed to the bookstore, picking up a copy of the *Post* en route: Sid, once again, was on the front page. But by the time we got there we thought we were too late: F. Lee, the star with this crowd, was surrounded by so many stockbrokers wanting an autograph that we gave up all hope of a meeting until we learned that, when he was done, he would be at a nearby bar. He'd taken the place over for the day.

The bar was around the corner. F. Lee was at the back, his booth theatrically lit, quietly talking to a client.

We were summoned and led to the table, and Steven briefly summarized our case. As F. Lee leaned into the pool of light, my first impression was of utter astonishment: F. Lee Bailey was wearing makeup! I was transfixed by this extraordinary man, whose rugged features were glazed in orange Max Factor pan stick. He wasn't effeminate; he was simply, from what I could deduce, someone who was always onstage. He wore a navy-blue pin-striped Savile Row suit with a fresh gardenia in his lapel.

He immediately fell into a reverie on the British legal system.

"I love England. You guys have some setup over there."

He swept his arm over the table beneficently as my mind filled with images of Johnny Rotten and the huge case being prepared against me.

"Yeah," I replied warily. "But it's a minefield."

"You know, my idea of a great summer vacation is afternoons at the Old Bailey, sitting back, soaking up the atmosphere, and watching the show."

I was certain that I saw Steven, generously included in this speech, sitting just a bit taller, momentarily inflated by centuries of tradition.

"I love the ceremony. Those wigs. The way they deliver their lines. It's all so . . . so God-damned civilized!"

F. Lee settled back into the soft red leatherette and shifted his focus. "The way they prepare their cases," he repeated softly. "I, too, like to do a lot of preparation." He paused. "I work hard. I do a lot of research. I rehearse. And the night before . . ." His reminiscences had subtly evolved into a sales pitch, and just as I was bracing myself for mention of the cost Steven interrupted with a question about Patti Hearst, the case that F. Lee had only recently lost. But he dismissed the whole business with what we understood to be a clear instruction to be cooperative. Once again, we were being asked to confirm Sid's commitment to winning. We nodded: Sid, we were certain, was committed.

F. Lee started sketching his strategy. He explained that we had to paint New York as a lonely, dark, miserable kind of place, rotten to the core. We had to show that the hotel was not a hotel but a place for degenerates bent on corrupting newcomers to the city.

"How old is Sid?" he asked.

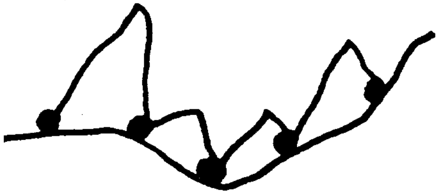
For a moment I'd forgotten. "Nineteen or twenty," I replied.

F. Lee looked at Steven. "Here's this kid from London. An innocent, pleasant enough rock-and-roll boy, right? What does he know?" he asked, spreading his hands. "What's more," he said, "in America we can virtually decide who'll make up the jury. We can argue who will be suitable to sit on this trial, and we'll want only those who'll really understand Sid—in other words, those from a similar working-class background." Leaning forward, F. Lee emphasized the point: "I want toilet cleaners! Road sweepers!"

I glanced sidewise at Steven.

"They've got to be paid more to sit on that bench than they could ever make otherwise—a jury happy to have this trial drawn out for as long as possible. I want a jury that's on our side."

He had an approach, a brilliant, deliciously anti-establishment one.



"In order to win over the press, you're going to have to rework Sid's image. You know. You're good at publicity." He looked at me steadily. "Get him jogging in Central Park. Dating librarians. I want to see him as a likable young man—lost in New York."

He caught my expression.

"I know he's a rock-and-roll kid, but he's got to have some other interests, doesn't he?"

I flinched at the thought of reinventing Sid as a friendly jock. And a librarian to take the place of Nancy? At that moment, a tall dark-suited aide came up to the table.

"F. Lee, our plane's on the runway. What's the plan for tonight?"

"We'll drop Michael in Philly, head on up to Connecticut, drop Hank. Jim and I will head back to Boston."

F. Lee then told us that he wanted Sid to come to his house the following weekend, to relax, so that they could get to know each other. He wanted to see for himself whether Sid wanted to live. He asked us how we intended to pay. He wanted fifty thousand dollars up front. There was talk about the book and film rights.

He explained that he had an assistant named Jim Merberg, to whom he wanted us to report. He would try to check out who was at the hotel, the details of the evening Nancy died, the murder weapon, and the fingerprints on it. This was all going to cost a lot of money.

BONDAGE TROUSERS

Too Fast to Live, Too Young to Die closed. The shop reopened as SEX—the new name displayed in huge pink rubber letters, with a motto spray-painted underneath: "Craft Must Have Clothes—But the Truth Loves to Go Naked." The window display consisted of mannequins—naked, headless—piled on top of each other, all looking like they were having fun. A curtain closed off the view into the shop, as if we had something to hide. Inside, the walls were covered with sponge—gray- and flesh-colored sponge, an evil sort of wallpaper—and bits of graffiti from the pornographic stories of Alex Trocchi. A flying trapeze hung overhead. The sofa was made of fluorescent-orange rubber. We put in climbing wall bars that served to reinforce a vaguely institutional feel-

"Now I lay me down to sleep . . ."

• •

ing, as though the shop were actually a gymnasium or an asylum. It was, I thought with considerable pride, completely uncommercial. We sold petticoats, sleeveless raincoats (utterly impractical but very popular), contraceptive-rubber jumpsuits, whips, nipple clamps, and spiked shoes. We had a range of fetishist and bondage paraphernalia, and a special selection: Sex and Rubberwear for the Office—all in black. Black expressed the denouncement of the frill. Nihilism. Boredom. Emptiness. How do you dress an army of disaffected youth? We designed our own military trousers (I tracked down the shiny, heavy black fabric, which used to be worn by British Rail porters, to an old factory in Manchester) and put a strap between the legs (binding one knee to the other) and a zipper that went straight down the crotch and wound its way up the arse: as you undid them, all your goolies fell out, calling to mind images of people doing stuff of the most obnoxious kind out in the streets. These trousers—our bondage trousers—were about the explosion of the body, a declaration of war against repression. They were the perfect uniform for people working in what I was coming to view as my own Luddite factory, battling the consumerist fashions of the High Street.

Sex translated into fashion becomes fetish, and fetishism was the very embodiment of youth. Youth has to behave irreverently; it has to take drugs, because of its fundamental belief in its own immortality, which it needs to assert over and over again. And fashion and music are the natural expressions of its need for confrontation and rebellion, and fetishism, in both, is its necessary razor's edge, the exhilarating border between life and death. SEX became a magical place. People spent hours there. No one wanted to leave. In it, we created a feeling that was both euphoric and hysterical. You felt an enormous range of possibilities, that whatever was happening couldn't be predicted, that it was a movement toward a place unknown.

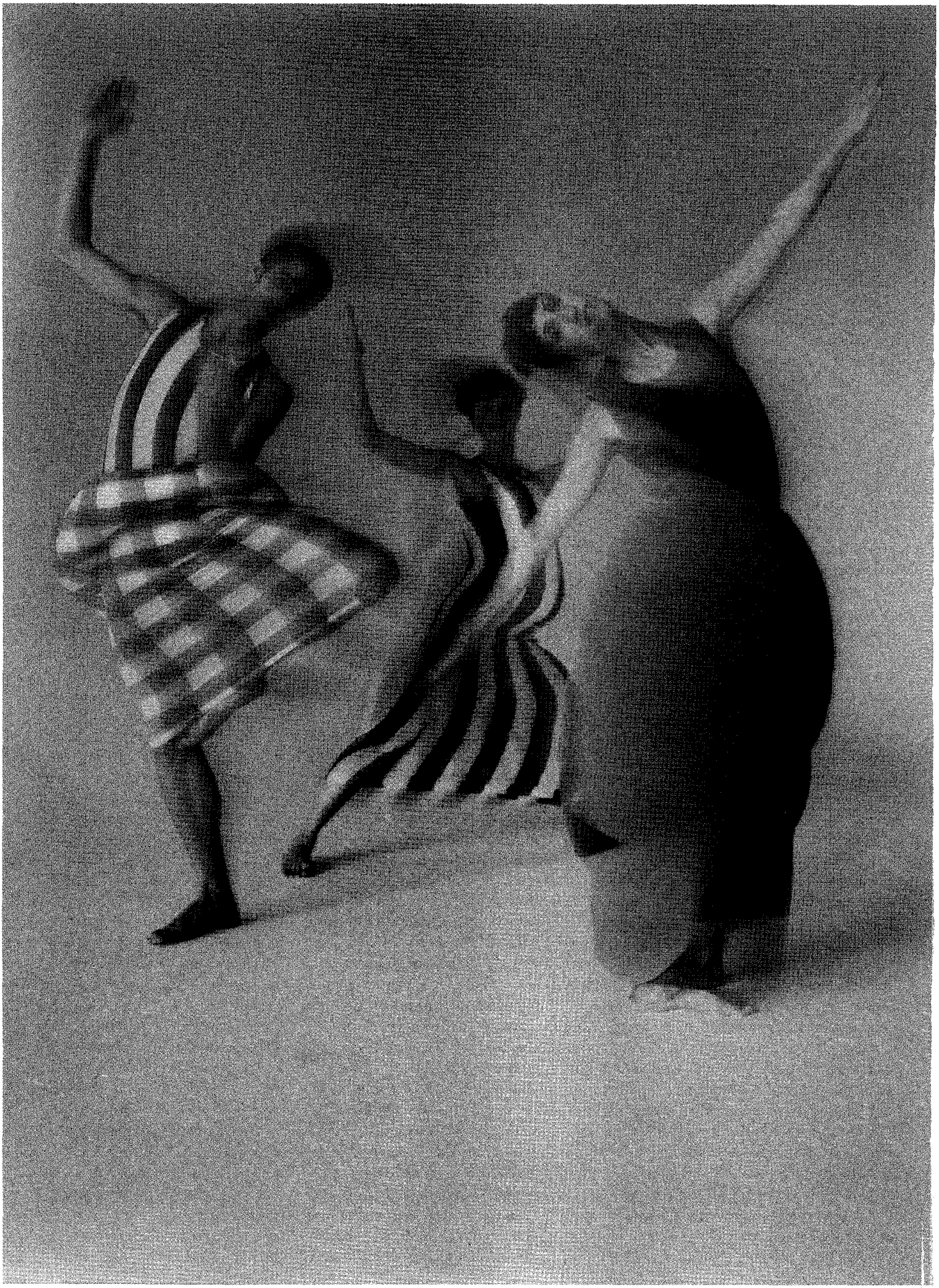
Fashion and music, music and fashion—they were expressions of the same needs—and, in retrospect, it now seems natural and right that a shop producing a street fashion of boredom should be the venue for its music.

THE Sex Pistols started out as thieves—two of them, at least. At the age of twenty-nine, I became their fence by choice. I was in love with their criminal minds. This was the politics of boredom: Be childish! Be irresponsible! Be everything that this society fears! They robbed Keith Richards' house, which was a stone's throw from the shop. They stole David Bowie's sound equipment from the Hammersmith Odeon. They stole a strobe tuner from Roxy Music. They stole from the bands they loved as a kind of tribute.

Johnny Rotten wandered into the shop one evening to buy a pair of brothel creepers in black suède. He had green hair and very bad teeth. He was wearing an old secondhand tuxedo, as if it were the original teddy-boy drape. He was immediately press-ganged into auditioning, singing Alice Cooper's "Eighteen" with the jukebox. He gave an impression of being in pain, and of needing to hide that pain. He was angry and the anger was clearly masking a shyness that made him appear vulnerable and, in some way, cool. It was very seductive. The sound he brought to the group wasn't melodic; his style didn't borrow from the blues or from soul or from any of the conventional roots of rock and roll. He created anthems of despair—loud, relentless, unforgiving.

The band's greatest moment may have been in 1977, during the Silver Jubilee, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Queen's accession to the throne. There was to be a royal flotilla that would proceed down the Thames as the sky erupted with fireworks. We decided to create our own flotilla, with our own fireworks. We hired a boat, the Queen Elizabeth, and departed from Charing Cross pier at about six-thirty in the evening, as the Sex Pistols played its version of "God Save the Queen"—loud, raucous, and rude. ("God save the Queen, the fascist regime . . . God save the Queen, she ain't no human bein' . . . It don't matter what you want, don't matter what you need, there's no future, no future, no future for you.") As our flotilla passed beneath the Thames bridges, the band's supporters dropped pots of yogurt and cheered.

I was arrested, our portrait of the Queen (with a safety pin through her nose) was printed in the papers, and "God Save the Queen" became a best-selling



record, even though it was banned not only from the radio but from most conventional consumer outlets. It outsold the pop favorite at the time, Rod Stewart, by two to one, and yet no official chart allowed it to climb higher than No. 2 (on some charts it was listed only as a black mark). I sent my son, Joe, who was then eleven years old, to the nearby retailer W. H. Smith to ask for the record. "We don't sell anything like that here," the shop assistant said.

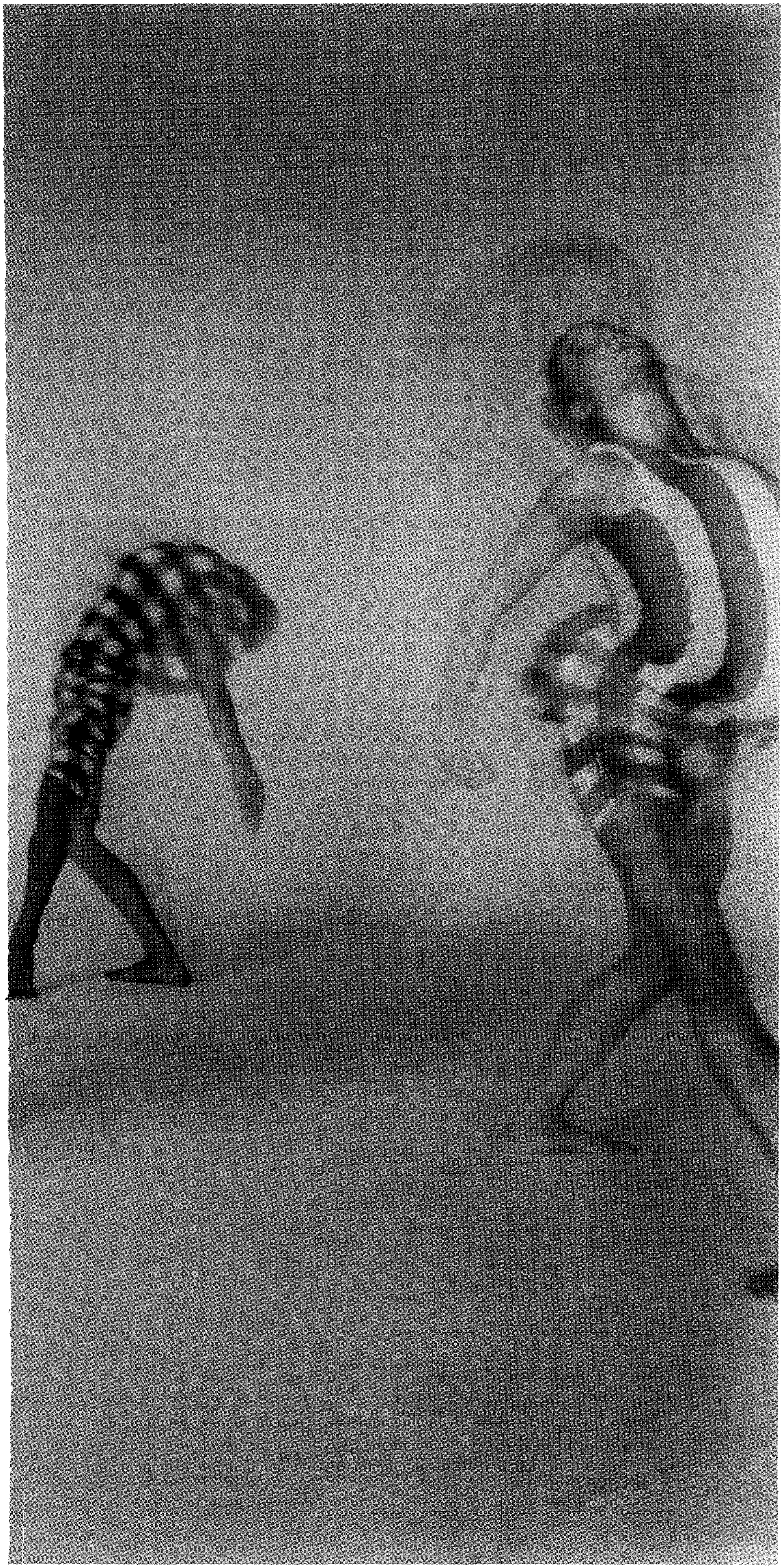
"But," he'd been told to protest, "isn't it No. 1?"

"We're not allowed to mention that."

The Sex Pistols came to represent the most anarchic display of the antihero in popular music. Their sound was raw, noisy, and poorly played, and always on the verge of collapsing entirely. It was chaos—a lovely, deadly, sexy chaos, wicked and nihilistic and, at the time, utterly cataclysmic. The Sex Pistols expressed everything that I was trying to do in the shop itself. They were anti-music and anti-business. In fact, the band and the music business could never get along. This was something that I did on purpose: the Sex Pistols as product never really existed; it was only an idea.

STRAITJACKET

SID was still in Rikers Island when his mother, Anne Beverly, arrived in New York, her expenses paid by a tabloid paper in exchange for the exclusive story of being reunited with her



PRÊT-À-DANSER

When Merce Cunningham met Rei Kawakubo, the choreographer had never collaborated with a fashion designer; the fashion designer had never seen anyone rolling on the floor in her couture. For Cunningham's "Scenario" (which premières at BAM on October 14th), Kawakubo altered her spring-summer '97 Comme des Garçons collection to meet the demands of dance (stretchier material, stronger seams), and Cunningham got a new set of shapes. "It's like a 3-D movie," says Matthew Mohr (far left, with his fellow-dancers Lisa Boudreau, Banu Ogan, Glen Rumsey, and Jeannie Steele). "She's added a sculptural element to the body outline that Merce has been messing with for fifty years."

Photograph by Max Vadukul

son. I tried to keep my distance from her. Sid's mother was a disenfranchised flower child—for many years, her principal employment was rolling joints for people—and trouble tended to accompany her everywhere. The main lesson she taught Sid, repeated over and over again, was this: "You should be able to do what the fuck you like." Sid's father had disappeared when Sid was two.

But I wasn't able to avoid her, and the next day, three of us—me, mom, and a journalist from the tabloid—went out to Rikers Island to get Sid. I had managed to secure bail from Virgin, which advanced money against the soundtrack of "The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle."

Sid emerged in impressively good spirits: healthy, clear, and elated to be free. He actually had some color in his cheeks. I was thrilled: maybe he did want to live; maybe he could be an F. Lee Bailey client after all. He'd been moved from a cell to the hospital, where he'd been detoxed and given heavy doses of vitamins. He was animated, and talked about the friends he'd made inside. His pockets were filled with pieces of paper: fan mail from the inmates, along with phone numbers of people to contact in New York. We got into the car and headed back to the city.

"They thought I was Big Charlie Potatoes in there, Malcolm. I was on the cover of the newspapers every day!" He laughed. "They had me pinned up on their walls. I was a pinup! I was signing autographs! These big black guys, they fuckin' love the Sex Pistols—they knew everything about us!"

I recalled the American tour, and the stop we'd made in San Antonio. The crowd had thrown at the band just about everything possible, and then someone climbed onstage and took a swing at Sid, who promptly used his bass guitar to smash his attacker over the head. When we left the following morning, we picked up the local paper on our way out: "SEX PISTOLS WIN S.A. SHOOT-OUT."

"Malcolm is going to help you, Simon," his mother said suddenly. "He's going to change your image."

I looked at Sid's mother. Did she need to say that just now? I didn't trust her. I never trusted mothers. I still don't.

I asked Sid, "What about it? Do you think you could start jogging in Central Park? Get fit? It's going to be a long trial."

Sid considered this. "I'm not looking like a prat. S'pose my friends see me running in the fuckin' park!"

"Don't worry, Sid. I'll buy you a dog."

I found him a hotel, the Seville, on Twenty-ninth Street. I wanted his mother to be with him. I was hoping that she'd behave responsibly. I didn't want him hanging out at clubs and rock-and-roll shows.

"Get him reading," I said to her. "Take him to the library. If he needs companions, maybe he'll find a new friend there." I paused. "A librarian, perhaps. It would be awfully helpful if Sid fell in love with a librarian."

I told Sid that he had nothing to worry about: he now had F. Lee Bailey. "He's the best. He's going to get you off. In two or three months, you'll be singing in Las Vegas on the same fucking stage as Elvis Presley."

Elvis had died only last year. Sid had just cut a version of "My Way," which was a hit in London.

"If Sid plays Vegas," I told Steven later, "it'll cover the trial. Sid will work hard. He's going to have a new life."

THAT weekend, I was supposed to take Sid to see F. Lee Bailey in Boston. Before setting off, I stopped by the hotel where Steven was still staying, and Sid's mother rang, sounding weak and vague. "Come immediately to the hotel," she said. "I can't control Simon anymore."

Steven and I sped across town to the hotel and raced to Sid's room. His mother opened the door and then shrank away into the bathroom. Sid was screaming, his arms extended, his hands reaching out toward me, dripping with blood.

"I want to die," he was shouting. "I want to go to Nancy now! Get me out, get me some pills. I don't wanna carry on. I want to be with Nancy!"

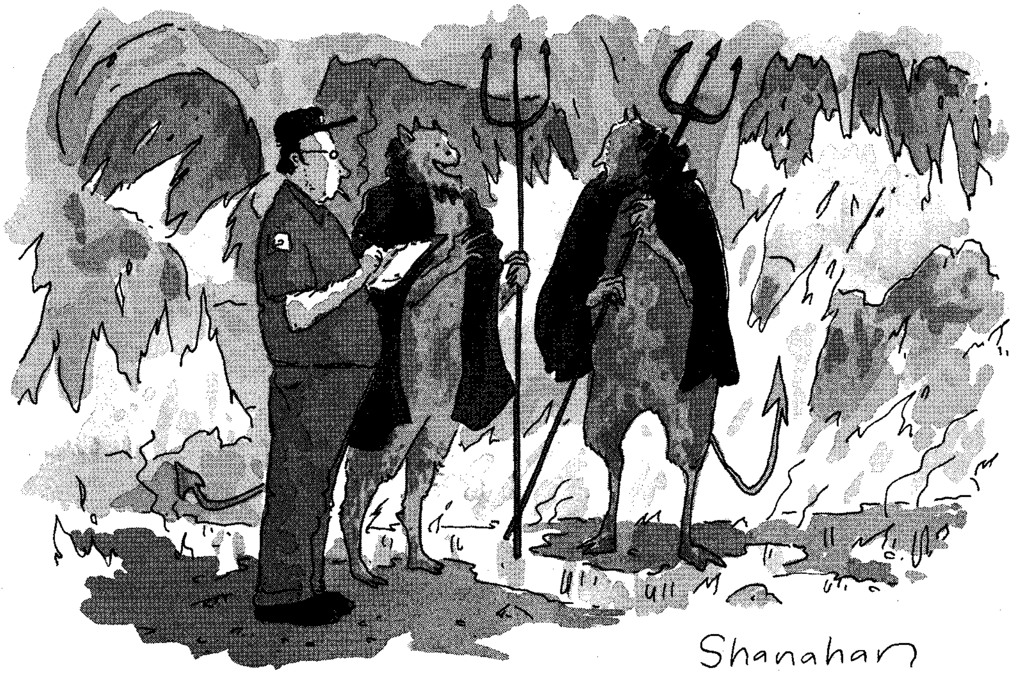
I said, "Sid, please don't do this to yourself."

I looked at his mother. She pointed to a broken light bulb in the toilet, which he had used to slash his arms and wrists.

I tried to sound calm. "You were supposed to be coming to Boston with me today, Sid. To see F. Lee Bailey."

Wrong move. Sid screamed, "Just get me something—anything, anything! Get me some pills! Please, Malcolm!"

I told him I'd get him some quaaludes. He was very frightened. His mother was in bad shape. She appeared to be bruised around the face; they'd obviously been fighting. Steven and I left the room. We went down to the lobby and sat trying to figure out what to do. I felt terrible. I had no intention, of course, of getting quaaludes. I



"Good news! Our septic tank is shot."

LATE SUN

Dying wasps
make drunken passes at my hair.

They are drawn to glass,
as air, and cannot tell.

Up on the hill,
a garrulous crow

is testing the depth of a valley
in winter.

Jets trail
simple departure.

There are giants among us.
Tall shadows flare.

—Lavinia Greenlaw

called an ambulance, even though I knew that it was going to make for news, and that the news wasn't going to help our case.

It didn't. Within ten minutes, the police arrived, and a team of officers rushed upstairs, their guns out. I followed them, thinking, My God, what are they going to do to him? They smashed open the door and rushed toward Sid, terrifying him. He moved toward the window and looked as though he were going to leap—we were nine or ten floors up. Nothing I shouted had any effect. They grabbed him, slapped him, strapped him up, and dragged him out of the room and took him to Bellevue Hospital. We followed the ambulance in a cab. When we reached the hospital, we could hear Sid screaming. Then he started singing "C'mon Everybody." It was a track we'd recorded for "The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle" (for Lesson 7: "Cultivate Hatred—It's Your Greatest Asset"). It made me laugh. They had bandaged Sid's wounds and put him in a straitjacket. This was rock and roll pushed to the limit.

And then it occurred to me: Sid's mother. She had been—I suddenly just knew it—scoring for Sid. Their argument had probably been about drugs. It didn't take her long. Perhaps Sid should remain in the hospital, just to be kept safe.

Later, as I stood on the street outside the hospital, I realized that I was going to have to return to London; my trial began shortly. I felt uneasy leaving Sid behind, especially with his mother here to look after him. How, I remember thinking, would any of this turn out all right?

A MOHAIR SWEATER

Sex closed in 1976, and the shop reopened as Seditionaries—Clothes for Heroes. I smashed holes in the ceiling and covered the walls with black-and-white blowups of the bombed ruins of Dresden. The look was raw and unadorned: exposed beams and wires and the brutal glare of film lights. We built a rat cage into the counter, just under the till. When people went to pay for their clothes, I wanted rats running around nearby, like rats on a sinking ship. A booming soundtrack of the blitz played over and over again. It was a war zone, intimidating and unwelcoming.

The King's Road had changed. It was itself a battleground, a venue for clashes between skinheads and punks. Every Saturday, you could hear the chants of one group or the other, far off, near the top of the King's Road, and growing louder as the mobs grew closer. When Chelsea, the nearby soccer team, played at home, the clashes were worse. Our windows were regularly smashed, and we had to put iron grilles over the front of the shop. The clothes we sold were appropriately "anti," expressions of a warrior's code. We made shirts with images of Stalin or a swastika and an upside-down cross. On the sleeves we wrote slogans ("Only anarchists are pretty") that were designed to look like a Red Cross bandage. We printed a T-shirt depicting two nude cowboys with their penises almost touching, and underneath we printed the words "Ello, Joe, been anywhere lately?" "Nah, it's all played aht, Bill, gettin' to straight."

One Saturday morning, an American girl appeared, a chemical blonde whose stiff, brittle hair ranged in color from white through cadmium yellow to the black of her dark roots. She was an odd thing to look at. She wasn't plump but swollen. The eruptions across her skin were covered in a thick, chalky makeup, and her lips were painted blood-red. She was wearing the ubiquitous New York "rock chick" uniform—leather jacket, short skirt, and boots. She came straight up to the counter and dumped her bag between her feet.

"I'm looking for Jerry. Is he around?" There weren't many people in the store; it was still early. "You know, Jerry Nolan? The drummer in the Heartbreakers? He used to be with the New York Dolls? He said he was a friend of you guys."

"Yeah, so?"

"Which one of you is Malcolm?"

She continued with a dull confidence and instant familiarity that only Americans seem to possess. "I got in from New York this morning." Her voice was cigarette-stained. "Jerry said he'd meet me here. He said this was his hangout."

She had come directly to the shop from the airport. She looked through the racks of clothes, dropping names whenever she could. She wanted to appear important—as if she were trying to locate fellow-stars in what she believed to be the New London Scene.

She lingered over each item of clothing for the longest time and somehow managed to keep herself busy for the entire day. Hours later, she finally did buy something—a cobwebby, black mohair sweater. At closing time, I was sure she'd disappear. She didn't. She actually followed us—me, Vivienne, the shop assistants, and Paul Cook and Steve Jones, of the Sex Pistols.

She followed us into the pub. There was nothing we could do to stop her (nothing we said, however abrasive, seemed to penetrate). And it was, after all, Saturday night. We moved on to Louise's, once a lesbian hangout, and now a punk gathering place. (Madame Louise still sat at the door every night in her mink stole, as she had for at least two decades.) The place was reminiscent of its time—a pickup clip joint, with red flock wallpaper, velvet cushions, and a tiny dance floor. Its "clientele" was made up of prostitutes, waifs, gays, lesbians, bisexuals, and nonsexuals. Anything and everything went, as long as it was aesthetically extreme. Prostitution had become a fashionably noble pursuit among the members of the anarchic group of punk-rock fans. Prostitutes were models for our own clothes (the Seditionaries label, on the inside of our clothes, was dedicated to Anarchists, Soldiers, and Prostitutes). At a place like Louise's, there would regularly be topless women, or women in just bras, and others, men and women, in only knickers and tights. Their attitude wasn't one of seduction: it was confrontation. They might add a swastika armband and a leather peaked cap—anything that might hit a nerve.

We still hadn't shaken the American, who by now had discovered Sid. Sid stood out that night. He'd just become the group's bass player and was wearing a pair of pink, pegged slacks, and was sitting with Johnny Rotten, who wore a blue lamé teddy-boy jacket.

The American was Nancy.

At around three in the morning, Sid, Rotten, and Nancy went to Linda Ashby's apartment behind Buckingham Palace. Linda is a legendary dominatrix (one of the Sex Pistols had to help her out one night, by dressing up in leather and behaving like a dog); she was a good customer (we were selling lots of S & M gear then); and she had become a friend. Rotten and Sid had often slept on the floor of Linda's kitchen. Rotten was the star then, and Nancy tried to fuck him (so goes the story), but he wasn't interested. She rolled over to find Sid, and he coöperated. For the next week, the shop was filled with the talk of Sid losing his virginity. It's unlikely that he had it to lose, but Sid, like Rotten, was still a teen-ager, and, like so many of his friends, was awkward and unsophisticated about sex. What *is* true is that he was now nowhere to be seen.

Who was this Nancy? I phoned friends in New York. She was, I discovered, a confirmed heroin addict. And she was trouble. In New York, my friends told me, they were so pleased when she left town that they threw a party to celebrate. And now she was here in London to teach Sid all about sex and drugs and the life style of a New York rock chick.

Nancy had a guy: she could dominate him, he could support her. And she had someone to control—some of the time. But her face was often bruised. Thereafter, she was rarely seen without sunglasses. She and Sid were constantly fighting. I never felt sorry for her. She turned Sid into the monster child she wanted.

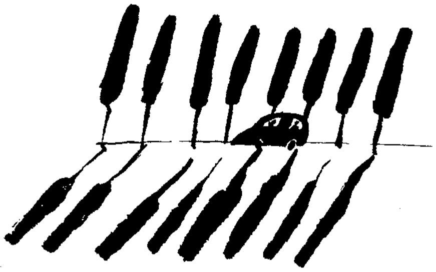
A NEW T-SHIRT

"Is pop music popular?" That was the point I had been asked to prove as soon as I returned from New York. I had been away no more than a week, but after landing at Heathrow I went straight to Cambridge to defend the motion (with Tim Rice, Andrew Lloyd Webber's librettist) that pop music still mattered. The moment I reached the Student Union, I realized that everyone was out to get me. "What about Sid?" I was asked. "What's he done now?" I had become the symbol of anti-pop. I was anti-music. In my mind was a picture of Sid in a straitjacket. I could think of little else except the two looming court cases—Sid's on one side of the Atlantic, and mine on this one. I was, I felt, on trial. And it filled me with rage.

The Sex Pistols, I said, meant one thing: young, sexy assassins out to smash the corporate machine. I started listing the songs—"Anarchy in the U.K.," "Pretty Vacant," "No Feelings." I quoted the lyrics. I denounced the fraudulence of the music industry, the history of our dealings with its representatives, the necessity of nihilism. "What's so important about the music?" I shouted. "Nothing. Unless it creates chaos. A deadly, sexy chaos."

The chairman of the Student Union called for order. Tim Rice looked at me with alarm. People were everywhere, screaming at me, shouting me down. And yet, surprisingly, we won the motion.

When I got home to London the next morning, I found Vivienne and Joe making Sid Vicious dolls. Every detail was in place—the swastika T-shirt, the padlock around his neck, the black spiky hair, the long legs, the permanent sneer. The dolls were extremely accomplished. Vivienne didn't spare a thought over the death of Nancy. We designed a new T-shirt for Sid: "She's Dead—I'm Alive—I'm Yours." Vivienne loved Sid. She'd been a fan even before he was a member of the group, and she was very upset.



Vivienne had heard that there was a plan for the group to get back together to play a benefit concert to raise money for Sid's defense. But it wasn't to be. Johnny Rotten wouldn't have anything to do with it; his court action now included the claim that some of the revenues diverted to fund the making of "The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle" were owed to him. What's more, he had now signed with Virgin, and it appeared that his legal costs were being met by the very company that sold the Sex Pistols' albums. Rotten was also in a new group, PIL, which made Vivienne furious. She hated anyone who betrayed the cause; Vivienne had a reputation for her violent temper.

"Rotten's an asshole," she declared. "And the two other members are useless. You should give it up, Malcolm, and go and work with Paul McCartney!"

I was astounded.

"Vivienne," I asked, "what are you talking about? Paul McCartney? What the fuck would I do with Paul McCartney?"

I kept in touch with Sid through his mother, who phoned daily. "Sid is fine," she said each time. "Just fine." But he was still in Bellevue. After a while, the calls reported progress. Sid was now more than just fine. He was better, much better, but dead bored. Was there any way we could get him released? Sid's mother promised to look after him.

I rang Jim Merberg in Boston. "Can we trust her?" I asked. I was frustrated that I couldn't be there. Merberg said he would visit every day and, he admitted, it would be helpful if Sid were out: a defendant in a loony bin wasn't building a better image. Also, F. Lee still hadn't met Sid. And there was the evidence to collect: Sid could direct Merberg to informers and people who might be able to testify on his behalf.

So Sid was released. And then, just as I feared when Sid left Rikers, he went straight to one of the clubs downtown and beat some guy over the head with a bottle. The man happened to be Patti Smith's brother, and he ended up in the hospital with head wounds needing five stitches. He was pressing charges. Merberg was concerned; Sid was back at Rikers. There was more bad news. A woman was involved.

A friend phoned me to fill me in on the details. "Sid *was* with a girl that night—Michelle Robinson."

Alarm bells rang in my head. Not another Nancy!

"And Sid's mom seems to like her, too."

"What?"

"And they're both giving interviews to the *Post.*" More details were to come. "And Sid's mom has now got green hair!"

"What?"

"And she's wearing Sid's clothes. She's, you know, dressed like a punk. And do you want to know something else?"

"No," I said, "don't tell me any more!"

Everything I hated about mothers came to the surface. I was so angry. But I couldn't leave London. I still had my film to finish, my court case to face, and money to raise. Vivienne was haranguing me to finish with it all. Things were closing in on us in the most menacing way. Couldn't I just quit?

I went to see my lawyer.

"My trial," I conceded. "It doesn't look good, does it?"

Steven—portly, bespectacled, roundfaced—stared at me with an expression of remarkable blankness. And said nothing. It was an ominous silence.

But it was also an ominous prospect. Rotten's case was that the Sex Pistols was a partnership and, as he was no longer a member, it shouldn't continue. But he also argued that the assets of the partnership—the money in the bank, the money from record sales, the incomplete film and whatever money it might make—should no longer be controlled by the management: that is, by me. What's more, he claimed that the management had misused the funds. And, I had to admit, some people might think that he had a point. I had used our money on a number of projects: an earlier film about the Sex Pistols ("Who Killed Bambi?," which was abandoned, alas, when the distributor learned that the director, Russ Meyer, was the legendary King of Nudies), the still-to-be-completed "Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle," some of the band's unprofitable tours, and help for Sid. Had I consulted the other partners before spending this money? No. Was I fucked? Well, no. I *was* the manager. And I didn't think that the others owned the thing anyway (after all, the Sex Pistols, like the best fashions, was mainly an idea, not a product). But I was beginning to think that Vivienne might be right: maybe it just wasn't worth fighting for any longer.

"Next to my two years in the Marines, you're the best thing I've ever done."

Steven continued his blank silence.

"Steven," I said, "I want out. I want to sell everything." My impression was that Richard Branson's Virgin Records wanted the Sex Pistols all to itself. After all, it was still the hottest band in Britain. Virgin had invested money in "The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle" (the soundtrack was a certain big seller). And Rotten was now in Virgin's camp.

"Let's sell out, Steven. Let's arrange to meet Branson. Let's get him to buy me out. I don't want to manage anymore."

Steven said it would be difficult. "Branson is not going to deal with you. Don't you remember accusing him of being a gangster?"

But Steven made the call, and a meeting was arranged. And on Branson's houseboat in Little Venice, the heart of Virgin Records, I discovered a most alarming thing: everyone was being nice to me.

"We can't promote the Sex Pistols without you, Malcolm," I was told. "We want you to continue."

What? I felt like taking my dick out and pissing all over his carpet. I never liked hippies. And I've never trusted anyone who would work for one. I repeated, "I want out. That's all."

But I had obviously missed the point. They wanted me to work with them, not against them. Could anything be more infuriating? It filled me with preposterous rage. It was my personal version of a corporate takeover. Everything I stood for was quietly being erased in a moment of office good manners.

Later that day, I told Steven to prepare our defense. I wouldn't stand for this. No one could get away with such niceness. I spent hours in the film-editing room, trying to figure out how to bring the long, winding tale to a close. I finally wrote Lesson 10, which ends with the following exchange:

"So what are you going to do with all that money?"

"That's the most ridiculous question I've ever heard!"

PARTY CLOTHES

SID was back in Rikers, and Merberg now had to get him out of there. The man was indefatigable. I assured him that I would be in New York myself. It was only a matter of days. Then

I'd personally be able to look after Sid. I was terrified of his mother's influence. No, I had to get to New York as quickly as possible, and I was confident, after the Virgin meeting, that we'd reach a settlement. This wouldn't go to trial.

Merberg went back to the courthouse and, evidently, made a brilliant plea—possibly too brilliant. He was able to get Sid released almost immediately. I wasn't able to get back to New York so quickly.

The following day, Sid's mother made one of her daily calls. Sid was out. That was good. Thank you, Malcolm. But there was a problem. He was dead.

"There's nothing you can do, Malcolm. He passed away with a smile on his face."

"Where are you?" I was desperate. "What do you mean, 'dead'? Get an ambulance. It's possible that he's just passed out."

"Sid's gone away. He's happy now."

"Where are you?"

"I'm at Michelle's."

I covered the receiver and told my assistant to call the N.Y.P.D. to get an ambulance over there.

"He didn't come home," his mother continued. "I was waiting for him all night. . . . There was a party at Michelle's. . . . Someone gave him a hot shot. He was clean, you know. He'd been in Rikers. It was too much for him."

"And? What are you talking about?"

"I don't know. I came here this morning and found Sid dead. I've been sitting here looking at him, wondering what to do. Then I decided to call you."

I could hear noises in the background. The ambulance and the police had arrived. "He's fine, Malcolm. He looks so happy."

Sid was dead. The mother, I was to learn, had been buying the drugs for him since the moment she got to New York. A private detective I later hired, trying to find out what really happened, told me that there was no party, that the mother had been with Sid all along. He was left there for hours before the ambulance arrived. The mother just sat looking at him.

THE next time I spoke to Sid's mother, it was to ask her to bring the body back to London. She didn't say much. I found out later that she had had him cremated in New York. On her return, the London drugs squad, tipped off by the New York police, followed her from Heathrow Airport to a house in Notting Hill Gate. The house was raided. She was arrested. An appropriate homecoming.

I learned later that Sid's mother had agreed to grant an interview to a rock journalist. She was going to allow him to photograph Sid's ashes. Or so goes the story. They met in a café in Covent Garden, but when she opened the urn the ashes fell to the floor among the grease and cigarette butts and were swept up and thrown away.

KNICKERS

I WAS wrong. No one would settle. The trial went ahead. My only way out, I now saw, was to exit entirely: leave England. And so on the last day of the trial, I didn't appear in court, but slipped off and went to the bank with my passport in my pocket; with a taxi outside, I asked to withdraw all my money—about forty thousand pounds. The teller went off to check that I had the funds. I waited. I was starting to sweat slightly. I wondered if she had called the manager or the police. I wondered if I was going to be arrested.

Five minutes elapsed. Then ten. Then fifteen. The teller finally reappeared with the money. "Would you like us to put it in a bag for you?" she asked politely.

A bag, I said, would be great. I dashed out and directed the cab to Heathrow. During the drive, I took the money out and started putting it in my socks, my knickers, inside my shirt, my jacket, my trousers. And then I noticed that the driver was looking at me in his rearview mirror. He scrutinized me. "Aren't you—" he said.

I cut him off. "No, no. That's my brother."

"He's in a lot of trouble at the moment, but bloody good luck to him."

At Heathrow, I looked for the first flight to Paris. I bought a ticket, and then realized in a panic that I was going to have to go through a metal detector. British notes have a silver metallic strip in them, and, with so many plastered about me, they were certain to set off the metal detector like an alarm bell. And then an improbable stroke of luck, a security guard spotted me. "Oh," he said, "it's Malcolm McLaren!" I told him that I was late for my flight, and he said, "Oh, come on then," and I jumped the queue and avoided the machine, as I had no bags. I got on the plane to Paris with forty thousand pounds all over my body.

"A fascist regime," I sang quietly to myself. "God save the Queen." ♦

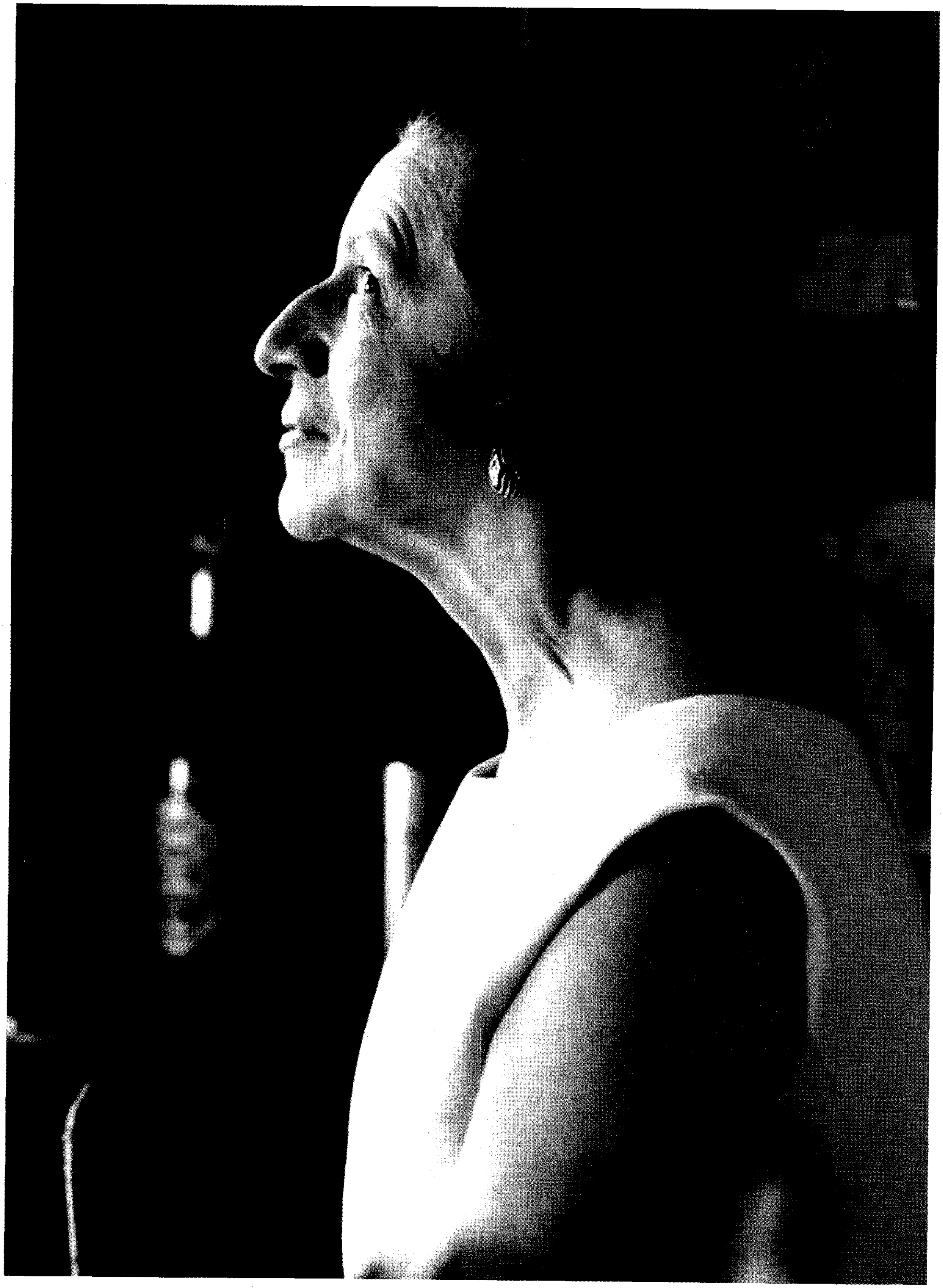
SHOWCASE

D.V. ON DISPLAY

IN introducing well-groomed exoticism as a new standard of beauty for American women, the late Diana Vreeland became the most emulated, quoted, and photographed tastemaker since the actress Lillie Langtry bewitched Oscar Wilde with her wit and style. Vreeland made her strikingly irregular features even more pronounced by applying generous amounts of rouge to her forehead and ears as well as to her cheeks and lips, not merely improving on nature but turning her face—and her presence—into an event. "Never fear being vulgar, just boring," she said. In the process of becoming herself, she demonstrated that a woman didn't have to be blond and shapely to be attractive: the point was to flaunt what you had.

Like many of her famous dicta—"People who eat white bread have no dreams," "Pink is the navy blue of India"—Vreeland was whimsical, declarative, and a sworn enemy of the mundane. Her faith in myth and glamour was what inspired her, as fashion editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, from 1936 to 1962, and editor-in-chief of *Vogue*, from 1962 to 1971, to create her fanciful black-and-white and four-color worlds. Working with such photographers as Louise Dahl-Wolfe, Cecil Beaton, and Richard Avedon, she became an astute image-maker, producing shoots whose pictures aspired to stir the viewer to dream.

And in portraits by Brassaï, George Platt Lynes, and Martin Munkacsi, among others, she was a remarkable subject herself. Of the four hundred vintage personal and commercial fashion images on view in "The Diana Vreeland Photographic Archive," an exhibition and sale at Ursus Books & Prints from September 22nd to October 25th, approximately eighty are of D.V.—including the portrait here, by Rowland Scherman, from a documentary portfolio of the editor at work which *Life* assembled in 1966. In the end, the photographers may have been Vreeland's most reliable chroniclers, because in recording her appearance they captured what she was: entirely self-invented, entirely self-made. —HILTON ALS



A CRITIC AT LARGE

DIANA'S RELICS

By her accessories shall we know her.

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

WITHIN a few days after her death, Diana appeared as a vision to those who mourned her. According to the *Independent*, some of the people who came to St. James's Palace to sign the condolence book claimed to have seen the face of the Princess in a portrait of her former husband's namesake King Charles I, who was beheaded. Floating in a dark patch in the upper-right corner of the canvas was the face of Diana. She was seen by people who had waited, standing for seven, eight, ten hours, who were hungry and tired, and who, in her brother's expression, were "chewed up with sadness." They all described the image in similar terms. As one said, "It's the photo with her hands clasped"—referring to a famous British *Vogue* cover of 1991.

The cover of a fashion magazine becomes a holy image. It makes perfect sense. Saints are identifiable by their attributes and emblems. The Virgin Mary is known by her blue cloak; St. Francis is often with a bird. Since Diana is destined to be worshipped as the great mysterious amalgam of compassion, beauty, and inconsistency, certain elements of her appearance will become her emblems. And, because she *shopped*, many of these emblems can be bought by the rest of us in chic boutiques and ordinary stores. In a complete subversion of our ideas of materialism and spirituality, items of commercial fashion can now attain the status of relics.

THE resonance of a symbol comes with the recognition that the thing symbolized is a part of oneself. In the era of the absolute image, "I" is everywhere—it is all mine. A sex symbol represents my potential sexuality, a status symbol my potential prestige, a religious symbol my capacity for belief. Because we live surrounded by representations—photographs, headlines, liquid-crystal displays—images take on power only when we can know them from inside, if they represent what we have touched, smelled, or felt on our bodies. Images become symbols on a visceral, unconscious level. When that happens, we, the watchers, become a collective "I," as simple and sensual as a baby.

The elements of royal regalia first worn by Diana distanced her from us. Her engagement ring was less tactile than the frilly collar on her ordinary blouse. We know collars; sapphires surrounded by diamonds we do not. The ball gowns, tiaras, hats, Bopeep costumes that covered her in the early years of her marriage all embodied the notion that a thousand-year tradition is best carried forward in clothing at least fifty years out of date.

It was only when we began to see images of Diana doing what *we* did that we could recognize her as us. The simpler and straighter and blonder her hair became, the easier it was to look like her. Her official gala clothes became sleeker—more fashion, more Hollywood—and less precious, based on crêpe rather than taffeta, sheath rather than bustle, sequins rather than draped satin.

Her idea of exercise wasn't the royally sanctioned hunting, fishing, and shooting but, rather, working out in a gym, in a sweatshirt and running shorts and sneakers—items whose cotton heft and Lycra cling and rubbery bounce we recognized, because we had felt them on our own bodies.

The visceral, unthinking part of us—the collective "I" that reacts to images, the egotist that on seeing a group photograph looks first for its own face—found what it wanted in those photographs of Diana clutching her bottle of Évian. We knew the taste of bottled water and how hot it gets when left in the car.

Her sympathies went out to the sick, the dispossessed, the dying, the helpless. Ours went out to her when she most resembled us.

IN the era of the absolute image, imperfections of the body are sins. The stigma of unwanted flesh torments every young woman in post-industrial societies. Saints fasted: Catherine of Siena lived only on herbs. Diana was first chubby, then pudgy, then thin, then thinner. She had the legs—great legs, long legs—and she began to wear them bare under the evening dresses. Her frame, upon which were draped the ball gowns of the royal profession, came to resemble a model's. Every woman who was dieting wondered if she could get that thin. Those who had stopped dieting said it was too much, and dangerous. When she admitted her eating disorder, others could admit it as well.

She worked out, and built up muscles that rippled under her evening dresses, which were now cut to show her shoulders, her back, the definition of her arms. She looked as if she spent five hours every day in the gym. It was too much. It was like Linda Hamilton in "Terminator 2."

Even before she was stripped of her title, she had stopped wearing the ball gowns and the strange fashions of pomp and ceremony. Then she sold them at Christie's, and the proceeds went to charity. During this past summer, she seemed to have stopped torturing herself. Her arms were normal, and in the last photographs of her, on boats, she had a tummy. As if she had been simply enjoying good food.

She did not wear gloves to shake hands, or when she visited the sick. Contact with her was flesh to flesh.

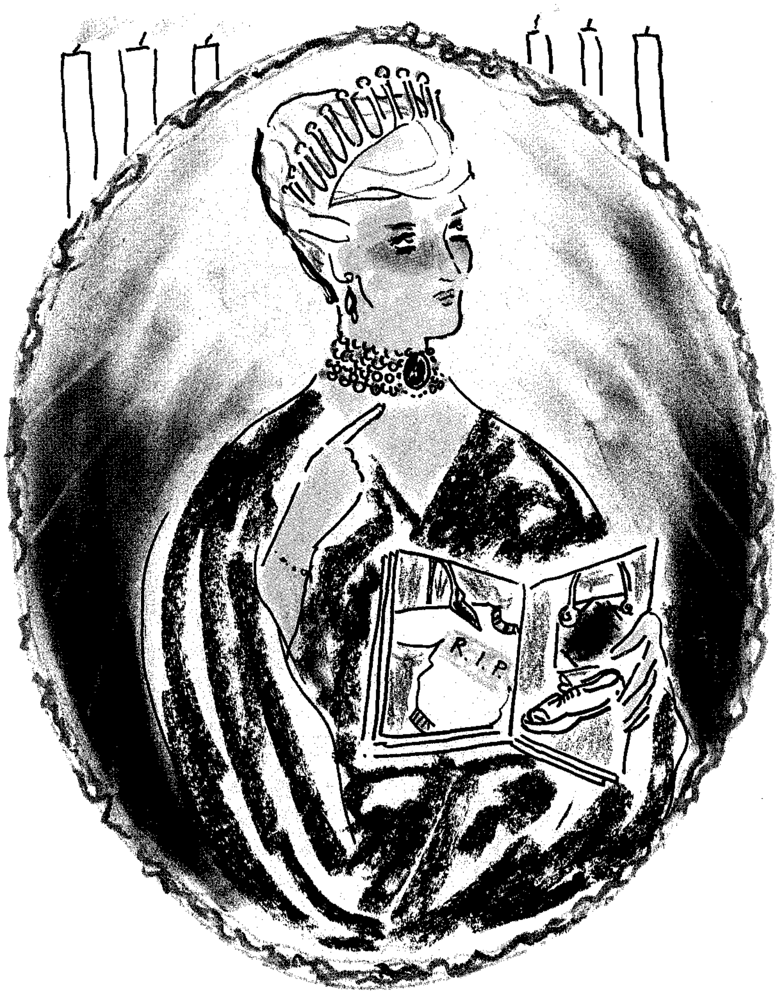
SEVEN RELICS

1. *The cardigan with running reindeer.* At the time of her engagement, Diana symbolized her own generation. This sweater, which she wore the first day she was hounded by photographers, was eminently recognizable to her peers, as were her car keys, her grotty handbag, her practical black boots.

2. *The pearl choker.* Once she was married, she symbolized her class. This necklace was the first emblem to be copied around the world. Diana's choker had seven rows of pearls and a sapphire clasp set in diamonds, worn at the front. The sapphire had been given to her as a brooch by the Queen Mother. Women bought copies, had their real pearls restrung in rows of three or five or seven, bought clasps centered on blue stones, and wore them at the front. Society photographs between the years 1983 and 1997 can be dated by the emergence, preponderance, and gradual subsidence of the pearl choker. Unlike Jackie Kennedy's pearls or Barbara Bush's—both fake, by Kenneth Jay Lane—hers were real. The copies, for the most part, are, too.

3. *The Elvis dress,* No. 78 in the Christie's catalogue. Long, beaded, most effective worn with a tiara. The high collar of its jacket recalls the singer in his late, theatrical "Elvis in Memphis" period. Designed by Catherine Walker, it signifies the moment when official costume became as glamorous as show business. It has no bearing on what can be bought, copied, or approximated, but the co-owner of the Franklin Mint, who bought it at Christie's, is the proud possessor of the relic of Diana's apotheosis as the future Queen of England.

4. *The pointy cocktail dress.* The black silk-crêpe cocktail dress by Christina Stambolian which Diana wore to a *Vanity Fair* party at the Serpentine Gallery, in London, in 1994, was Item No. 2 in the Christie's catalogue—the only dress in the auction that represents Diana as herself rather than in her role as Princess. The hanging, pointed sash and the deep décolletage, which extends into bands that constrict the arms, have a symbolic value as mourning and imprisonment, and can also be interpreted as intimations of a dark and snaky side, with a potential for striking back. This dress has variations, sans points, by Karl Lagerfeld for Chanel, Gianni Versace, and Christian Lacroix—foreign designers she could turn to when she no longer had the dynastic duty to buy British. These cocktail dresses all had four elements in common. They were sleeveless, they were low-cut, they were short, and they showed off her figure: the clothing of a free woman of means, worn without jewelry.



The royal regalia that distanced us gave way to sweatshirts and sneakers.

GLADYS PERINT PALMER

5. *The square handbag with handles, open at the top.* The first version was a Lady Dior bag given to Diana by Bernadette Chirac on the occasion of the Princess's visit to Paris for the opening of the Cézanne show in 1995. The shape can be seen again in larger Versace and Gucci versions. Whereas before her divorce Diana's bags were fairly anonymous, these three were created to be marketed worldwide, and they turned up in almost every photograph of Diana in the past two years. Even while she was alive, her impact on the sales of these handbags was huge: women asked at Dior for the Lady Di.

6. *Gym shoes.* The only European woman to look good in sneakers, Diana wore white ones on her way to and from her workouts, to theme parks and McDonald's with her sons, and on the missions to Angola and Bosnia. We will never see the end of them now.

7. *Boys' clothes.* The khakis, the jeans, the white shirt, the Harvard sweatshirt—these are what she chose to wear to get on with it. They are the least designed, the cheapest, the humblest clothes in everyone's closet; they are washable and universal. And they are androgynous. In the end, Diana's emblems transcended nationality, class, and gender, and that is probably why so many people felt that they, too, had died. ♦

ANNALS OF STYLE

JACOBS' LADDER

What happens when a street-smart New York designer tries to change a hundred and forty-three years of French tradition at Louis Vuitton?

BY ZOË HELLER

ONE afternoon in May of last year, Concetta Lanciaux, the head of human resources at the luxury-goods conglomerate known as L.V.M.H. (for Moët Hennessy Louis Vuitton), paid a visit to the SoHo studio of a thirty-four-year-old fashion designer named Marc Jacobs. When she arrived at the glass door of his office, Jacobs, a small, olive-skinned man with a long dark ponytail, was sitting with birdlike pertness at his desk, smoking furiously and talking on the phone. Taped to the phone was a tiny clipping that said, "Happiness is the most important thing in life."

Lanciaux had come to New York on a scouting mission for Bernard Arnault, the chairman of L.V.M.H. and éminence grise of French fashion. At L.V.M.H., which includes Christian Dior, Givenchy, Kenzo, Christian Lacroix, and Louis Vuitton among its holdings, there were three important designer positions that needed filling: two jobs for couturiers at Givenchy and Dior; and the post of artistic director at Louis Vuitton, where recently it had been decided to expand the luggage-and-accessories business into ready-to-wear for the first time.

Both Arnault and Lanciaux had spent the previous months studying videos of fashion shows to become familiar with the current fashion scene, and Lanciaux had made appointments with "everybody" in New York, from Anna Sui to Michael Kors. But as she stood in Jacobs' hallway, observing him from behind the glass door, she experienced one of those moments—much celebrated in fashion-industry mythopoeia—of mysterious but incontrovertible revelation. "I knew he was the one," she said later, struggling to articulate her frisson. "It was the way his office looked and felt . . . his long hair in the ponytail. I had a feeling. I . . ." She shrugged. "There was a connection. Marc is always elegant, no? Even in his sneakers."

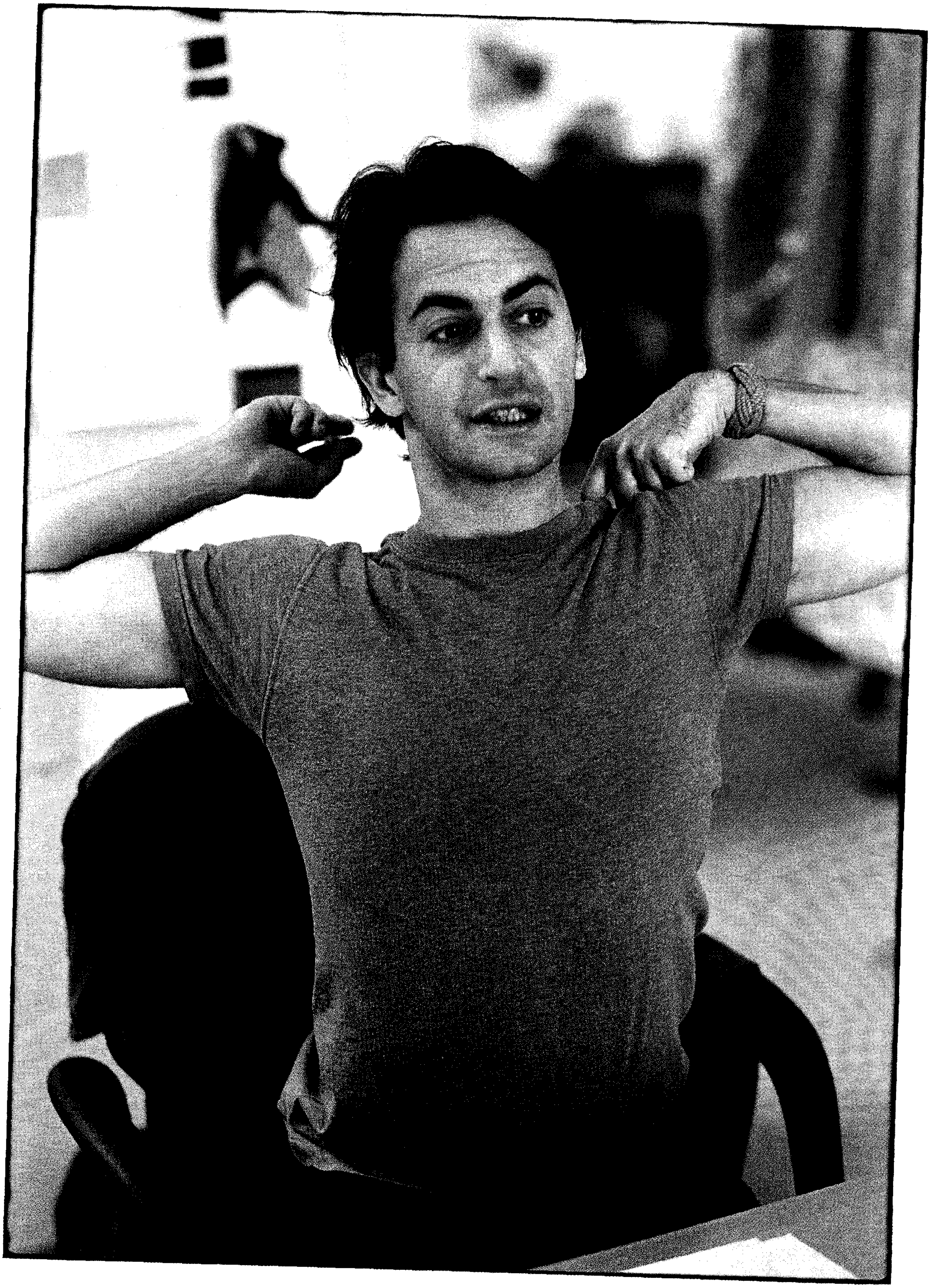
Jacobs' memory of that first meeting with Lanciaux, while pleasant, is less vivid. For one thing, his SoHo studio is a busy place, and on any given day a dozen or so visitors—fashion reporters, models, fabric salesmen, friends—pass through the glass door. For another, Jacobs, who was born and grew up in Manhattan, has a city kid's reflexive aversion to being impressed by anything that is meant to be impressive. While he is happy to exclaim and sigh perversely over trivial matters, more consequential excitements—such as a visit from an important potential employer—tend to elicit hooded-eyed insouciance or a wearily dismissive flap of the hand.

It was fitting that the two parties took away such different impressions from their first encounter. In the ensuing relationship between the SoHo designer and the biggest luxury-goods conglomerate in the world, many uncomfortable differences—of personality, of culture, of business strategy, and even of fashion sense—would arise. The recent rush of venerable houses to hire hip young designers has been applauded by the industry, but such liaisons tend to be problematic. When a gay, sneaker-wearing, night-clubbing, temperamental New Yorker like Jacobs goes into business with a phalanx of tailored suits like the ones who run Louis Vuitton—well-mannered, bourgeois Parisians who drive solid, expensive cars and possess an unshakable faith in something called Good Taste—it is clear that the union, however fruitful, will not be without drama.

THAT afternoon, after Lanciaux had sat and chatted with Jacobs for a while, they took a stroll together around SoHo. "Suddenly, he would stop in the street—not listening to what I was saying—because he had seen a girl who in some way epitomized the style of his own designs," she recalls. "You know—one of these skinny, tall, elegant blond women. It was amazing—the absoluteness of his vision." Lanciaux was enchanted. But a vast conglomerate like L.V.M.H. does not make important hiring decisions on the basis of enchantments. The SoHo stroll was followed by an elaborate corporate dance, in the course of which a procession of senior L.V.M.H. personages flew to New York to see Jacobs and his business partner, Robert Duffy, and, in turn, Jacobs and Duffy flew several times to Paris. "We were meeting all these people from these different divisions," Duffy recalls, "and we didn't know really who any of them were, but it was, like, 'Hi, hi! Nice to meet you!' "

The two Americans' bemusement was compounded by uncertainty about exactly what job Jacobs was being considered for. The first position to be mentioned was that of couturier for the house of Dior. Then it looked, for a time, as though he would be offered the same position at Givenchy. Meanwhile, however, Arnault had been growing increasingly convinced that Jacobs was the perfect candidate for Vuitton's artistic director. He asked Jacobs to sketch out his preliminary thoughts on what a Vuitton ready-to-wear line might look like. Jacobs came back with a group of sketches, the frontispiece of which was a photograph of a young Mick Jagger in torn suède shoes brooding chicly in an airport lounge. After this, Arnault made up his mind. John Galliano, the British designer who had been briefly at Givenchy, would move to Dior. The British designer Alexander McQueen would take over at Givenchy, and Jacobs would be given Vuitton. Thenceforth, Jacobs and Duffy would spend roughly half the year in New York,

"Depending on what day of the week it is, the stuff I make has to preserve the tradition of Vuitton or it has to rock the world," Marc Jacobs says. Photographed in his Paris studio by François-Marie Banier.



"Not much in the way of hard assets, I'm afraid, but he did leave some highly desirable organs."

attending to the Marc Jacobs label, and half the year in Paris, working for L.V.M.H.

THE son of two agents at William Morris, Jacobs discovered his vocation in fashion early in life. At fifteen, he begged his way into a job as a part-time assistant at the Charivari boutique on the Upper West Side. At around the same time, he became a Studio 54 regular. (After a hard night's partying, he would pick up his schoolbooks at the coat check and head off through the dewy Manhattan dawn to class.) By the time he graduated from Parsons School of Design, in 1984, he had already sold Charivari his first line of sweaters. His graduating show at Parsons attracted the interest of Robert Duffy—a sales manager at the clothing manufacturer Reuben Thomas, Inc.—who secured Jacobs his first job as a designer there and would later become his business manager, playing Pierre Bergé to Jacobs' Yves Saint Laurent.

After five frantic years of hopping from one backer to another, the twenty-five-year-old Jacobs landed a job as the women's-wear designer for Perry Ellis, at that time a seven-hundred-million-dollar-a-year retail business. In the fall of 1992, he produced his now legendary "grunge" collection. The show, which featured three-hundred-dollar silk shirts printed to look like flannel, helped win him the Womenswear Designer of the Year award, but it infuriated Ellis executives and they discontinued the collection; shortly thereafter, Perry Ellis and Jacobs parted company. Undaunted, Jacobs and Duffy went into business on their own. As part of a severance package, Duffy persuaded Perry Ellis to buy a one-third stake in their new company, and so Marc Jacobs International was born.

Jacobs' seat-of-the-pants operation produces chic sportswear aimed fairly specifically at a market of skinny, urban young women. His early work was characterized by a certain amount of high-concept whimsy—"Freudian-slip dresses" (with the doctor's grizzled portrait printed on the cotton fabric), beaded "Miami beach towel" skirts, and so on—but his designs in recent years have grown sleeker and subtler. These days he makes what you might call downtown couture.

While this evolution has been much admired within the industry—Jacobs is frequently cited as a favorite by editors, reporters, models, and, most telling, other designers—it has not brought him mainstream appeal. Jacobs works with luxurious fabrics, and produces in small volume, which results in dizzyingly high retail prices: a sleeveless, hooded sweatshirt in orange angora, for example, can cost around eight hundred dollars. As Candy Pratts-Price, a senior editor at American *Vogue* and one of Jacobs' friends, puts it, "maybe five girls own his stuff in New York, and three girls in Texas." To make ends meet, Jacobs has produced a secondary line—Marc Jacobs Look, distributed by two Japanese companies, Mitsubishi and Renown Look—along with a number of smaller and shorter-lived licensing projects. Even so, Jacobs and Duffy have often found themselves struggling. "I can't tell you how many times I've had to remortgage my house," Duffy says.

With the move to L.V.M.H., Jacobs and Duffy were acquiring not only a new employer but a new backer: in working out the terms of the deal with Vuitton, Duffy had requested that Vuitton buy out Perry Ellis's one-third share of Marc Jacobs International. "I knew it was crucial," Duffy explained recently. "If they went ahead and put money into us, it would be their first major American investment, and for that reason alone they would not let our company fail."

I WENT to visit Jacobs in SoHo one gray day in February, soon after his Louis Vuitton appointment had been announced. He had just returned from a trip to Paris—his first in the official capacity of artistic director—and he and Duffy were slumped disconsolately at their desks, reviewing how things had gone. There had been, they both sensed, a certain repressed hostility toward the idea of an outsider shaking up time-honored corporate traditions. "It's like one part of the company is willing to make the change," Duffy said, "but another part feels that Vuitton is a huge, profitable business that is bigger than any other accessories house in the world, so why change it?" Duffy is a tall, gray-haired man in his early forties with an air of unassailable calmness. (One of his favorite phrases is that nineties term for arch indifference or submission "Whatever.") Jacobs, on the other hand, vacillates between a sort of daffy excitement and lowering depression. This was one of his depressed days. No one at Vuitton, he felt, was offering a clear sense of what he should be aiming for with the clothes. "It's like having the liberty to do whatever you want," he said, fingering his ponytail anxiously, "but it's too much freedom, in a weird way."

Arnault's hirings for Dior and Givenchy had been receiving enormous amounts of press coverage, and Jacobs was feeling burdened by all sorts of unreasonable expectations. Thus far, the plan was that he would produce a modest group of items to be put in two stores in London and Paris at the end of the year, but people in the fashion industry seemed to be expecting a full collection and a pyrotechnic fashion show. "Every time I tell someone that there won't be a show, an hour later they're, like, 'So, when's the show?' " he said. "It seems to go in one ear and out the other, which is absolutely typical of this business."

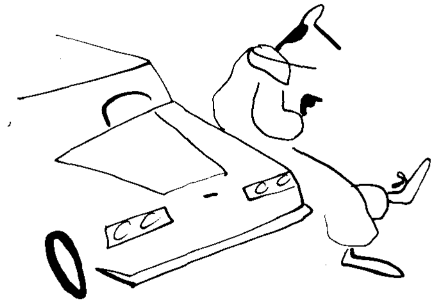
The trip had also been something of an eye-opener for Jacobs and Duffy concerning the intricacies of Vuitton's corporate procedure. Particularly alarming had been the phenomenon of what was called the Product Committee Meeting. This is designed to ascertain the group view of issues such as whether the buckle on a new handbag is a good thing or a bad thing. (At the Vuitton factory, in Asnières, there is a large storage cupboard, known as The Fridge, which houses hundreds of almost-ran clutches, totes, and duffels.) To Jacobs and Duffy, who are used to a more casual system of decision-making ("Marc will say, 'I really want to change the cut of this dress,' I say, 'O.K., whatever,' and it's done," Duffy explained), the Product Committee process had seemed maddeningly bureaucratic; both men left Paris feeling dubious about whether the company was ready to adapt to the fast pace of the ready-to-wear business and the seasonal aspect of fashion. "They've never even had a sale!" Duffy said indignantly.

Louis Vuitton Malletier is a hundred and forty-three years old. Its founder, Louis Vuitton—who was a trunk-builder for the French aristocracy—established his first shop in Paris in 1854. His son, Georges, created the famous "Monogram canvas" in 1896. (This japonaiserie-inspired beige-and-brown motif featuring diamond, star, and flower shapes entwined with the initials "LV" remains the company's signature fabric. It is also, by now, a virtual synecdoche for the perfumed, silk-scarfed world of "luxury goods.") Throughout the nineteenth century and for much of the twentieth, Vuitton remained a family firm, supplying custom-made travel items for sultans, maharajas, and the odd Hollywood movie star. Then, in 1977, at the height of its popularity with the group known quaintly at the time as the jet set, Vuitton became a holding company and switched to an aggressive strategy of international expansion. This, the company's marketing and communications director, Jean-Marc Loubier, explained to me, coincided with a prodigious growth in worldwide consumer demand. "In spite of the 'crisis' we were hearing about, the world became extremely rich," he said. "You had a huge growth in what we call *la classe moyenne*—a new group of consumers, who came not only from Europe but from America and Asia."

In 1987, Louis Vuitton merged with the champagne and cognac giant Moët Hennessy to form L.V.M.H. Later that year, Arnault wrested the firm from family ownership. He was warned that the market for Monogram products was nearing saturation, but he went ahead and introduced new Vuitton lines, including a line of men's luggage and leather goods called Taïga and a relaunch of one of the company's old checkerboard canvas patterns, called Damier. The company continued to prosper, even though the late eighties and the early nineties were a period in which the Gulf War, a downturn in Western economies, and a trend away from ostentatious consumerism were held responsible for creating a slight lull in the luxury-goods business.

"The whole spirit of the times was about paring down—just wearing a simple T-shirt from the Gap," Rose Marie Bravo, the former director of Saks Fifth Avenue, says. "A lot of the status labels went under cover." But Vuitton's rapidly expanding customer base among the international *classe moyenne* immunized it against such concerns. Its new markets were in places where the concepts of chic minimalism and paring down simply didn't fly. In the last seven years, sales of Louis Vuitton products have more than doubled. "A lot of people wrote at the beginning of the nineties that the luxury business was dead," Vuitton's president, Yves Carcelle, remarks, smiling. "The quantity of bullshit that was written during that period!"

Today, Vuitton is one of the most profitable leather-goods manufacturers in the world, with sales last year of approximately a billion three hundred million dollars. The worldwide sales of Vuitton's Epi line alone are greater than the total sales of its closest American competitor, the accessories company Coach. Yet Vuitton's outstanding commercial success over the last twenty years points up a paradox that faces all luxury-goods concerns: as the products have grown more popular with an international middle-class consumer, the perception of their exclusivity and chic has correspondingly withered.



When status logos began to regain favor among the Western fashion élite, around 1994, it was companies like Prada and Gucci, rather than Vuitton, that benefitted. If Monogram luggage was once the thing you glimpsed being hauled up the gangplank of the Q.E.2 behind Douglas Fairbanks, the readier association now is with O. J. Simpson, or with crocodiles of Japanese matrons descending from double-decker tour buses at Rockefeller Center. "You think of Vuitton and you think of airports," Anna Wintour, the editor of American *Vogue*, says. "Until now, it has had no fashion cachet, no status. Vuitton's image has been—" She pauses, searching for an appropriately horrible connotation. "It has been Palm Beach."

Like many others, Wintour sees Vuitton's hiring of Jacobs as an attempt to replicate the strategy of Gucci, a company that has effected a miraculous comeback in the last two years, thanks largely to the hiring of the young American designer Tom Ford: Ford's slithery pheromonal clothes have transformed the Gucci image from one of laughable cheesiness to one of high-octane postmodern chic. ("Gucci had a terrible image," Wintour says. "All those seventies playboys in Gucci loafers! And now you can't get *into* the Gucci store in Milan.")

Bernard Arnault does not appreciate comparisons between Vuitton and other companies, I discovered. A silver-haired, seigneurial figure with a highly developed capacity for communicating disdain, he responds to the mere mention of Gucci with a grim little moue. "Vuitton is by far the most successful company of its kind in the world," he told me. "We do not need to do what other companies have done." Still, Arnault is aware that the Vuitton label's chic is not all that it once was. "Twenty—or even ten—years ago, Vuitton was very fashionable, even with an ad campaign that was very traditional. But I think that aspect of the Vuitton image has become maybe a little faded."

One of the abiding clichés of the luxury-goods industry is that consumers buy luxury products in an aspirational spirit. In other words, the enthusiasm of *la classe moyenne* for Vuitton products depends in large part on the customers' continuing belief that Vuitton products are the authentic totems of a higher fashion élite. And in this regard the proud boast in one of the company's current luggage brochures that Jerry Lewis "owns seventy rigid items" does not quite do the trick. Hence Jacobs.

THE Louis Vuitton Museum of Travel is housed in Louis Vuitton's former residence, just outside Paris, in the small town of Asnières. When I visited it, earlier this year, I was taken on a detailed tour of the exhibits, shown a short film about the illustrious Vuitton heritage, shepherded through the factory, and, finally, given tea and cake in M. Vuitton's lovingly restored Art Deco living room. "So now," said one of the coiffured P.R. ladies from the Vuitton head office, setting down her teacup and leaning toward me confidentially, "tell us: 'Ow are the clothes that Meester Jacobs is making? Is he still doing the 'grunge'?"

Certainly, Jacobs is not the safest choice to steer Vuitton into ready-to-wear, but Arnault irritably discounts any suggestion that his new designer will alienate the buyers of Vuitton handbags. "We will have new customers attracted by Marc and the more trendy, fashionable edge to the new products," he argued, "but we will also keep most of the traditional customers, because we will keep the standards of quality. It is an easy idea."

In February, however, Jacobs was not so sure that it *was* an easy idea. Various mixed messages emerging from Vuitton executives were keeping him worried about whether he and they were "on the same page" concerning their target market. There was, for example, the company's decision to place a new flagship store on the Champs-Elysées, where there had been a Louis Vuitton store many years before. "The Champs-Elysées is a touristy kind of street," he moaned. "People don't buy fashion on it. I'm trying to figure it out, because if I made a very basic cashmere sweater in a small size it would appeal to a fashion customer, but if I made it sort of in a normal size, and it had a logo on it, it would appeal to, like, a tourist, a non-fashion customer. I have to assume that they asked me to do this because of my, you know, fashion sense or something, but then I think, Well, are we going to make little fashion sweaters to sell on the Champs-Elysées?"

What seemed increasingly obvious was that the language used in the discussions between designer and corporation was not really up to conveying the fine distinctions that were intended. Fashion people like Jacobs tend to augment a narrow vocabulary with a vast array of nuanced inflections. Like Lady Brett Ashley in "The Sun Also Rises," Jacobs can assign a single word—"real," for instance—three or four meanings within a single sentence. "Real" can be good: "There are certain things you *love* because they're real—like denim and cotton." But in some contexts, when accompanied by a sardonic flex of the eyebrow, "real" can be borderline, or just plain bad: "Too real can be too much like tacky things that already exist. It's like, you like the idea of things that people really wear, but you don't want it to be what people *really* wear—you want it to be your beautiful, sophisticated version of that."

This form of communication seems to work all right within a small band of fashion insiders, but it was not very helpful in conversations between Jacobs and the Vuitton management. The more straightforward the executives tried to be, the more questions were raised for Jacobs. Even if he *could* ascertain that they wanted "little fashion sweaters," there was a strong possibility that the *type* of fashion they were expecting was not what Jacobs was willing or prepared to supply.

Did they mean what Jacobs called "fashion in the sense of fashion show"—a publicity-grabbing, theatrical sort of fashion? Or did they mean what he referred to witheringly as "gold-button-*jolie-madame*-status kind of fashion"? Or were the Vuitton executives referring to the sort of high-kitsch fashion that revives gold-button fashion in an ironic spirit? This style—the sartorial equivalent of a Quentin Tarantino movie—celebrates old forms by advertising an amused detachment from them. It is what Suzanne Clements, who is half of the British design team Clements Ribeiro, seems to have had in mind when she described the spirit in which she had been sporting a Vuitton Trocadéro handbag for the last eighteen months: "I used to hate Monogram, and then, a little while back, I really got into it. The Vuitton had an irony to it—you know, the whole Japanese-tourist thing. It was almost tacky. Plus the Trocadéro looks like a wash bag, which is sort of great. It has a kitsch value but also a luxury feel."

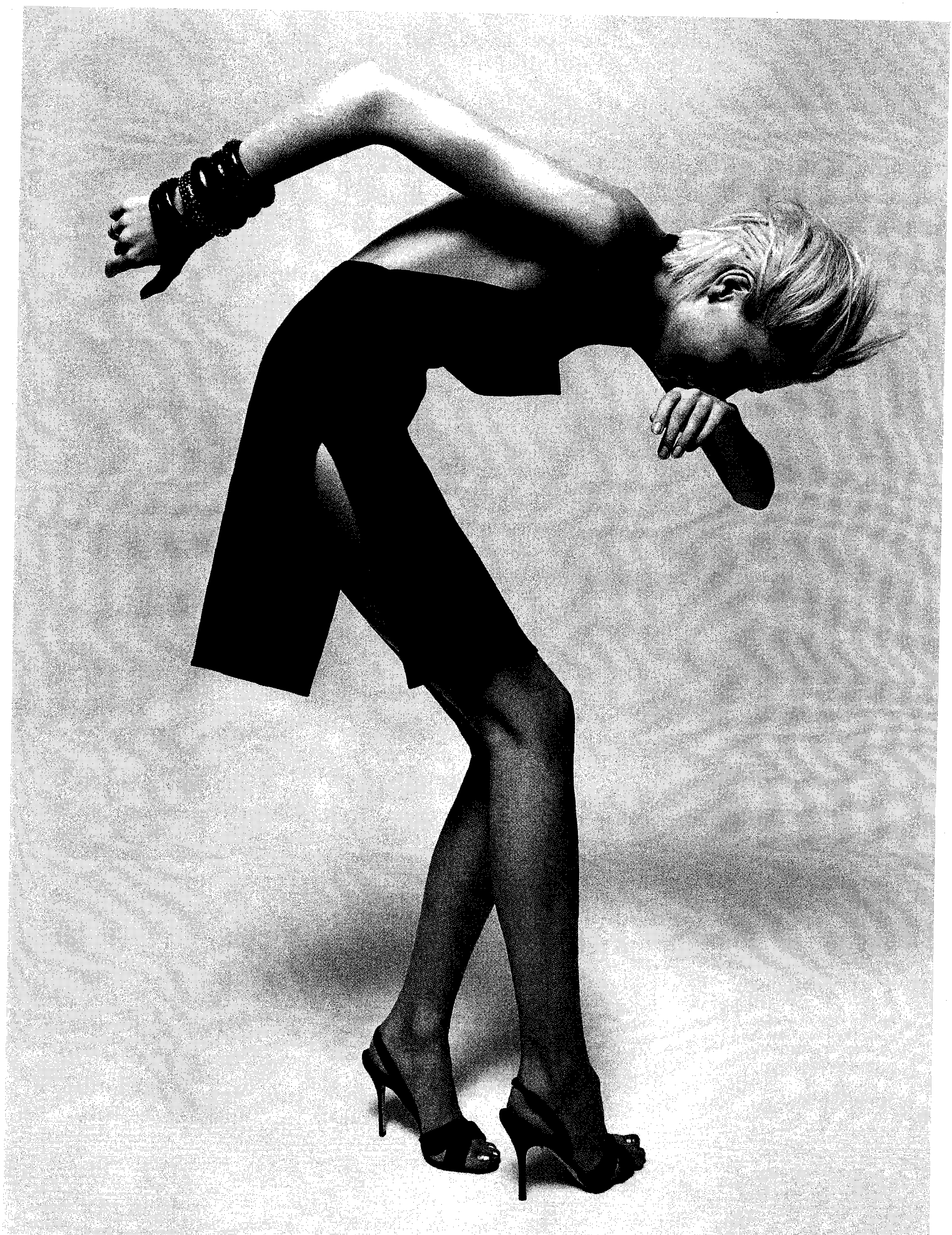
As it happened, Jacobs was hostile to all these possibilities. In truth, he didn't really want to be fashionable—in the sense of trendy—at all. "I'm just a little weary of trendy things right now. I think when something screams 'This season!' it's a little old-fashioned." He disliked the arch, everything-in-quotation-marks approach, but he was equally averse to making any grandiose, avant-garde statements. "I have to assume that Vuitton hired me on the basis of my audition project," he said. "And that certainly wasn't very . . . I mean, it was creative in a very basic way. I think you have to give them nice things—not extreme or avant-garde or weird. I mean, I don't have very wacky instincts anyway. But that's part of my personal torment in all this—I'm starting to think that that's maybe what people want, or maybe what people expect."

THE next time I visited the SoHo studio, in March, Jacobs was in slightly better spirits. He had chopped off his hair and was sporting a slightly bouffant cut that made him look like one of the teen-age schoolgirls in "To Sir, with Love." He had also begun to develop a number of ideas for his first Vuitton collection, which was projected for the fall of 1997. A young Englishwoman, one of the four assistants he had hired for his Paris studio, had come in to be given her brief before leaving. When I arrived, they were busy critiquing the existing Vuitton women's throw. ("Eeuw!" Jacobs said. "It looks like a T.W.A. blanket.")

Jacobs had now, it seemed, decided on his strategy. He was going to stick to beautiful, timeless, extremely expensive pieces. "I don't want to be vulgar about it, but everything has to be the best," he instructed the new assistant. "If it's the best, the most beautiful button—that's the one we should use. Afterward, it may become someone's job to find the same button for twenty-five cents less to make it economically viable." At the same time, however, he was going to steer clear of anything too crassly, self-announcingly *luxe*. There would be no flash, no irony, no wackiness. "We're not doing any big gold LV buckles on the front of moccasins," he announced firmly. "Although we'd probably sell more if we did. Every beautician and hairdresser would be running around in them."

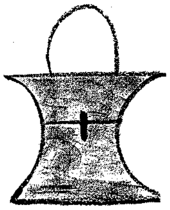
He wanted to make a series of "football

MICHAEL THOMPSON



Jacobs' early work was whimsical, but in recent years his designs have had the sleekness of a downtown couture.

scarves." He was also planning a group of scarves in boiled cashmere, which would have the slightly matted, unfinished look of Shetland wool. It would be, he observed cheerfully, a cashmere that was "guaranteed to pill with age." Ideally, it would look "a little bit fucked up—beautiful, but fucked up." In addition, he was planning to replace gold plating on belt buckles and handbag clasps with "younger" metals, like nickel and brass. He was aware that some of this shabbification of Vuitton chic would run into trouble with the company's strict quality control. (Before going into production, the prototype of any new Vuitton bag or accessory goes to a laboratory where various tortures are visited upon it in order to test its resistance to extreme weather conditions, sadistic baggage handlers, and so on.) But he was defiant. "At the moment, they plate everything at Vuitton," he said. "We're just going to have to fight them on this. I do understand the product that they make and the appeal of the endurance thing, but I still think the major appeal of their product is that it's a status symbol, so people won't mind a few scuffs." He sighed. "Oh! They're not going to like most things I suggest, but if we sit around thinking that all day we'll get nowhere. I'm just going to present them with beautiful things that I love, and I think it'll work."



Toward the end of the morning, as Angela, an elderly Italian seamstress who occasionally brings in food for Jacobs' staff, began preparing meatballs in the kitchen at the back of the studio, Eyde Steinberg turned up to talk with Duffy. Steinberg is L.V.M.H.'s executive recruitment manager for North and South America. Her aim, she said, was to become better acquainted with the Marc Jacobs operation—in particular, with the qualifications and the ambitions of his staff. Gazing at Rex, a very charming, very pierced young man who is a personal assistant to Duffy and Jacobs, she inquired about his curriculum vitae. "The company wants to keep all its employees motivated and challenged," she told Duffy. "As Marc's business grows, we can offer the staff opportunities to move up within L.V.M.H."

This visit, it seemed, was the latest in a series of L.V.M.H. efforts to draw Jacobs and his outfit into the corporate culture. The four assistants whom Jacobs and Duffy had chosen for their Paris studio had been vetted by the Vuitton human-resources people, and concerns had been raised because, of the two women being hired, one had a boyfriend who lived in Italy and the other was pregnant. (After all four had been approved, it was Duffy's intervention that had prevented them from having to attend Louis Vuitton training courses.) After Steinberg left, Duffy couldn't help giggling at the idea of Rex seeking out motivation and challenge in the L.V.M.H. empire. "Can you imagine?" he said, glancing over at Rex, who was at that moment languidly flicking through a fashion magazine. "He would *die* if he had to go work there. He wouldn't be able to spend all weekend clubbing and come in late on Mondays."

AMUSING though some of the run-ins with the L.V.M.H. Weltanschauung were proving to be, more serious conflicts of sensibility were beginning to emerge. "We're going to have to change the advertising," Duffy said, referring to Vuitton's recently launched print campaign. "It doesn't reflect Marc's ideas at all. We'd really like it to be a little more sympathetic to our style."

Traditionally, Vuitton's marketing strategy has been to associate the company's products with various uncontentious emblems of privilege. Vuitton's publicity material focusses on themes like "the elegance of travel," and their brochures have manifested a style best described as *haut*-preppy (ladies with chignons engaged in tony outdoor activities with their lantern-jawed beaux). For more than a decade, the company's print advertising has been dominated by the "Landscape" campaign—a series of romantic photographs of exotic sites, with items of luggage posed portentously on hillsides and promontories. "The basic idea of this campaign was to hide the product," Loubier explained. "It was not like advertising—it was like a painting for dreaming."

Then, in 1996, on the centennial of the Monogram canvas, the company decided to celebrate by commissioning six high-profile designers—Isaac Mizrahi, Azzedine Alaïa, Vivienne Westwood, Romeo Gigli, Helmut Lang, and Manolo Blahnik—to create special Monogram products. Helmut Lang created a d.j.'s record box in Monogram, Vivienne Westwood made a Monogram "bum bag," and so on. Carcelle felt that this promotional exercise had successfully demonstrated that "Monogram had trendy value," and it was swiftly followed up with an aggressive advertising campaign that introduced a new, "fashion forward" edge. For the reissued Damier, an androgynous couple in identical checkerboard flared pants and tight safari shirts was shown standing sulkily with a Damier bag. For the bright-colored Epi line, a set of eccentrically clad models were shot in a strange white light, clutching Epi accessories in highly artificial mannequin postures.

Jacobs' reaction to all this was like that of a teen-ager hearing his parents use "hip" catchphrases: it was all wrong; it was phony; it embarrassed him. "I don't like the idea of an advertising company thinking up what looks young and cool as opposed to a real young person just feeling what they think looks contemporary and right," he said. "I mean, I don't sit down and think, O.K., I'm going to create a cool sweater. I sit down and think about a sweater and it's not, you know, this great effort to be 'with it.' "

At one of the meetings Jacobs attended in Paris, a Louis Vuitton executive described some market research that had been done in Japan. Some of this research, according to Jacobs, supported his skepticism. "They'd asked some young Japanese girls about the ads—you know, the ones with, like, a girl with a backpack riding a bicycle, shown in what they consider to be really *edgy* photography—and apparently the girls said, 'Well, these bags are still essentially bags for my mother.' " He gestured triumphantly. "You see? What they've done for years is change the way they're presenting things instead of changing what they're presenting. I don't want to do that! It's not in my nature to take a bag and put it on a girl in a black vinyl cat suit and say 'It's a young bag' all of a sudden. It's still not a young bag!"

IN April, I had breakfast with Yves Carcelle, the president of Vuitton, at the Four Seasons Hotel. He was, he told me, more than satisfied with the new Vuitton ads. "They have a little humor," he said. They demonstrated that luxury goods are not just stuffy and for old ladies. The two sides of the Jacobs-Vuitton liaison had very different approaches, he noted. "We French tend to be quite conceptual," he explained. "You know, we tend to want to have everything worked out before we produce something, whereas I think the Americans tend to do the contrary—they go into practical action and then they theorize." He also indicated that Vuitton was not as "ready" as Jacobs had been hoping it was to review its position on "the endurance thing." "I prefer not to put a product on the market if I cannot guarantee its quality," he said. "We don't want to take the risk. This is something we have had to discuss deeply with Marc, because it is a constraint. I will not sacrifice the reputation of quality for the sake of looking for the most trendy thing."

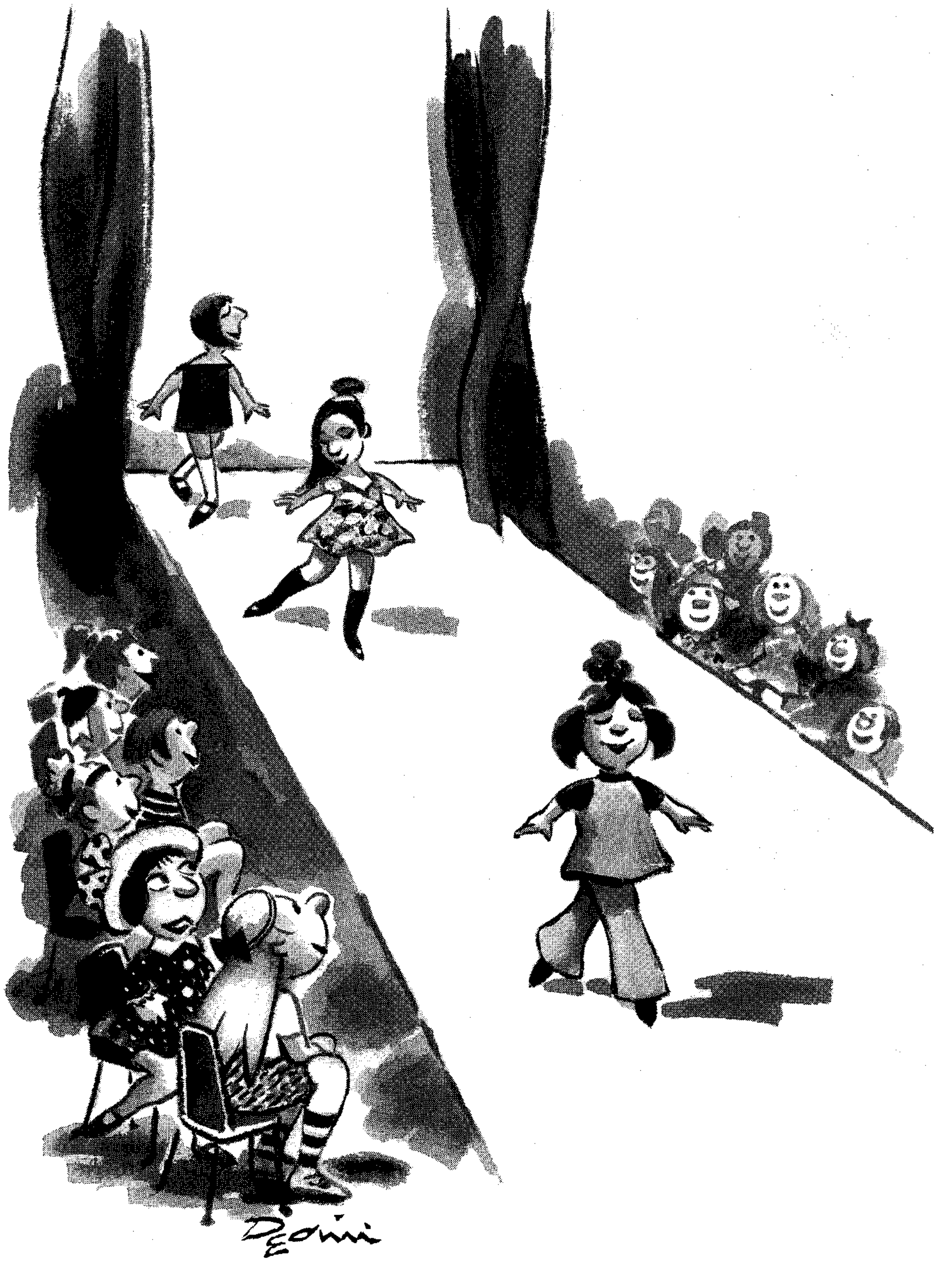
Carcelle had come to New York with a number of other Vuitton executives to attend the Marc Jacobs fall-collection show, which was being held in the Puck Building, on Houston Street. Given L.V.M.H.'s stake in the Marc Jacobs label, this was far from being merely a courtesy visit. The show, at which the Vuitton men in suits sat looking conspicuously corporate alongside Steven Meisel, Kelly Klein, Kim Gordon, of Sonic Youth, and James Iha, of Smashing Pumpkins, was a successful affair. The cash injection from L.V.M.H. had enabled Jacobs to bring in help—something he had never been in a position to do before. He had hired people to do the seating and public relations for the show. ("For the first time ever," he noted, "I wasn't distracted by the phone ringing every ten seconds with R.S.V.P.s.") He had also brought in the high-profile stylist Joe McKenna, to assist with the runway presentation of the models. The show got a rapturous reception. *Women's Wear Daily* pronounced the clothes "hip . . . savvy . . . very beautiful." With a happy sigh, Jacobs acknowledged that he was finally feeling confident.

Nevertheless, he and Duffy seemed a little taken aback the next day when Carcelle and his young English wife came to visit the SoHo studio. Mme. Carcelle was mystified by the mutedness of Jacobs' collection. Where, she wanted to know, were the evening gowns? For the Vuitton line, she recommended that he consider doing some big gold jewelled belts. Jacobs and Duffy could barely conceal their panic. Was *this* the sort of customer they were seeking to please? Mme. Carcelle didn't look like the sort of person to appreciate the recherché joys of cashmere scarves boiled to look "fucked up."

A WEEK later, Jacobs and Duffy were back in Paris. Jacobs' new apartment, in the Seventh Arrondissement, was slowly becoming home. He took me over there one morning, and as he flitted through the sunny, white rooms, showing off his recent flea-market purchases—a Knoll dining-room table, several wire-basket chairs that he was planning to have covered in shearling, and a hideous fifties "ice" chandelier—he cooed a little paean to Parisian life. "I love walking to work—I don't have to take the subway! I love the office. I love coming home. Paris is a much more relaxed place to live. I mean, buying *cutlery* is a pleasure."

He fetched sodas from the kitchen. (In his refrigerator he had packs and packs of duty-free Marlboro Lights, bottles of mineral water, and—a touching domestic gesture—a Tupperware bowl of tuna salad.) As we sat sipping Cokes on the living-room sofa, a man was busily installing a brand-new Bang & Olufsen stereo system. One of his neighbors, Jacobs said, had already complained about the volume at which he played music, but even this small annoyance seemed to strike him as a delightful novelty. "I was using a crappy little boom box when they called up, and it wasn't even like I was listening to the Rolling Stones, or anything. I was listening to Stereolab! I was talking about this with a friend, and apparently in Paris you're only allowed to have one party a year—*by law.* Amazing, huh?"

After the stereo had been installed, we went over to Jacobs' offices, a few blocks away, on the Rue du Bac. They had been



"I like its easygoing spirit, but light mauve shows jelly."

"Something drinkable right now."

• •

furnished by L.V.M.H. in grand corporate style, with leather chairs and sofas, and antique Vuitton trunks as coffee tables. In one large room, whose windows faced onto a stone courtyard, the assistants had stored items that they had been gathering as "research material" for the fall line. There were hundreds of fabric swatches piled up in boxes, rails holding odd coats and shirts bought from thrift shops, and several collages made from old magazine photographs. All these elements had been proffered to Jacobs as "inspirations," rather than as specific suggestions, and they required some exegesis. A tatty-looking secondhand blouse, for example, had been picked out solely for its interesting neckline, and an old army jacket for the cut of its sleeves. A picture of Tibetan monks had been chosen for the scarlet of the monks' robes. A film still of Vanessa Redgrave in Antonioni's "Blow-Up" had been chosen "just because she looks great."

Jacobs and Duffy sat on the floor of the studio, chain-smoking while they examined the assistants' work and chatted in a relaxed way about things like men's plimsolls. "I can't decide whether to do a leather or canvas sneaker," Jacobs mused. "What I'm *not* going to do is a more techno thing—a Nike, high-techy thing. I think Louis Vuitton is very low-tech. When things get too slick and modern, I'm, like, interested for about ten minutes and then I don't really want it. I bought a pair of those moon-booty sneakers, because I was, like, 'Wow, you see them on all the kids and they look so fab and they have those exaggerated over-the-top soles'—but you know what? I couldn't get into it. I'm just a low-tech kind of guy."

At this stage, Jacobs had evidently decided to adopt a brisk, down-to-earth, *mature* attitude toward his job at Vuitton. All fashion designers, perhaps wishing to make up for past fits of artistic petulance, seem to take on this manner every now and then, showily abjuring the pretensions of the industry and putting the silly business of clothes "in perspective." Jacobs chose to quote a neat admonition from Bill Blass. "Years ago," he said, "someone asked Mr. Blass what was 'the important dress of the season.' And he replied, 'Never use the words "important" and "dress" in the same sentence.' " Jacobs smiled an unusually calm smile. "I think that Mr. Arnault recognizes that an American designer doing this kind of collection doesn't see the idea of being commercial—of selling clothes, or making clothes that people can wear—as being an . . . an . . . *indignity*, or something. I mean, I *want* people to wear the clothes that I make. For me, the appeal of Louis Vuitton is that it's more real—it's about what people are going to wear."

Naturally, "people," in the context in which Jacobs was using it here, still referred to an extremely limited group. By his own admission, Vuitton clothes were projected to sell for high, not to say vertiginous, prices. ("I'm not going to be making tulle ball gowns, but then I'm not going to be making eight-dollar cotton T-shirts, either," he said, "and that's what people really wear.") But his little speech about pragmatism and the commercial instinct referred less to matters of price than to matters of design. He was now prepared, he said, to approach Vuitton ready-to-wear with a broader mind.

One of the things that had apparently prompted this conciliatory attitude was an item in the April 18th *Women's Wear Daily* which had quoted several industry figures praising the Vuitton advertising campaign that Jacobs had disliked so much. Now he was considering the possibility that his taste in such things was too *raffiné* for his own good, and he was rethinking his hostility toward "obvious" luxury. When one of his assistants began talking enthusiastically about doing "the sort of things that people wear every day" and pointed at her own crumpled black nylon V-neck, he waved a restraining hand. "We don't want to shoot ourselves in the foot by saying that we won't do anything that is statusy or recognizable. I'm not wearing expensive clothes—I like the poor alternative every time. But actually I think the woman who wants the cashmere really wants it to look like cashmere."

At this, Jacobs' assistants all looked slightly taken aback. "But once you've given them your sort of cashmere it'll have the Vuitton label on it and they'll all love it," one of them argued.

"I hope, I hope," Jacobs said, not sounding very hopeful. "But you know what I mean. The danger is that you end up isolating so many people who don't really think about what they buy. What they think about is what other people are going to think of it. So, if it's not immediately apparent that it's extremely expensive cashmere, you just reduce and reduce and reduce the number of customers. I mean, even when Chanel does something like army down coats they still do them in silk faille, and they still have gold buttons on them."

A FEW days later, Yves Carcelle came to the Rue du Bac offices for a meeting with Jacobs and Duffy. After a preliminary chat, the three men repaired to the studio, where Carcelle gamely took off the jacket of his Christian Dior suit and sat cross-legged on the floor to examine sketches and samples. Jacobs and Duffy lay on their sides, propped up on their elbows, like Roman emperors. Carcelle was jovial but slightly nervous. Duffy and Jacobs were coolly cordial. "We are together now for life," Carcelle said, jokingly, at one point. "The deal we have made—we are, in a way, married. It's frightening."

Duffy gazed at him unblinkingly. "Are *you* frightened?" he asked.

Jacobs began showing Carcelle swatches. "I need to know, are we doing things that are seasonal, or things that are quite timeless and can be carried over from one season to another?" Jacobs said. "That is part of this theoretical discussion we need to have. If we're going to make things that are timeless, then we need a way to express it, because, for instance, right now we're expressing a timeless product in an ad campaign that is very trendy. And what I want to know is, Are we making clothes that are trendy to go with classic bags? Or timeless clothes to go with timeless bags? Or both?"

Carcelle looked foxed. "I think," he said hesitantly, "at this stage, both. Yes, both." Then he delivered some bad news. The new stores were still nowhere near ready, he said. Perhaps it would be best to give up on the idea of a fall collection and start aiming instead for spring? It wasn't such a big deal, he maintained. A lot of what Jacobs had already done could simply be saved up for the following fall.

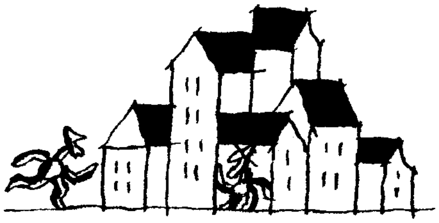
Jacobs and Duffy looked at him, thunderstruck. Carcelle picked up a swatch of heavy-gauge cashmere. "This sweater," he said, "it could be kept for the following season, no?"

Jacobs sat up and thrust his hand through his hair. "*No*—that's just it," he said. "Then it won't be the right thing. These sweaters are *timely*. They're right for this fall. *It's fashion*. And if we do something now that is going to be right for next fall, it has to be much more basic, and if we do something much more basic"—his voice was rising rapidly—"then who is going to care?"

Carcelle nodded. "But, still, what you have already done for winter has not gone to waste," he said. "It is like the thing they do for magazines—what do you say?—a sort of 'zero collection,' for experimentation."

Jacobs was silent for a few moments. You could see his Adam's apple bobbing as he struggled to swallow his frustration. Then, astonishingly, he appeared to recover. He sat up and devoted the next half hour to arguing that Carcelle should commit himself to a full range of men's and women's wear. The space allocated to ready-to-wear in the new stores had been steadily growing, and a small group of items, he argued, would no longer suffice. By the end of the meeting, Carcelle had agreed. Jacobs could go ahead and design a complete collection for men and women for the spring—from raincoats to shoes.

Before leaving, Carcelle smiled indulgently at his designer *en repos*. "Is everything O.K. now?" he asked. Marc tossed his head. "It's *more* O.K.," he said, unsmilingly. "It's *more* O.K."



OVER the next two months, Jacobs set about working on a spring collection. In June, he took a brief break to visit Naomi Campbell, Kate Moss, and Johnny Depp, who had rented a house in Cannes for the film festival. He returned with tales of all-night parties attended by *tout* Hollywood: "Demi was in one room with Naomi, showing off her diamond collection, with this big bodyguard standing there. . . ." Back in Paris, he showed Arnault the football scarves he had been working on and got a lukewarm response. "Arnault went off and showed them to twelve of his friends, and they all said *they* wouldn't wear them, so then I guess he got kind of nervous," Jacobs said. Around the same time, Jacobs decided that his wonderful new apartment wasn't so wonderful after all. ("It's on the wrong floor. The street lights come in my bedroom window, and I can't sleep with any kind of blue light.") He began hunting for a new place.

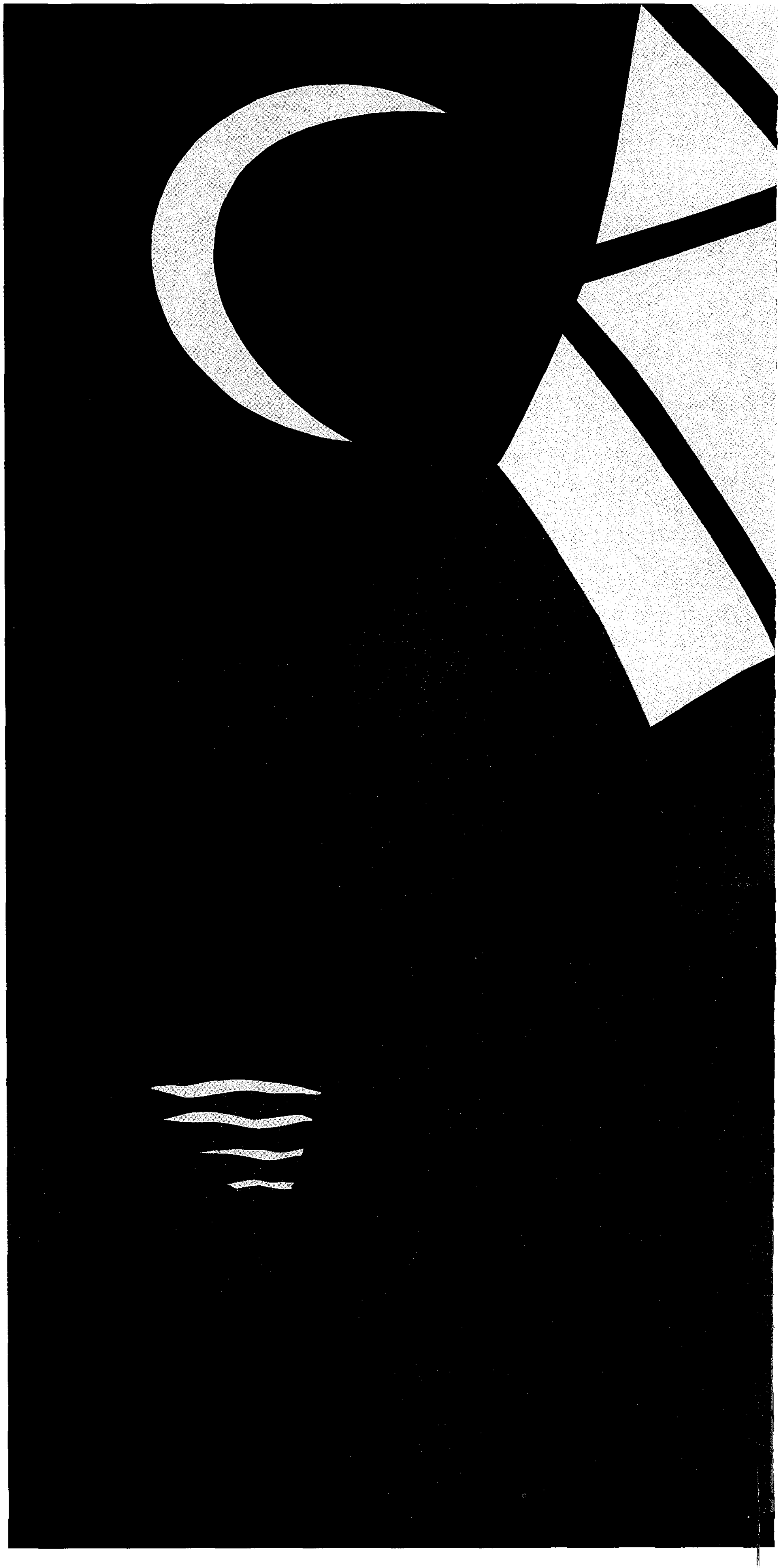
Then, on June 23rd, he went to the Christian Dior headquarters to show Arnault the spring-collection ideas. This was a major presentation, and for the preceding week he and Duffy had worked around the clock in preparation. "We're just terrible at delegating," Duffy said, with a sigh. "So we end up sitting in the office at three in the morning, gluing little color samples onto boards ourselves." The meeting was tense. Arnault did not *dislike* anything that Jacobs showed him, but he wasn't enthusiastic, either. "The feeling was that it wasn't strong enough," Jacobs reported afterward, "that it needed to be stuff that will get more attention."

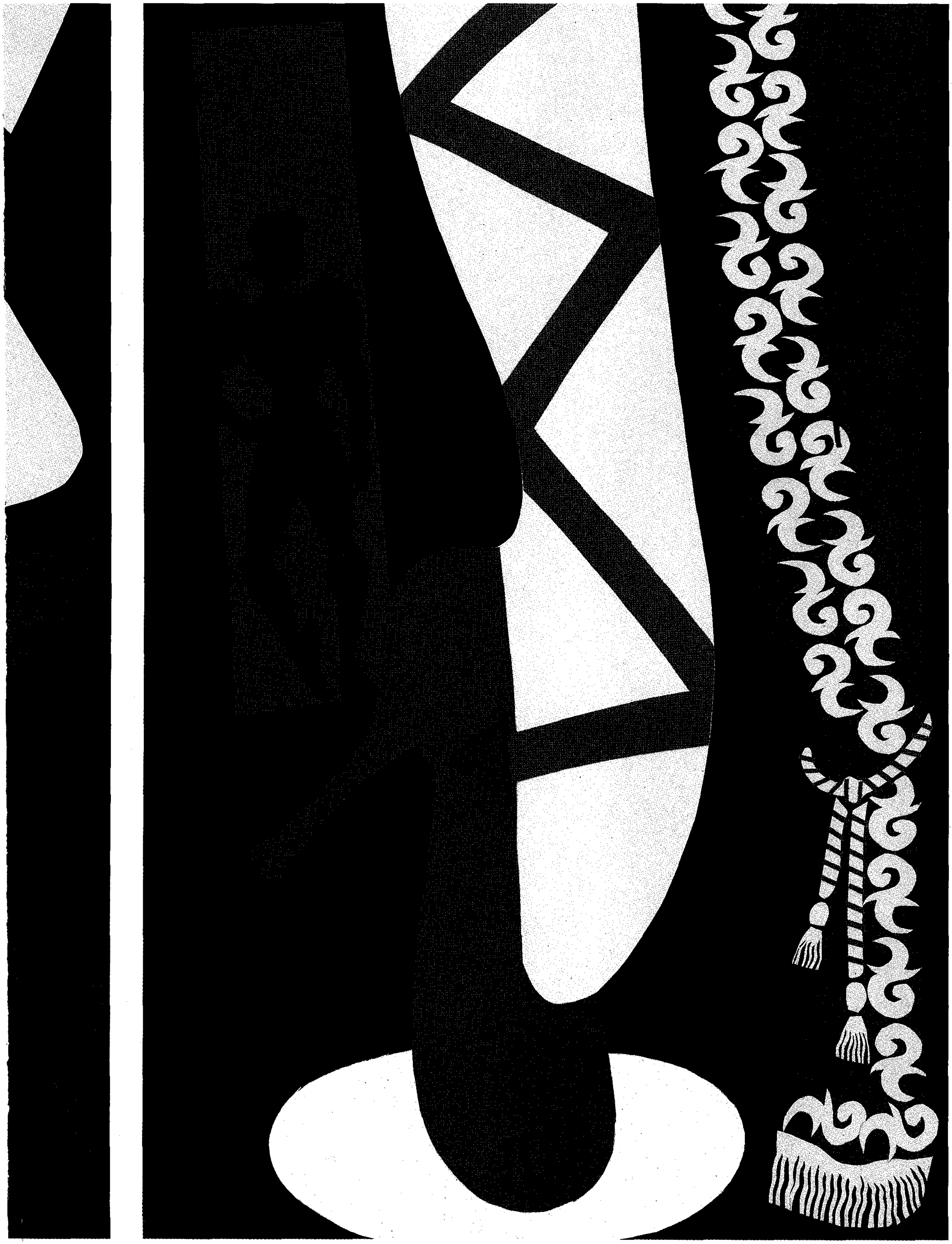
Ultimately, he believed, he was going to have to bite the bullet and make a collection far more "blatant" in style than he had planned. He was prepared to do this, he said, but he was reaching the end of his tether with the constant changes in his brief. "Depending on what day of the week it is, the stuff I make has to preserve the tradition of Vuitton or it has to rock the world," he said. "It's one thing for Arnault to change his mind—he's *allowed* to change his mind—but it's all the other executives putting in their piece, when, basically, all they're doing is trying to second-guess him. *That's* what drives me crazy."

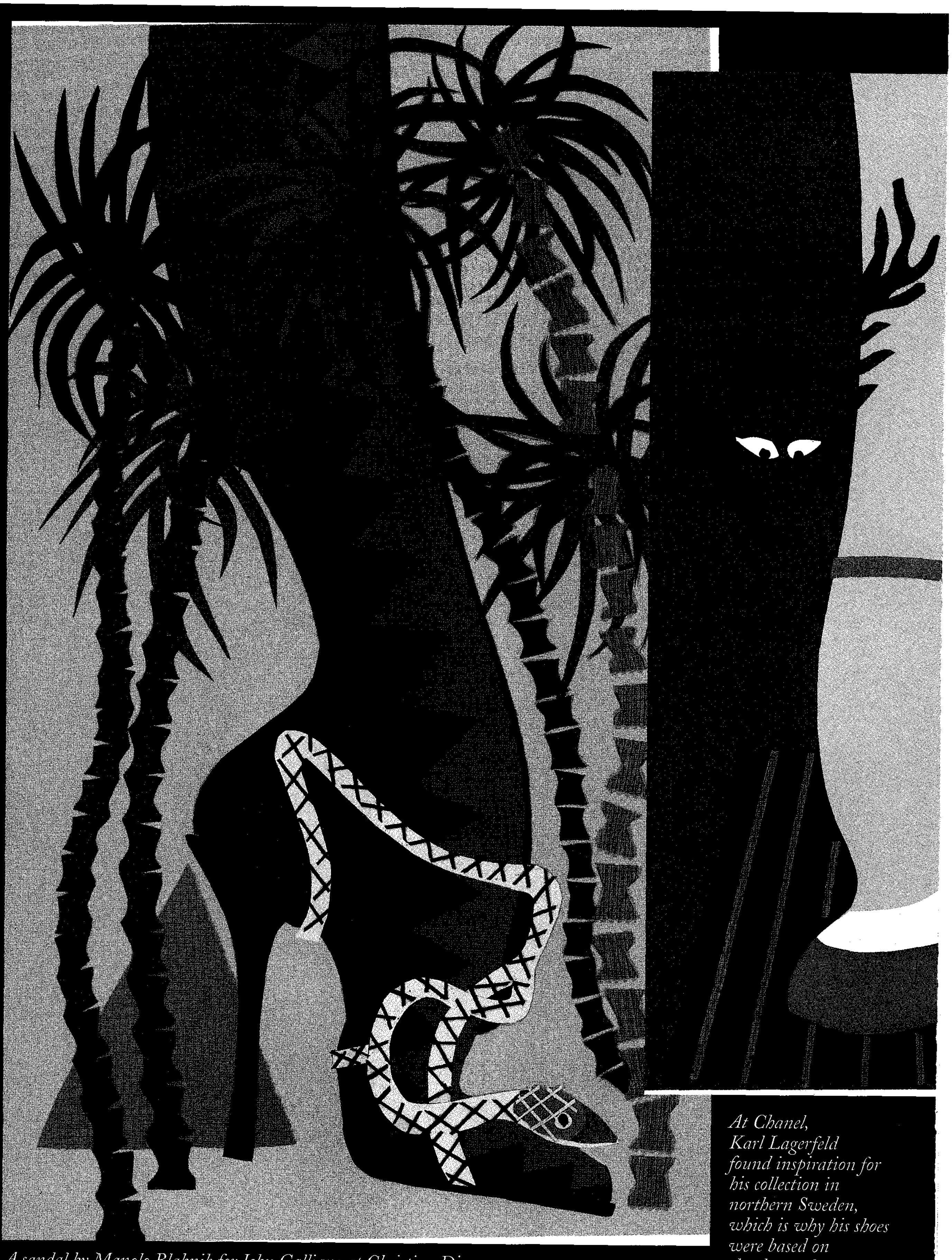
Later that week, at a breakfast meeting with Yves Carcelle, Jacobs finally exploded. "I just got kind of crazy," he told me a week afterward, when we met for dinner in New York, at the Paris Commune, on Bleecker Street. "I said, 'Look, I want to do a show for the collection. I want different ads. I'm not here as a designer—I'm here as *artistic director*. I'm tired of hearing fifteen different opinions on how something should be done. From now on, I am just going to tell you how *I* think things should be done." He sighed one of his heavy sighs. He hoped, he said, that he had reached some sort of final compromise with his employers. He would give them the "high pulse" fashion they wanted. ("Hey, in the end, it's not my name on the label," he observed.) In return, they would give him a little more trust and control. It was not a perfect situation, but perhaps it would still work out. "I guess," he said, waving wearily to the waiter to order a Baileys Irish Cream for his coffee, "this is what you call collaboration." ♦

PORTFOLIO BY MICHAEL ROBERTS

Although the clothes at the most recent Paris couture collections were certainly overwrought (there was a general air of Belle Époque melodrama), it was the accessories that provided the moments of high theatrical camp. A live bird in a cage worn as a hat at Givenchy? Pourquoi pas? Exotic black lace masks at Ungaro and, at Dior, metal hoop necklaces piled as high as those on the giraffe women of Africa? Mais bien sûr. Meanwhile, at ground level creativity whipped along in overdrive: Alexander McQueen, at Givenchy, risked his models on twenty-centimetre-high wedges that looked part Japanese and part Venetian (right); Jean Paul Gaultier offered taffeta pumps that suggested ballet slippers balanced on spike heels (far right). In the words of Manolo Blahnik, whose metal snake sandals the model Naomi Campbell clanked out on at Dior: "For me couture means designing the maddest things in the most extravagant materials."

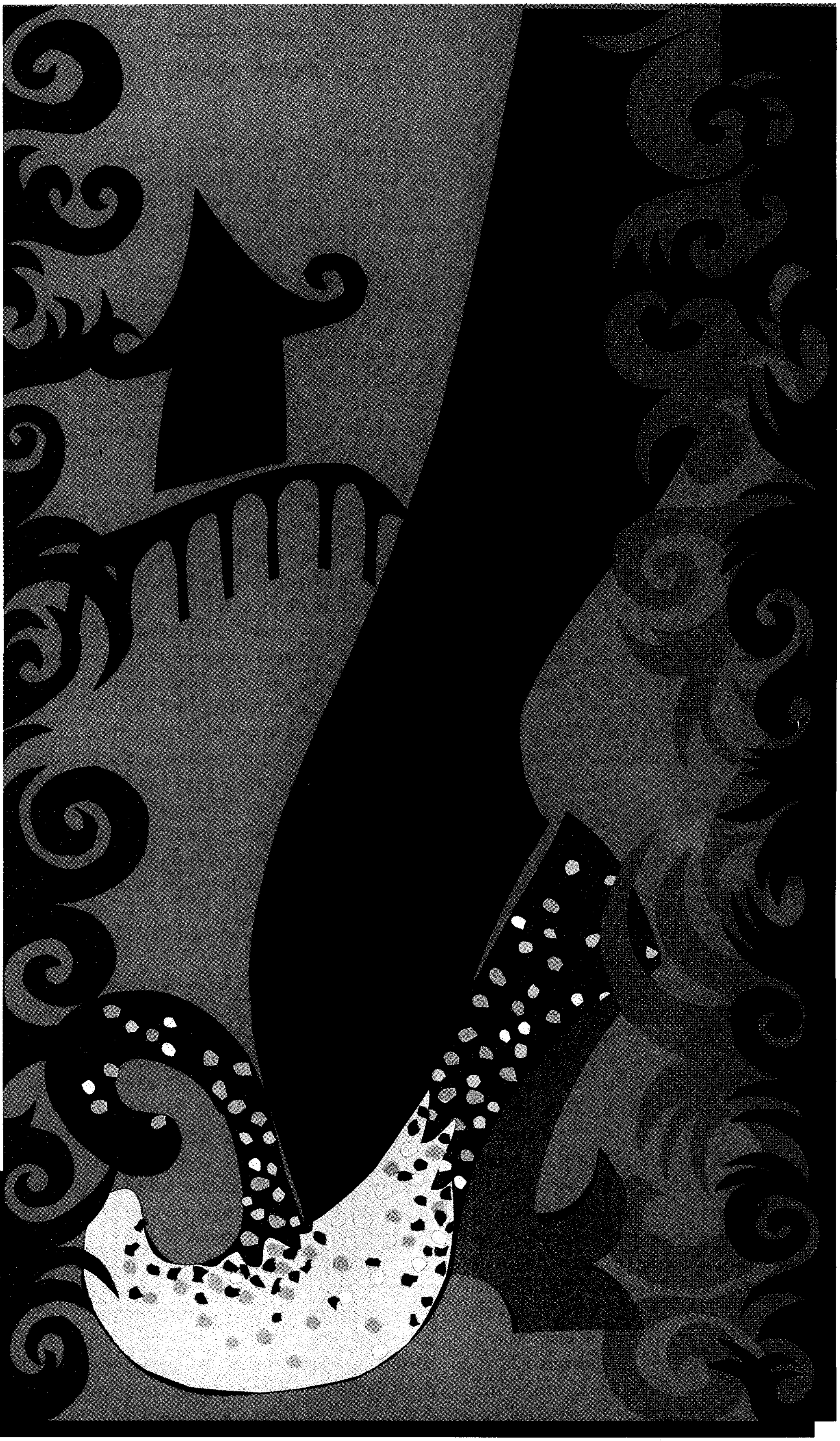






A sandal by Manolo Blahnik for John Galliano at Christian Dior was entwined in a metal serpent with a cut-glass head.

*At Chanel,
Karl Lagerfeld
found inspiration for
his collection in
northern Sweden,
which is why his shoes
were based on
the shape of
a reindeer's hoof.*

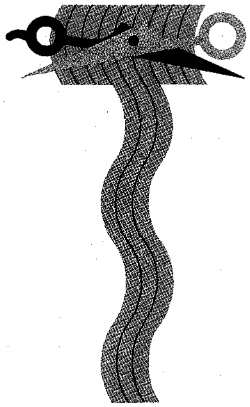


Thierry Mugler's bead-encrusted slipper, shading from emerald to absinthe, echoes the chinoiserie curls on a pagoda.

FICTION

A SHORT HISTORY OF HAIRDRESSING

BY JULIAN BARNES



I

THAT first time, after they moved, his mother had come with him. Presumably to examine the barber. As if the phrase "short, back and sides, with a little bit off the top" might mean something different in this new suburb. He'd doubted it. Everything else seemed the same: the torture chair, the surgical smells, the strop and the folded razor—folded not in safety but in threat. Most of all, the torturer-in-chief was the same, a loony with big hands who pushed your head down till your windpipe nearly snapped, who prodded your ear with a bamboo finger. "General inspection, Madam?" he said greasily when he'd finished. His mother had shaken off the effects of her magazine and stood up.

"Very nice," she said vaguely, leaning over him, smelling of snuff. "I'll send him by himself next time." Outside, she had rubbed his cheek and murmured, "You poor shorn lamb."

Now he was on his own. As he walked past the estate agent's, the sports shop, and the half-timbered bank, he practiced saying, "Short back and sides with a little bit off the top." He said it urgently, without the commas; you had to get the words just right, like a prayer. There was one and threepence in his pocket; he stuffed his handkerchief in tighter to keep the coins safe. He didn't like not being allowed to be afraid. It was simpler at the dentist's: your mother always came with you, the dentist always hurt you, but afterward he gave you a boiled sweet for being a good boy, and then back in the waiting room you pretended in front of the other patients that you were made of stern stuff. Your parents were proud of you. "Been in the wars, old chap?" his father would ask. Pain let you into the world of grownup phrases. The dentist would say, "Tell your father you're fit for overseas. He'll understand." So he'd go home and Dad would say, "Been in the wars, old chap?" and he'd answer, "Mr. Gordon says I'm fit for overseas."

He felt almost important going in, with the adult spring of the door against his hand. But the barber merely nodded, pointed with his comb to the line of high-backed chairs, and resumed his standing crouch over a white-haired geezer. Gregory sat down. His chair creaked. Already he wanted to pee. There was a bin of magazines next to him which he didn't dare explore. He gazed at the hamster nests of hair on the floor.

When his turn came, the barber slipped a thick rubber cushion onto the seat. The gesture looked insulting. But that was typical: you were never sure of the rules, never sure if they tortured everyone the same way, or if it was just you. Like now: the barber was trying to strangle him with the sheet, pulling it tight round his neck, then shoving a cloth down his collar with thick, carroty fingers. "And what can we do for you today, young man?" The tone implied that such an ignominious and deceitful worm as he obviously was might have strayed into the premises for any number of different reasons.

After a pause, Gregory said, "I'd like a haircut, please."

"Well, I'd say you've come to the right place, wouldn't you?" The barber tapped him on the crown with his comb; not painfully, but not lightly, either.

"Short-back-and-sides-with-a-little-bit-off-the-top-please."

"Now we're motoring," said the barber.

They would only "do boys" at certain times of the week. There was a notice saying "No Boys on Saturday Mornings." Saturday afternoons they were closed anyway, so it might just as well read "No Boys on Saturdays." Boys had to go when men didn't want to. At least, not men with jobs. He went at times when the other customers were pensioners. There were three barbers, all of middle age, in white coats, dividing their time between the young and the old. They greased up to these throat-clearing old geezers, made mysterious conversation with them, put on a show of being keen on their work. The old geezers wore coats and scarves even in summer, and gave tips as they left. Gregory would watch the transaction out of the corner of his eye. One man giving another man money, a secret half handshake with both pretending the exchange wasn't being made.

Boys didn't tip. Perhaps that was why barbers hated boys. They paid less and they didn't tip. They also didn't keep still. Or, at least, their mothers told them to keep still, they kept still, but even so the barber would bash their heads with a palm as solid as the flat of a hatchet and mutter, "Keep still." There were stories of boys who'd had the tops of their ears sliced off because they hadn't kept still. Razors were called cutthroats. All barbers were loonies.

"Wolf cub, are we?" It took a while for Gregory to realize that he was being addressed. Then he didn't know whether to keep his head down or look up in the mirror at the barber. Eventually, he kept his head down and said, "No."

"Boy Scout already?"

"No."

"Crusader?"

Gregory didn't know what that meant. He started to lift his head, but the barber rapped his crown with the comb. "Keep *still*, I said." Gregory was so scared of the loony that he was unable to answer, which the barber took as a negative. "Very fine organization, the Crusaders. You give it a thought."

Gregory thought of being chopped up by curved Saracen swords, of being staked out in the desert and eaten alive by ants and vultures. Meanwhile, he submitted to the cold smoothness of the scissors—always cold, even when they weren't. Eyes shut tight, he endured the tickly torment of hair falling on his face. He sat there, still not looking, convinced that the barber should have stopped cutting ages ago, except that he was such a loony he would probably carry on cutting and cutting un-

ANDERS WENNGREN

til Gregory was bald. Still to come was the stropping of the razor, and the dry, scrapy feel of the blade next to your ears and on the back of your neck; the fly whisk shoved into your eyes and nose to get the hair off.

Those were the bits that made you wince every time. But there was also something creepier about the place. He suspected it was rude. Things you didn't know about, or weren't meant to know about, usually turned out to be rude. Like the barber's pole. That was obviously rude. The previous place just had an old bit of painted wood with colors twirling round it. The one here worked by electricity and moved round all the time. That was ruder, he thought. Then there was the binful of magazines. He was sure some of them were rude. Everything was rude if you wanted it to be; this was the great truth about life which he'd only just discovered. Not that he minded. Gregory liked rude things.

Without moving his head, he looked in the next-door mirror at a pensioner two seats away. He'd been yakking away in one of those loud voices old geezers always had. Now the barber was bent over him with a small pair of round-headed scissors, cutting hairs out of his eyebrows. Then he did the same with his nostrils; then his ears. Snipping great twigs out of his lug holes. Absolutely disgusting. Finally, the barber started brushing powder into the back of the geezer's neck. What was that for?

Now the torturer-in-chief had the clippers out. That was another bit Gregory didn't like. Sometimes they used hand clippers, like tin openers, squeak grind squeak grind round the top of his skull till his brains were opened up. But these were the buzzer clippers, which were even worse, because you could get electrocuted from them. He'd imagined it hundreds of times. The barber buzzes away, doesn't notice what he's doing, hates you anyway because you're a boy, cuts a wodge off your ear, the blood pours all over the clippers, they get a short circuit, and you're electrocuted on the spot. Must have happened millions of times. And the barber always survived because he wore rubber-soled shoes.

At school they swam naked. Mr. Lofthouse wore a pouch thing so they couldn't see his whanger. The boys took off all their clothes, had a shower for lice or verrucas or something, or being smelly in the case of Wood, then jumped into the pool. You leaped up high and landed with the water hitting your balls. That was rude, so you didn't let the master see you doing it. The water made your balls all tight, which made your willy stick out more, and afterward they towelled themselves dry and looked at one another, though without looking, sidewise, like in the mirror at the barber's. Everyone in the class was the same age, but some were still bald down there; some, like Gregory, had a sort of bar of hair across the top but nothing on their balls; and some, like Hopkinson and Shapiro, were as hairy as men already, and a darker color, brownish, like Dad's when he'd peeped round the side of a standup. At least he had *some* hair, not like Bristowe and Hall and Wood. But how did Hopkinson and Shapiro get like that? Everyone else had willies; Hopkinson and Shapiro already had whangers.

He wanted to pee. He couldn't. He mustn't think about peeing. He could hold out till he got home. The Crusaders fought the Saracens and delivered the Holy Land from the Infidel. Like Infidel Castro, sir? That was one of Wood's jokes. They wore crosses on their surcoats. Chain mail must have been hot in Israel. He must stop thinking that he could win a gold medal in a peeing-high-against-a-wall competition.

"Local?" said the barber suddenly. Gregory looked at him in the mirror for the first time. Red face, little mustache, glasses, yellowy hair the color of a school ruler. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes*, they'd been taught. So who barbers barbers? You could tell this one was a perve as well as a loony. Everyone knew there were millions of perves out there. The swimming master was a perve. After the lesson, when they were shivering in their towels with their balls all tight and their willies plus two whangers sticking out, Mr. Lofthouse would walk the length of the poolside, climb onto the springboard, pause till he had their full attention, with his huge muscles and tattoo and arms out and pouch with strings round his buttocks, then take a deep breath, dive in, and glide underwater the length of the pool. Twenty-five yards underwater. Then he'd touch and surface, and they'd all applaud—not that they really meant it—but he'd ignore them and practice different strokes. He was a perve. Most of the masters were probably perves. There was one who wore a wedding ring. And so was this one. "Do you live locally?" he was saying again. Gregory wasn't falling for that. He'd be coming round to sign him up for the Scouts or the Crusaders. Then he'd be asking Mum if he could take Gregory camping in the woods—except there'd only be one tent, and he'd tell Gregory stories about bears, and even though they'd done geography and he knew bears died out in Britain at about the time of the Crusades he'd half believe it if the perve told him there was a bear.

"Not for long," Gregory replied. That wasn't too clever. They'd only just moved here. The barber would say sneery things to him when he kept on coming in, for years and years and years. Gregory flicked a glance up at the mirror, but the perve wasn't giving anything away. He was doing an absent-minded last snip. Then he dug into Gregory's collar with his carrot fingers and shook it to make sure that as much hair as possible fell down inside his shirt.

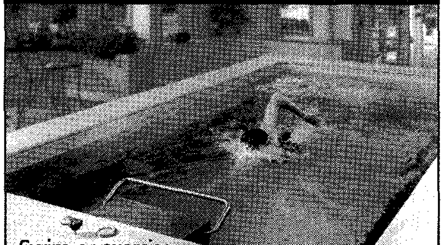
"Think about the Crusaders," he said, as he started pulling out the sheet. "It might suit you."

Gregory saw himself reborn from beneath the shroud, unchanged except that his ears now stuck out more. He started to slide forward on the rubber cushion. The comb snapped against his crown, harder now that he had less hair.

"Not so fast, young-fellow-me-lad." The barber ambled down the length of the narrow shop and came back with an oval mirror like a tray. He dipped it to show the back of Gregory's head. Gregory looked into the first mirror, into the second mirror, and out the other side. That wasn't the back of his head. It didn't look like that. He felt himself blush. He wanted to pee. The perve was showing him the back of someone else's head. Black magic. Gregory stared and stared, his color getting brighter, staring at the back of someone else's head, all shaved and sculpted, until he realized that the only way to get home was to play the perve's game, so he took a final glance at the alien skull, looked boldly higher up the mirror at the barber's indifferent spectacles, and said, quietly, "Yes."

II

THE hairdresser looked down with polite contempt and ran a speculative comb through Gregory's hair: as if deep down in the undergrowth there might be some long-lost parting, like a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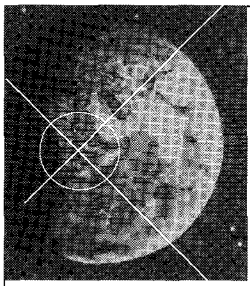
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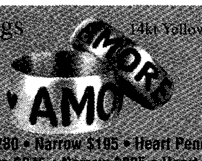
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medieval pilgrim trail. A dismissive flip of the comb made the bulk of his hair flap forward over his eyes and down to his chin. From behind the sudden curtain, he thought, Fuck you, Jim. He was only here because Allie wasn't cutting his hair anymore. Well, for the moment, anyway. He thought of her now with passionate memory: him in the bath, her washing his hair, then cutting it while he sat there. He'd pull out the plug and she'd hose the bits of cut hair off him with the shower attachment, flirting with the spray, and when he stood up as often as not she'd suck his cock there and then, just like that, picking off the last bits of cut hair as she did so. Yeah.

"Any particular . . . place . . . sir?" The guy was feigning defeat in his search for a parting.

"Just take it straight back." Gregory jerked his head revengefully, so that his hair flew back over the top of his head and back where it belonged. He reached out of the wanky nylon robe thing and finger-combed his hair back into place, then gave it a fluff. Just like it had been when he walked in.

"Any particular . . . length . . . sir?"

"Three inches below the collar. Take the sides up to the bone, just there." Gregory tapped the line with his middle fingers. Various cinematic models came to mind, some of them smoking cheroots, all of them fucking away like crazy.

"And would you be requiring a shave while we're about it?"

Fucking cheek. *This* is what a shave looks like nowadays. Only lawyers and engineers and foresters delved into their little sponge bags every morning and hacked away at the stubble like Calvinists. Gregory turned sidewise on to the mirror and squinted back at himself. "That's the way she likes it," he said lightly.

"Married, are we, then?"

Watch it, fucker. Don't mess with me. Don't try that complicity stuff. Unless it's just that you're queer.

"Or are you saving up for that particular torment?"

Gregory didn't bother to reply.

"Twenty-seven years myself," said the guy, as he made his first snips. "Has its ups and downs like everything else."

Gregory grunted in an approximately expressive way, like you did at the dentist's when your mouth was full of hardware and the geezer insisted on telling you a joke.

"Two kids. Well, one's grown up now. The girl's still at home. She'll be up and away before you can turn round. They all fly the coop in the end."

Gregory looked in the mirror, but the fellow wasn't making eye contact, just head down and snipping away. Maybe he wasn't so bad. Apart from being a bore. And, of course, terminally malformed in his psychology by decades of complicity in the exploitative master-servant nexus.

"But perhaps you're not the marrying kind, sir."

Now, hang on. Who's accusing who of being queer? He'd always loathed hairdressers, and this one was no exception. Fucking provincial Mister Two-Point-Four Children, pay the mortgage, wash the car and put it back in the garage. Nice little allotment down by the railway, pug-faced wife hanging out the washing on one of those metal carrousel things, yeah, yeah, seen it all. Probably does a bit of refereeing on Saturday afternoons in some crap league. No, not even a referee, just a *linesman*.

Gregory became aware that the fellow was pausing, as if he expected an answer. He expected an answer? What rights did he have in the matter? O.K., let's get this guy sorted out.

"Marriage is the only adventure open to the cowardly."

"Yes, well, I'm sure you're a cleverer man than me, sir," replied the hairdresser, in a tone that wasn't obviously deferential. "What with being at the university."

Gregory merely grunted again.

"Of course, I'm no judge, but it always seems to me that universities teach the students to despise more things than they have a right to. It's our money they're using after all. I'm just glad my boy went to the tech. Hasn't done him any harm. He's earning good money now."

Yeah, yeah, enough to support the next two-point-four children and have a slightly bigger washing machine and a slightly less puggy wife. Bloody England. Still, all that was going to be swept away. And this kind of place would be the first to go—stuffy old master-and-servant establishments, all stilted conversation, class consciousness, and tipping. Gregory didn't believe in tipping. He thought it a reinforcement of the deferential society, equally demeaning for tipper and tippee. It degraded social relations. Anyway, he couldn't afford it. And, on top of that, he was fucked if he was going to tip a topiarist

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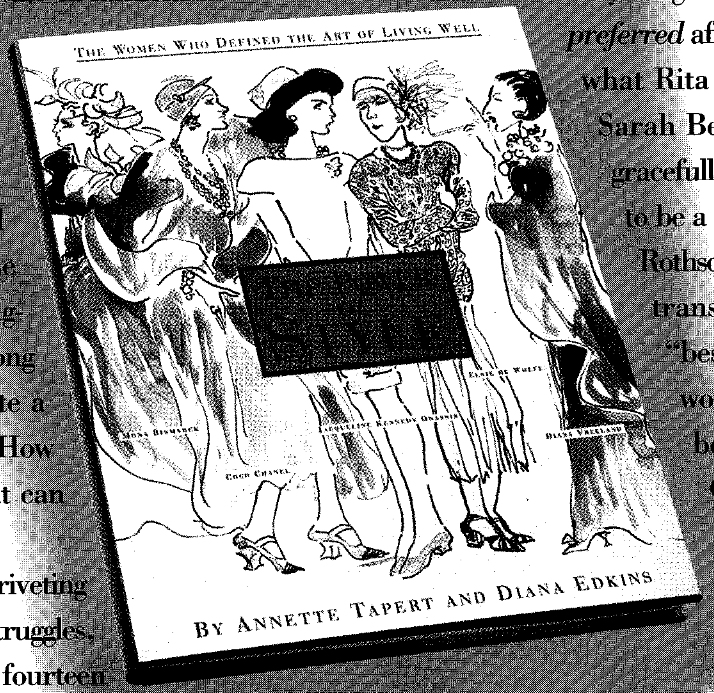
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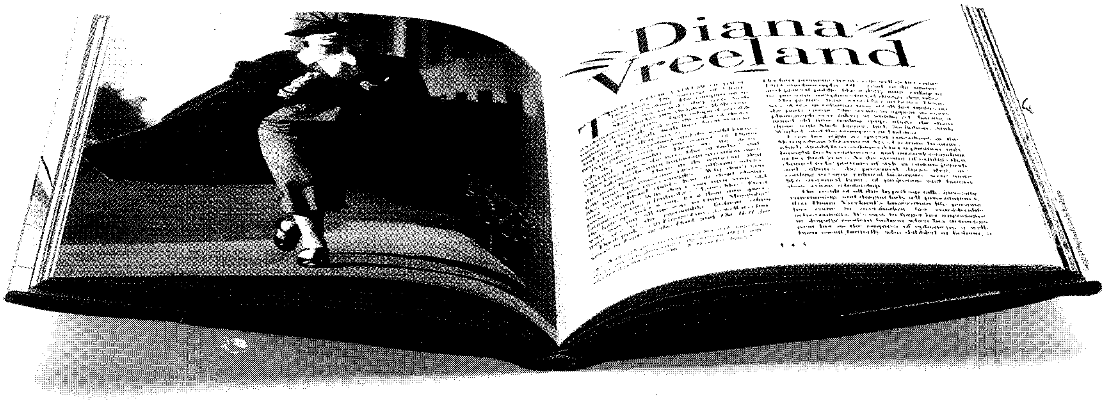
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who accused him of being a shirt-lifter.

These geezers were on the way out. There were places up in London designed by architects, where they played the latest hits on a funky speaker system. Cost a fortune, apparently, but it was better than *this*. No wonder the place was empty. A cracked Bakelite radio on a high shelf was playing tea-dance stuff. They ought to sell trusses and surgical corsets and support hose. Corner the market in prostheses. Wooden legs, steel hooks for severed wrists. Wigs, of course. Why didn't hairdressers sell wigs as well? After all, dentists sold false teeth.

How old was this guy? Gregory looked at him: bony, with haunted eyes, hair cut absurdly short and Brylcreemed flat. A hundred and forty? Gregory tried to work it out. Married twenty-seven years. So: fifty? Forty-five if he got her in the club as soon as he whipped it out. If he had ever been that adventurous. Hair gray already. Probably his pubic hair was gray as well. Did pubic hair go gray?

The hairdresser finished the hedge-trimming stage, dropped the scissors insultingly into a glass of disinfectant, and took out another, stubbier pair. Snip, snip. Hair, skin, flesh, blood, all so fucking close. Barber-surgeons, that's what they'd been in the old days, when surgery had meant butchery. The red stripe around the traditional barber's pole denoted the strip of cloth wound round your arm when the barber bled you. His shop sign featured a bowl as well, the bowl that caught the blood. Now they'd dropped all that, and declined into hairdressers. Tenders of allotments, stabbing the earth instead of the extended forearm.

He still couldn't work out why Allie had broken it up. Said he was too possessive, said she couldn't breathe, being with him was like being married. That was a laugh, he'd replied: being with her was like being with someone who was going out with half a dozen other blokes at the same time. That's just what I mean, she'd said. I love you, he'd said, with sudden desperation. It was the first time he'd said it to anyone, and he knew he'd got it wrong. You were meant to say it when you felt strong, not weak. If you loved me, you'd understand me, she'd replied. Well, fuck off and breathe, then, he'd said. It was just a row, just a stupid sodding row, that was all. Didn't mean anything. Except it meant they'd broken up.

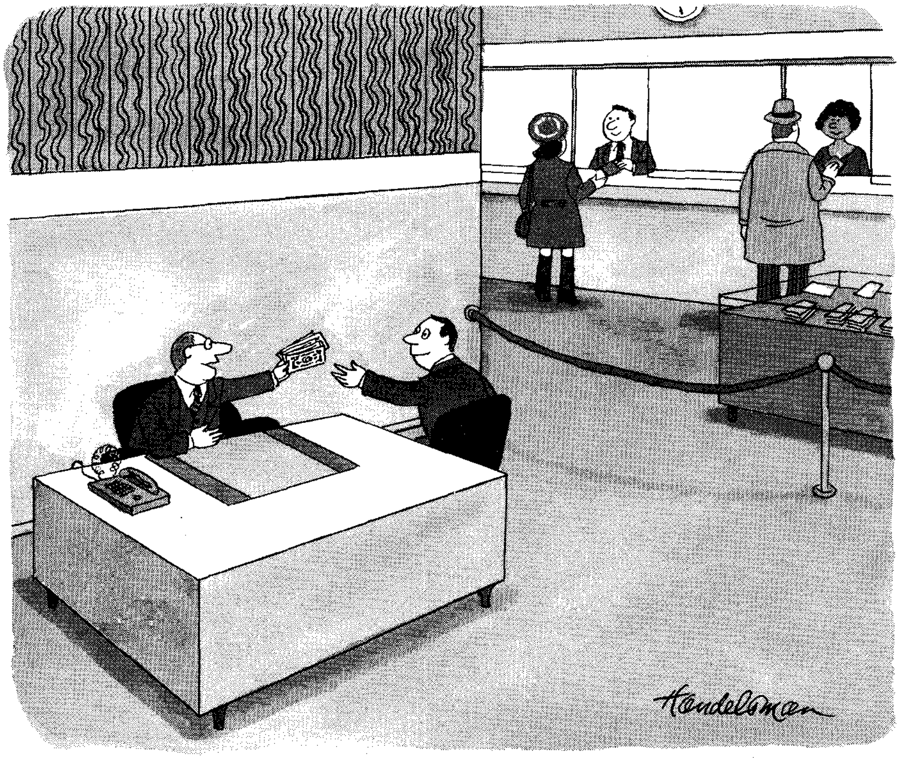
"Anything on the hair, sir?"

"What?"

"Anything on the hair?"

"No. Never mess with nature."

The hairdresser sighed, as if messing



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with nature was what he'd spent the last twenty minutes doing and in Gregory's case this all too necessary piece of interference had ended in defeat.

The weekend ahead. New haircut, clean shirt. Two parties. Communal purchase of a pipkin of beer tonight. Get stonking drunk and see what happens: that's my idea of not messing with nature. Ouch. No. Allie. Allie, Allie, Allie. Bind my arm. I hold out my wrists to you, Allie. Wherever you please. Nonmedical purposes, but plunge it in. Go on, if you need to. Loose my blood.

"What was that you said just now about marriage?"

"Eh? Oh, the only adventure open to the cowardly."

"Well, if you don't mind my making a point, sir, marriage has always been very kind to me. But I'm sure you're a cleverer man than me, what with being at the university."

"I was quoting," said Gregory. "But I can reassure you that the authority in question was a cleverer man than either of us."

"So clever he didn't believe in God, I expect?"

Yes, *that* clever, Gregory wanted to say, *exactly that* clever. But something held him back. He was only brave enough to deny God when among fellow-skeptics.

"And, if I may ask, sir, was he the marrying kind?"

Huh. Gregory thought about it. There hadn't been a Madame, had there? Strictly mistresses, he was sure.

"No, I don't think he was the marrying kind, as you put it."

"Then perhaps, sir, not an expert?"

In the old days, Gregory reflected, barbershops had been places of ill repute, where idle fellows gathered to exchange the latest news, where lute and viol were played for the entertainment of customers. Maybe it was all coming back, at least in London. Places full of gossip and music, run by stylists who got their names in the papers. There were girls in black sweaters who washed your hair first. Wow. Not having to wash your hair before you went out to have it cut. Just saunter in with a "Hi" sign and settle down with a magazine.

The expert on marriage brought a mirror and showed twin views of his handiwork to Gregory. Pretty neat job, he had to admit—short at the sides, long at the back. Not like some of the blokes in college, who just grew their hair in every direction at the same time, bog-brush beards, Olde Englishe muttonchops, greasy waterfalls down the back, you name it. No, mess with nature just a little bit, that was his real motto. The constant tug between nature and civilization is what keeps us on our toes. Though, of course, that did rather beg the question of how you defined nature and how you defined civilization. It wasn't simply the choice between the life of a beast and that of a bourgeois. It was about . . . well, all sorts of things. He had an acute pang for Allie. Bleed me, then bind me up. If he got her back, he'd be less possessive. Except he'd thought of it as just being close, being a couple. She'd liked it at first.

He realized that the hairdresser was still holding up the mirror.

"Yes," he said idly.

The mirror was put down on its face and the wanky nylon robe unwound. A brush swooshed back and forth across his collar. It made him think of a soft-wristed jazz drummer. Swoosh, swoosh. There was lots of life ahead, wasn't there?

The shop was empty, and there was still a glutinous whine from the radio, but, even so, it was a lowered voice close to his ear which suggested, "Something for the weekend, sir?"

He wanted to say, "Yeah, train ticket to London, appointment with Vidal Sassoon, packet of barbecue sausages, crate of ale, a few herbal cigarettes, music to numb the mind, and a woman who truly likes me." Instead, he lowered his own voice and replied, "Packet of Fetherlite, please."

Complicit at last with the hairdresser, he walked out into the bright day, calling for the weekend to begin.

III

BEFORE setting off, he went into the bathroom, eased the shaving mirror on its extending arm, flipped it over to the makeup side, and took his nail scissors from his sponge bag. First, he trimmed out a few long mattressy eyebrow hairs, then turned slightly so that anything sprouting from his ears would catch the light, and made a snip or two. Faintly depressed, he pushed up his nose and examined the tunnel openings. Nothing of extravagant length; not for the moment. Dampening a corner of his flannel, he scrubbed away behind his ears, bobsleighed the cartilaginous runnels,

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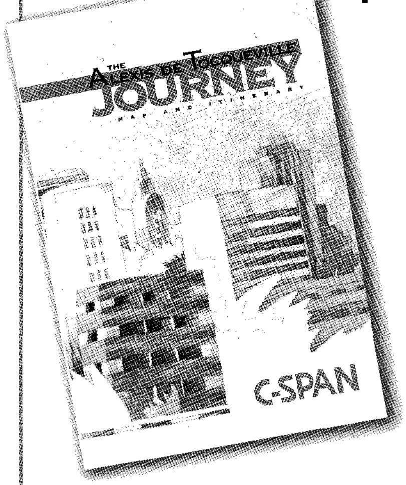

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toward its high-waisted dresses and deep skirts
(revelations of ankle and boot): you shot into it
yesterday, shouldering my scruples aside. You bought

a wedding dress in wild silk and a momentous hat—
finest Italian straw and a whirl of tulle.
We wept when we saw you, customers, shopgirls and I,

not only because of the price. Great-grandmother's miniature
came sharply to mind. Dead at forty, she left ten daughters
and a confused memory of "eyes like stars."

Moreover, I felt sorry, amid the rejoicing,
for the old bluejeans and the brother's shirt
left in the fitting room, with their smell of tobacco and sweat,

and the shattered book on t'ai chi in one pocket
and the way you would always turn contemptuous
from your marvellous eyes in the glass.

—Mairi MacInnes

and gave a final prod into the waxy grottoes. When he looked at his reflection, his ears were bright pink from the pressure, as if he were a frightened boy or a student afraid to kiss.

What was the name for the accretion of stuff that whitened your damp flannel? Ear crust, he called it. Perhaps doctors had a technical term for it. Were there fungal infections behind the ear, the aural equivalent of athlete's foot? Not very likely: the location was too dry. So maybe ear crust would do; and maybe everyone had a private name for it, so that no common term was required.

Strange that no one had come up with a new name for the hedge trimmers and topiarists. First barbers, then hairdressers. "Stylists"? Fake posh. "Crimpers"? Jokey. So was the phrase he used nowadays with Allie. "Just off to the Barnet Shop," he'd announce. Barnet. Barnet Fair. Hair.

"Er, three o'clock with Kelly."

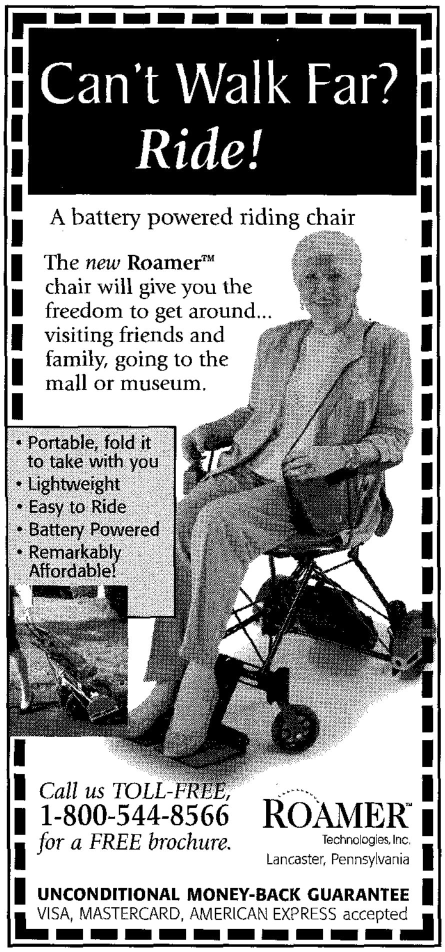
An indigo fingernail stumbled down a row of pencilled capitals. "Yes. Gregory?"

He nodded. The first time he'd booked over the phone and they'd asked his name he'd replied, "Cartwright." There was a pause, so he'd said "Mr. Cartwright," before realizing what the pause had been about. Now he saw himself upside down in the ledger: "Gregory."

"Kelly be with you in a minute. Let's get you washed."

He still, after all these years, couldn't slide easily into the posture. Maybe his spine was going. Eyes half closed, feeling for the lip of the bowl. Like doing the backstroke and not knowing where the end of the pool is. And then you lay there, with cold porcelain holding your neck and exposing your throat. Upside down, waiting for the guillotine blade.

A fat girl with uninterested hands made the usual conversation with him—"That too hot . . . Been on holiday . . . You want conditioner?"—while half-heartedly attempting with scooped hand to keep the water out of his ears. At one point, without asking permission, she began kneading his scalp. They occasionally did this, leaving him to guess the purpose. Was it meant to stop hair loss, or what? He didn't ask. He had, over the years, settled into a half-amused passivity at the Barnet Shop. The first time one of these red-faced trainees had asked, "You want conditioner?" he'd answered,



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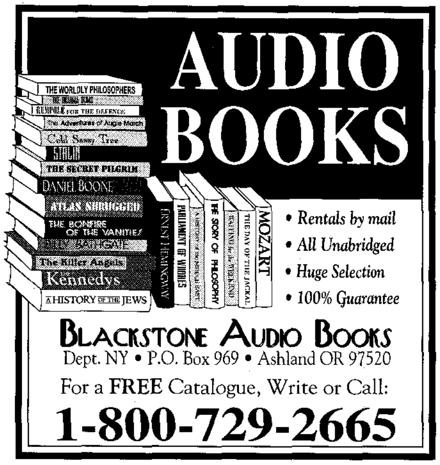

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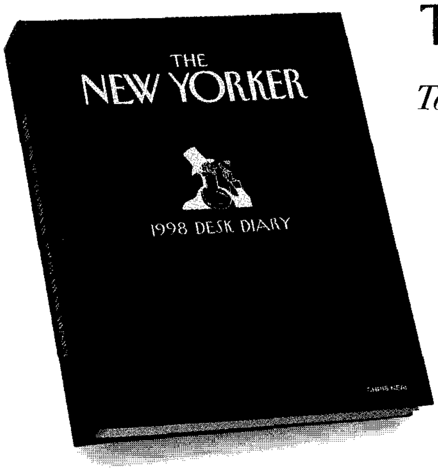
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"What do you think?," believing that her superior view of his scalp made her the better judge of his requirements. Stolid logic suggested that something called "conditioner" could only improve the condition of your hair; on the other hand, why pose the question if there wasn't a valid choice of answer? But requests for advice tended only to confuse, drawing the cautious answer "It's up to you." So he contented himself with saying "Yes" or "Not today, thank you," according to whim. Also according to whether the girl was good at keeping water out of his ears.

She watchfully half led him back to the chair, as if drippingness were close to blindness. "You want a tea, a coffee?"

"Nothing, thanks."

It wasn't exactly lutes and viols and the assembly of idle fellows exchanging the latest news. But there was stonkingly loud music, a choice of beverage, and a range of magazines. He normally picked something like *Marie Claire*, the sort of women's magazine it was O.K. for a man to be seen reading.

"Hi, Gregory, how are things?"

"Fine. Yourself?"

"Can't complain."

"Kelly, like the new hair."

"Yeah. Got bored, you know."

"Like it. Looks good, falls well. You like it?"

"Not sure."

"No, it's a winner."

She smiled. He could do this stuff, meant and half meant. It had taken him only about twenty-five years to get the right tone.

"So what are we doing today?"

He looked up at her in the mirror, a tall girl with a sharp bob he didn't really like; he thought it made her face too angular. But what did he know? He was indifferent to his own hair, and asked for Kelly not for whatever skills she deployed but for her restful presence.

When he didn't reply immediately, she said, "Shall we splash out and do exactly the same as last time?"

"Good idea." He smiled. The same as last time, and next time, and the time beyond that.

He wasn't sure he actually enjoyed being here. The salon had the mixed-ward atmosphere of a jolly outpatients' department where no one had anything serious. Still, he could handle it; social apprehensions were now long gone. The small triumphs of maturity. (So, Gregory Cartwright, give us an account of your life so far? Well, I've stopped being afraid of religion and barbers.) He'd never joined the Crusaders, whatever they had been; he'd evaded the hot-eyed evangelizers at school and university; now he knew what to do when the doorbell rang on a Sunday morning.

"That'll be God," he'd say to Allie. "I'll do it." And there on the step would be a spruce, polite couple, one of them often black, sometimes with a winning child in tow, and offering an uncontentious opener such as "We're just going from house to house asking people if they're worried about the state of the world." The trick was to avoid both the true "yes" and the smug "no," because then they had a landing line across to you. So he would give them a householderish smile and cut to the chase: "Religion?" And before they in turn could decide whether yes or no was the correct response to his brutal intuition, he would end the encounter with a brisk "Better luck next door."

Actually, he quite liked having his hair washed; mostly. But the rest of it was mere process. He took only mild pleasure in the bodily contact that was all part of things nowadays. Kelly would lean an unaware hip against his upper arm, or there'd be a brush from another part of her body; and she was never exactly overdressed. Way back when, he'd have thought it was all for him, relieved that a draped sheet covered his lap. Today, it didn't stir his mind out of *Marie Claire*.

Kelly was telling him how she'd applied for a job in Miami. On the cruise liners. You went out for five days, a week, ten days, then had shore leave to spend the money you'd earned. She had a girlfriend out there at the moment. Sounded like fun.

"Exciting," he said. "When are you off?" He thought, Miami's violent, isn't it? Shootings. Cubans. Vice. Lee Harvey Oswald. Will she be safe? And what about sexual harassment on the cruise ships? She was a nice-looking girl. Sorry, *Marie Claire*, I meant woman. But girl in a way, because she provoked these semi-parental thoughts in someone like him: one who stayed at home, went to work, and had his hair cut. His life, he admitted, had been one long, cowardly adventure.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-*seven*," said Kelly, as if such an age were at the ultimate extremity of youth. Without immediate action, her life would be compromised forever; in a few months she would turn into that old biddy in rollers on the other side of the salon.

"I've a daughter almost your age. Well, she's twenty-five. I mean, we've another one as well. There's two of them." He didn't seem to be saying it right.

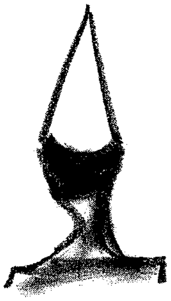
"So how long you been married, then?" Kelly asked in quasi-mathematical astonishment.

Gregory looked up at her in the mirror. "Twenty-eight years." She gave a larky smile at the idea that anyone could have been married for the enormous length of time that she had been alive.

"The elder one's left home, of course," he said. "But we've still got Jenny with us."

"Nice," said Kelly, but he could see she was bored now. Bored with him, specifically. Just another aging geezer with thinning hair he'd soon have to comb more carefully. Give me Miami, and soon.

He was afraid of sex. That was the truth. He didn't really know anymore what it was for. He enjoyed it when it happened. He imagined, in the years ahead, that there would gradually be less of it, and then, at some point, none at all. But this wasn't what made him afraid. Nor was it anything to do with the daunting specificity with which they wrote about it in magazines. In his younger days, they'd had their own daunting specificities. It had all seemed quite clear and bold, back then, when he stood up in the bath and Allie took his cock in her mouth. All that stuff had been self-evident, and imperative in its truth. Now he wondered if he hadn't always got it wrong. He didn't know what sex was for. He didn't think anyone else did, either, but that didn't make the situation any better. He wanted to howl. He wanted to howl into the mirror and watch himself howl back.



Kelly's hip was against his biceps, not the edge of her hip, either, but the inner curve of it. At least he knew the answer to one of his youthful questions: yes, pubic hair does go gray.

He wasn't worried about the tip. He had a twenty-pound note. Seventeen for the cut, one for the girl who'd washed him, and two for Kelly. And just in case they put the price up, he always remembered to bring an extra pound. He was that sort of person, he realized: the man with the backup pound coin in his pocket.

Now Kelly had finished cutting and stood directly behind him. Her breasts appeared on either side of his head. She took each of his sideburns between thumb and finger, then looked away. This was a trick of hers. Everyone's face is a bit lopsided, she'd told him, so if you judge by eye you can end up making a mistake. She measured by feel, turning away toward the cash desk and the street. Toward Miami.

Satisfied, she reached for the dryer and finger-flicked a soufflé effect that would last until the evening. By now, she was on automatic, probably wondering if she had time to pop outside for a cigarette before the next damp head was guided to her. So she would always forget and fetch the mirror.

It had been an audacity on his part, some years back. Revolt against the tyranny of the bloody mirror. This side, that side. In forty years and more of going to the barber's, the hairdresser's, and the Barnet Shop, he had always assented meekly, whether he recognized the back of his head or not. He would smile and nod and, seeing the nod reproduced in canted glass, would verbalize it into "Very nice" or "Much neater" or "Just the job" or "Thank you." If they had clipped a swastika into his nape, he would probably have pretended to approve. Then, one day, he thought, No, I don't want to see the back. If the front's O.K., the back will be, too. That wasn't pretentious, was it? No, it was logical. He was rather proud of his initiative. Of course, Kelly always forgot, but that didn't matter. In fact, it was better, in a way, since it meant that his timid victory was repeated every time. Now, as she came toward him, her mind in Miami, the mirror dangling, he could raise a hand, offer the indulgent smile he used every couple of months, and say, "No." ◆

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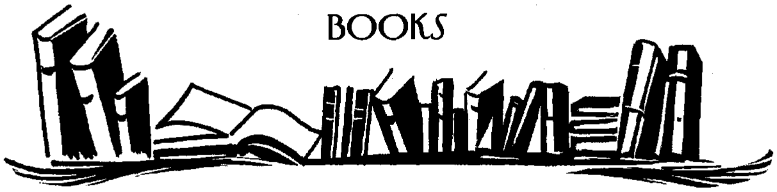

GOLDEN GIRL

The return of Mary Pickford.

BY ARLENE CROCE

WHAT does it take to awaken the dead image of a once universal dream? The history of the movies is history minus memory. The arts renew themselves by remembering (neoclassicism, postmodernism, etc.), but the movies do it by forgetting. Whole eras and genres, entire generations of personalities, utterly distinctive and novel-seeming at the time, plummet over the dam, to be lost in the mists of what used to be called nostalgia. (We've even lost nostalgia.) Only in the movies does the principle of renewal rest on the myth of obsolescence. Mozart doesn't replace Gluck, but Shirley Temple—it is thought—replaces Mary Pickford.

The myth of obsolescence isn't just something invented by the industry to keep product fresh and profits large. Movies are subject to a collective willed amnesia—why? Because they contain the shame of the past. Think Mary Pickford, and you think Innocence, Victoriana. If you are old enough, a young girl with golden curls starts walking toward you through a sunswept meadow. A lovely image—by itself. But the echoes of our parents' or grandparents' childhoods which reverberate in that image may be too much for us to deal with through a whole film. I don't agree that silent movies are unrevivable; if they are, it's not because they are silent but because they are old. Pauline Kael's indelible analysis of how movies change began with the fact that movies, unlike the other arts, do not filter out history—they're too much a part of it. Movies, she wrote, can't be selectively revived, with this or that aspect emphasized in accordance with current taste and changing critical perspectives. Because the good things in movies are hopelessly tied to the bad, we have to take kitsch along with art, but not, alas, in the same doses as when the movie was new. As the era to which it belonged recedes, the kitsch quotient gets stronger; the movie takes on more responsibility for the era. It's hard enough separating the good from the bad in current movies; it's nearly impossible in old movies, which are all the time accusing themselves of having been made in the first place.

And so, when somebody tries and *succeeds*, the success is just as if a new wing had opened in a national museum or a lost symphony had been restored to the national repertory. In "Pickford: The Woman Who Made Hollywood" (Kentucky; $25), Eileen Whitfield succeeds in giving us back a memory we thought we didn't want. Standing at the end of our century and looking all the way back to the beginning (Pickford was born in 1892 and made her first movie in 1909), Whitfield sees the primitivism of early movies as part of their glory. That's her first major stroke of perception. She doesn't think D. W. Griffith was trying to do something that Steven Spielberg does better. And she sees beyond the beginning: the little girl with the curls has been walking through the meadow since the middle of the nineteenth century—at least since the post-Civil War years. She walked the length and breadth of the American stage before the movies picked her up.

Pickford, a late product of the barnstorming era, inherited the persona of Little Mary from melodramatic archetypes like Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a role she actually played on the stage. Theatre was the context of movies then, just as television is the context of movies now. There was no Hollywood—only America and New York. When the American Mutoscope & Biograph Company opened its doors on Fourteenth Street in Manhattan, there were more than three hundred touring companies crisscrossing North America and twenty-one thousand actors looking for work. Whitfield, a Toronto journalist and playwright, does an excellent job of defining different grades of theatre and styles of acting and the way the coming of movies sharpened those differences, which were keyed to the social hierarchy. Movies took the place of the lowest rung of theatre, the "ten, twen', thirt' " variety shows (named for the admission prices), but I wonder if there wasn't an even lower rung; namely, the native-language, native-custom theatres that sprang up in the immigrant neighborhoods. (We get a glimpse of one such place in "The Godfather, Part II.") The ghetto theatres did not feed the movies the way regular stock companies and vaudeville did; the actors, handicapped by their language, never got onto the circuits. This may explain why so many of the most important early movie stars and directors were British or Irish. The starving Irish, immigrating in the hundreds of thousands and denied work elsewhere, used the theatre with a vengeance.

This turn-of-the-century theatre is the first great coördinated spectacle of the movies. Surrounding and permeating it, changing it even as we watch, is the spectacle of history: the end of rural America and the beginning of the City. In both of these spectacles, the principal woman's part is played by Pickford. Rural white Protestant America needed a symbol, something to hold on to when the urban tide swept in. What a charming irony that the symbol was produced by the lowbrow urban culture and its detestable new medium, the movies. The non-English-speaking immigrants who went to the movies loved Mary Pickford even more, probably, than the white gentry did. In Europe and around the world, her popularity and that of her second husband, Douglas Fairbanks, exceeded anything known before or since. (Only Charlie Chaplin's popularity equalled theirs.) Yet when we first see the movies of this once most famous woman in the world we experience not the joyous renewal of contact so much as the sagging weight of the medium that never changes, that can never deliver itself of its own materiality. The woman comes packaged in tins, and they're much too small for her. The great symbol shrinks back into the roles she played in moldy movies. She's history.

THE first thing Whitfield tells us is that Mary Pickford knew this would happen. In 1931, close to retirement, she decided that she would burn all her films and leave nothing behind when she died, a threat that she very nearly carried

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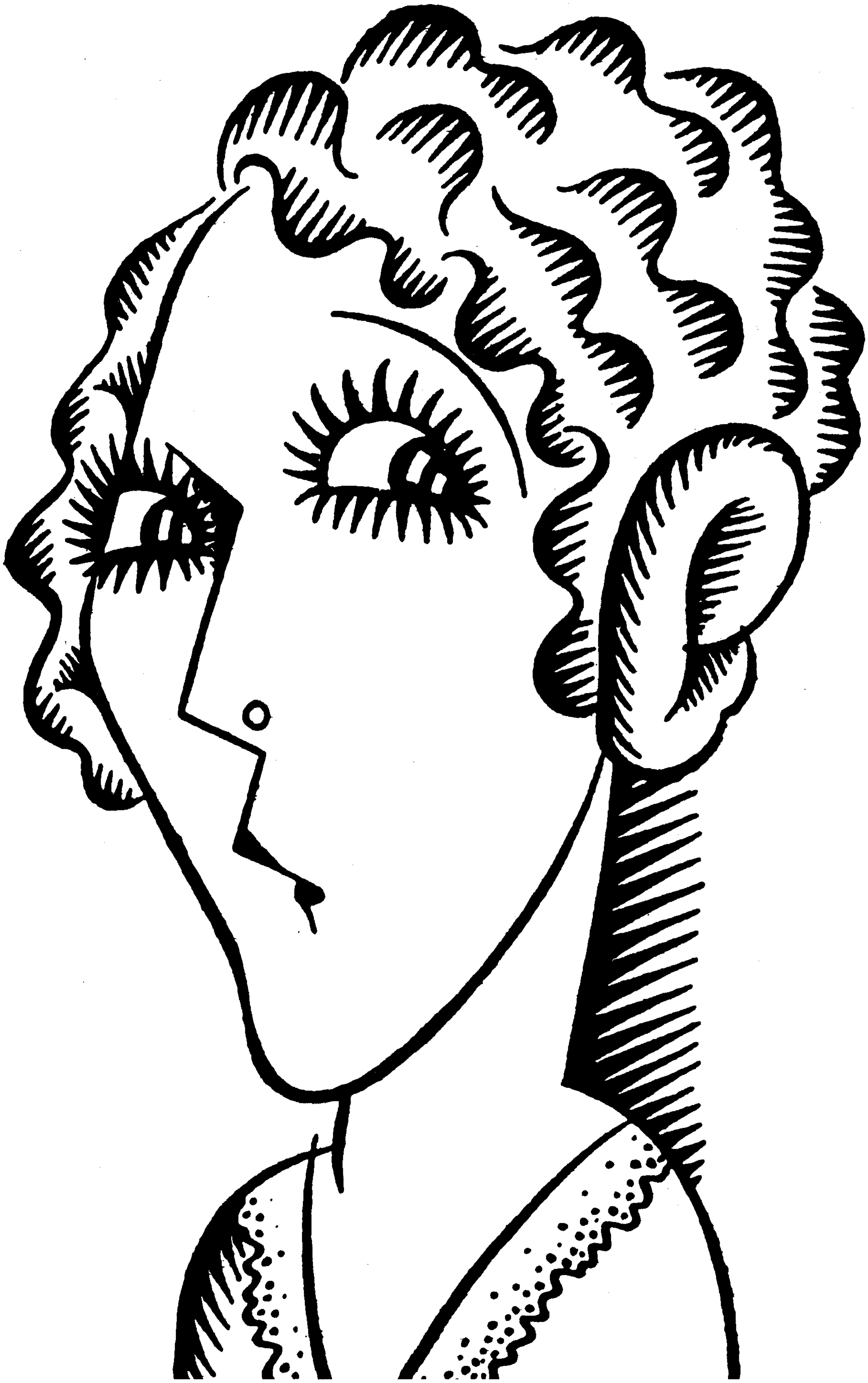

Close to retirement, Pickford decided that she would burn all her films, a threat she very nearly carried out.

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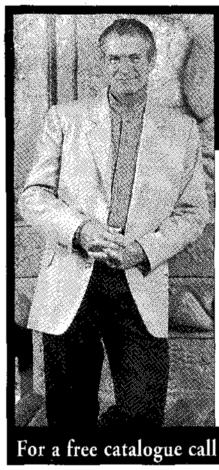

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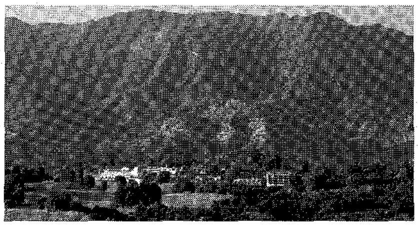

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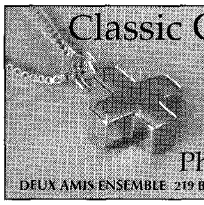

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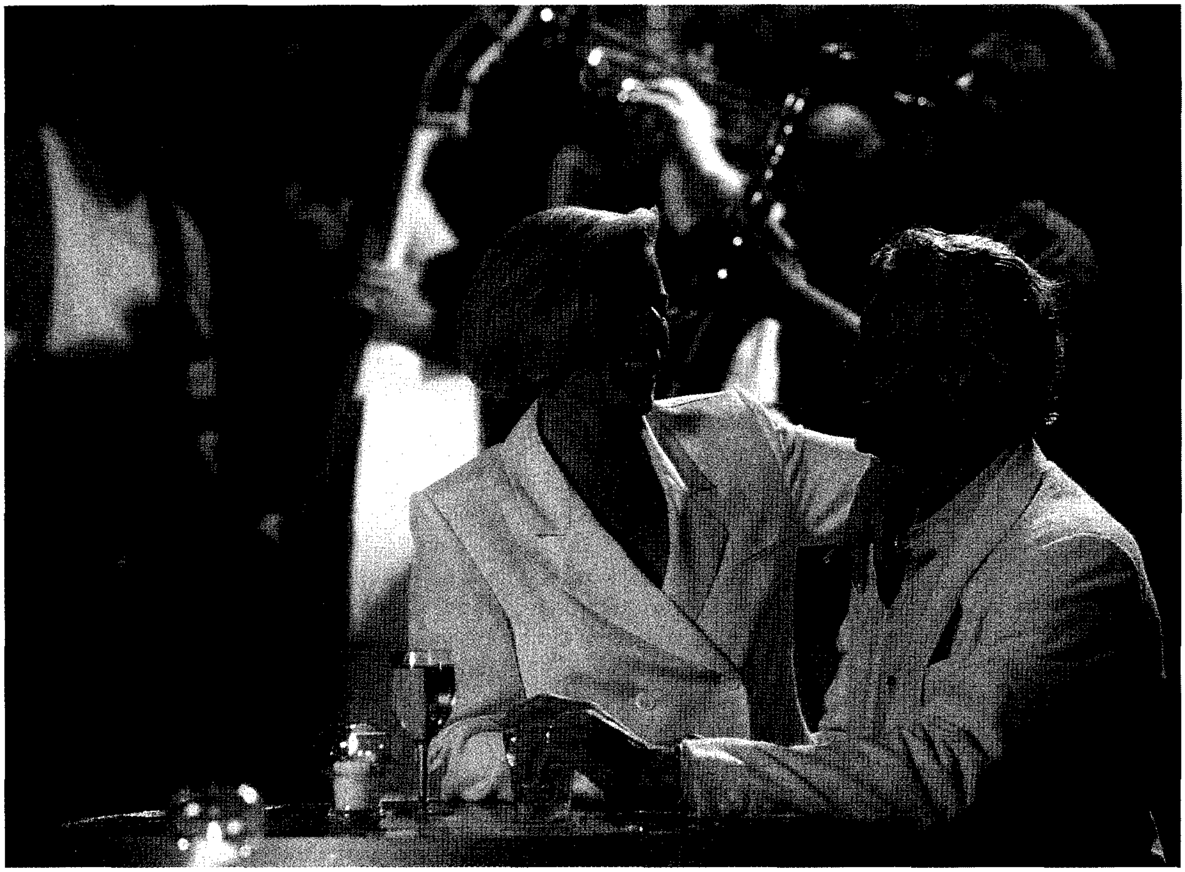
out. Pickford knew that her movies would be seen as faded comic strips. The recent arrival of sound movies had made *all* silents seem ludicrous. And Pickford had made perhaps too many compromises in the course of her career—too many astute business decisions and too few artistic ones. The title Whitfield has chosen, "The Woman Who Made Hollywood," is apt, both in its historical accuracy and in its echo of the title of a 1972 book of Griffith's writings, "The Man Who Invented Hollywood." The double-edged nature of the accomplishment is the more haunting in the case of Griffith, who was a showman and an artist and only secondarily a businessman. The movie industry he helped bring into being sank him in the end, but his pictures survive—if you can get to see them. The Museum of Modern Art's restoration project grinds exceedingly slow. At the 1989 New York Film Festival, Griffith's original cut of "Intolerance" was shown, with the deletions he was forced to make restored, the tinted footage in place, and the specially written symphonic score played by a live orchestra. MOMA's similarly reconstructed version of "Orphans of the Storm" will be presented at this year's festival. One doesn't have many chances like this.

None of Pickford's feature films were directed by Griffith. Pickford herself produced most of them, with handpicked directors, and from 1935 on she controlled their circulation. For years, you didn't see Pickford features because of restrictions that she placed upon them, and then you didn't see them because the audience that remembered Pickford had dwindled into insignificance. Now that it is completely gone, the major Pickfords are once again available. A Pickford series was held in New York this past summer at the Film Forum, and there will be screenings in other United States cities and in Canada this fall. An initial batch of six films will also be released next winter on home video. The first great star of the movies is the last to enter the home-video market.

Pickford, who is said to have been talked out of destroying her life's work by her old friend Lillian Gish, died in 1979, just as the VCR revolution was getting under way. If she thought sound was a killer, what would she have said to videotape? The television context that reduced vintage movies, especially vintage silents, to tintypes has changed since the seventies. Americans watch a greater variety of movies on much larger home screens than were common twenty years ago, and authentic prints of silent classics are available with musical tracks. (Some of those starring Gish are introduced by the actress herself.) The Pickford films will probably attract viewers on the strength of the sound remakes. Adults have to be pretty curious to sit through her versions of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but young children who haven't been corrupted by too much Shirley Temple may respond to them. They are all big, expensively produced vehicles, from the posh second decade of silent film, and some of the better ones, directed by Marshall Neilan, are rewarding. (Be warned: "Sparrows" has a horrific sequence with alligators.) Like Fairbanks, the Pickford of this period went in for dual roles. In "Fauntleroy," she plays the little lord and his mother, an overwhelming exhibition of virtuosity tinged with narcissism. (She kisses herself.) In "Stella Maris," she plays a slavey and a beauty who don't seem even distantly related (as, indeed, they are not in the plot). But the stunts and the slapstick set pieces seem coldly aimed at outstripping the same spectacles depicted on the stage, and Pickford's virtuosity, as she well knew, wasn't really acting. It just made her more famous.

Pickford had been famous since her early movie days, when audiences singled out "the little girl with the curls." Only five feet tall, she was a naturally childlike creature, in stature small rather than short. (Fairbanks, who was five-seven, towered protectively over her.) Her head was overlarge in proportion to her body, which enabled—or condemned—her to play children's roles. She was extremely pretty, almost beautiful, with a round face and figure, a classic profile, large, mournful eyes, and a humorous mouth. And all that hair. Under the lights, it flamed up like an aureole. The odor of sanctity was never far from the Pickford persona. By the time she was twenty-five, her image had become the nearest thing to a universally recognized holy icon; no one was surprised when she made a guest appearance as the Virgin Mary in Fairbanks's "The Gaucho." The typical Pickford film, like the typical Chaplin, is an allegory: its true subject is the love affair between the star and the public. But Pickford, even more than Chaplin, revealed the link between stardom and the static characterization that was essential to melodrama. Pickford's stage experience



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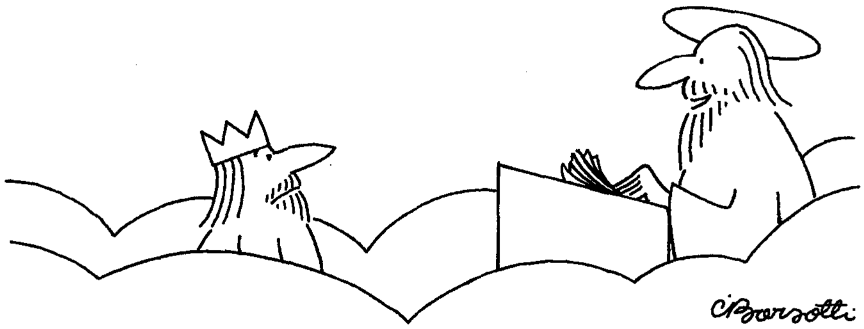


"Now that we've got your head back on, let's move to the next bit of business."

• •

had told her how important it was that her character not change, that she be the same at the end of the film as she was at the beginning. She falls in love, gets rich, or gets older, but basically she is not affected by other people; they are affected by her. They come to love her more. Even the spoiled rich girl of "The Hoodlum," who is sensitized to the plight of the poor when she is forced to live among them, doesn't undergo a character transformation; she simply lets people see how lovable she really is.

PICKFORD'S life was as improbable as any of her films. Her forebears were from County Kerry and Liverpool, and her mother and her father met in Toronto, where she was born, the first of three children. The family name was Smith. She was seven when her father died, leaving the family penniless. Soon afterward, another man named Smith, a wealthy physician, offered to adopt her and give her chicken every day; of course, she would have to leave her mother. Horrified, the child refused. As Pickford told it in her autobiography, "Sunshine and Shadow," "A determination was born in me the day of our visit to Dr. Smith that nothing could crush: I must try to take my father's place in some mysterious way, and prevent anything from breaking up my family." And she did just that. When she went on the stage, they all went on the stage. When she toured, they all toured. They all went into the movies, first Mary and then her brother and sister, and they all took David Belasco's suggestion and changed their name to Pickford, after a maternal ancestor. Mary and her mother, Charlotte, who was now her business manager, were inseparable and unstoppable; Jack and Lottie Pickford trailed blindly in their wake. So it went until only Mary was left, drinking heavily like the three others and living out her life a recluse in her bed at Pickfair, the Hollywood home of homes, which she had built with Fairbanks, and where the likes of the Earl of Mountbatten and the Duke of York and Albert Einstein had come to call.

This fantastic sad story is entwined with other sad stories: of Mary's miserable first marriage, to the actor Owen Moore; of Fairbanks, who when his picture-making days were over could think of nothing to do but see every spot on earth twice; of the decline of D. W. Griffith and the exile of Charlie Chaplin; and of the end of the pioneering Hollywood all of them had created. What remained was corporate Hollywood, and that, too, was Pickford's special creation, in the sense that it was founded upon her career and her romantic marriage to Fairbanks. Fortunes hung in the balance until it became clear that the marriage would not harm her or his box-office appeal—indeed, would only enhance it. And Pickford personally played a key role in the growth of the film business. The stormy saga of United Artists, which began with the Fairbankses joining hands with Griffith and Chaplin in a bid for creative and financial independence, ended, for Pickford and Chaplin, in bitter enmity. But these two steel-muscled waifs seem to have been bound to tangle from the start.

Pickford and Chaplin had similar backgrounds, and they shared a guilt that came of dragging less talented siblings into the magic circle of their success. Once he reproved her for excessive family loyalty: "That's nothing but spooks, Mary—loving one's family that way." But the movies they made kept on reflecting their childhoods: the same harsh poverty, the same bullies, the same terrible orphan's fate loom over both of them. Realism is combined with stylization, sometimes in head-on collision. In "The Hoodlum," Mary, wearing a cute "hoodlum" outfit from a theatrical-supply house, goes to visit a sick slum mother who lies on a filthy pillow crawling with vermin. Nobody minded the discrepancy. The waves of recognition and empathy that flowed between Mary and the public are still palpable. She was the only woman star who ever challenged Chaplin on his own terrain.

The whole complex Pickford phenomenon wouldn't be worth examining, wouldn't be complex, if Pickford hadn't been gifted. And hadn't been a woman. Fairbanks's films today seem to me lifeless. Even the best ones—"The Mark of Zorro" and "The Black Pirate"—are reducible to the action sequences, in which he is peerless. But Fairbanks's action sequences are the essential Fairbanks, a heightening and distillation of the brilliance we've paid to see. When Pickford is tumbling into laundry baskets or down wells or running through alleys, when she's hopping around with one sore foot in the air or getting into fistfights with the Big Girl, we're seeing an act, not an essence. She's competing in a man's world or a kid's world. The overreliance on shtick is what finally dates her—that and the fact that it's all so relentlessly physical, because it's silent. In their different ways, Chaplin and Fairbanks were dancers. Pickford could dance, but it didn't extend her; it wasn't in her. Nor was any sign of androgyny. Her Lord Fauntleroy stemmed from stage convention. (In those days, child actors switched gender at will, whether they "looked the part" or not.) Pickford was a dynamic woman, and it was as a woman that she had to prevail. Whitfield says that Pickford was Chaplinesque before Chaplin, but if Pickford had prevailed on Chaplin's seraphic/athletic terms she'd have been some kind of asexual performing freak, whom people couldn't have borne to watch. The fact is that she was the most watched woman who had ever lived up to that time. Lillian Gish may have been the ideal screen actress, the one who gave the most fluid "dance" performances, but Mary was the world's idea of an American girl—practical, upstanding, high-spirited, and, above all, independent. Her feminine energy wasn't in her body, quick and supple though it was, but in her mind. And the only director who engaged her mind was Griffith. She said so herself: "No one during my entire career ever reached me, mentally or emotionally, as he did."

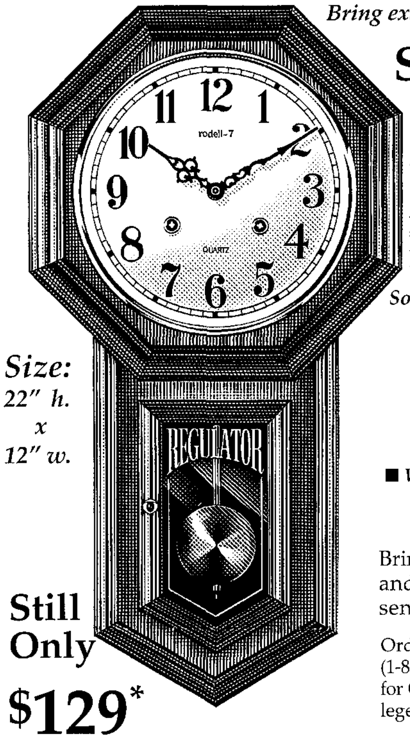
The force of Pickford's personality is such that her virtuoso gambits can still arouse interest. The dual roles fit her. If there are not two of her to begin with, she may have a fantasy life that gives us another Mary, as in "Suds." Or she may grow from a child into a young woman, as in "Daddy-Long-Legs." This double portrait, the scamp and the sweetheart, was perhaps the public's favorite way of seeing Mary. Early in her career, she seemed to have been perfectly cast in "Cinderella," but it failed. Whitfield's word for the film is "inert." Cinderella was too passive a character for Pickford; she should have played the stepsisters, too. It is perhaps not by accident that when a later actress of comparable mental force appeared, Bette Davis, she also felt compelled to play dual roles. Like Pickford, she wasn't doing it for laughs (although her grotesque caricature of a Pickford-like star, in "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," was a strange way to acknowledge a precedent).

Pickford had possibly the widest range of any of the actresses developed by Griffith. One of Fairbanks's writers told her that she was twenty women in one. In settling for stardom, in simplifying and stylizing herself to suit the public's idea of her, Pickford eliminated most of her range and, tragically, got trapped in self-repetition. Her most exciting performances are in the series of short films directed for Biograph by Griffith; she made more than a hundred of these between 1909 and 1912, playing women of every age and condition, sometimes with astounding precocity. In "To Save Her Soul" (1909), Pickford is stalked by a jealous suitor who really loves her. Whitfield describes the moment when he comes at her with a gun (Mary, remember, is seventeen):

> An electrifying scene unfolded. [The actor Arthur] Johnson, hysterical, aims the gun, then suddenly smashes a vase of flowers off the table. Mary, frightened, drops to the floor and crawls like a dog that expects a beating. Her need to keep her back from the camera [because of pins in her costume] pays off, as she also keeps her back from Johnson. In a desperate moment, Mary tries to placate her angry beau by pulling down her gown and exposing a shoulder; in other words, she shows him her sexual wares. This was shocking in 1909; today an actress would have to appear nude to get the same effect, and might not achieve it even then. Finally, Pickford kisses Johnson's hand, which makes him hide his eyes in shame. Encouraged, she takes both his hands in hers; Johnson drops the gun, and the pair embrace.

All this with Griffith shouting encouragement and the camera clacking madly away like a machine gun.

RIGHT from the beginning, Griffith seemed to see Pickford and Lillian Gish as contrasting types. Gish was the more inward, intuitive actress; Pickford



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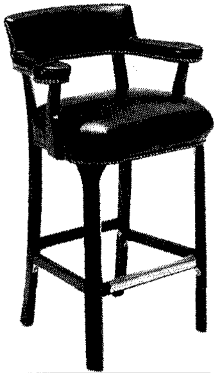

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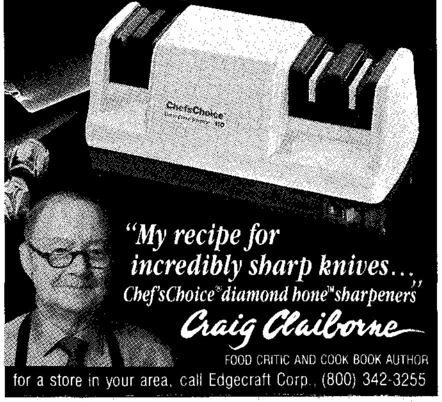

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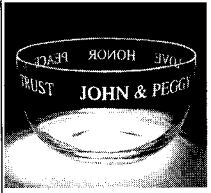

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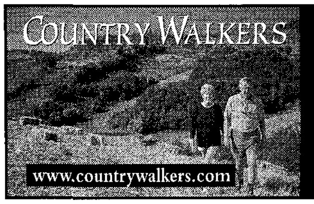

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SHOWCASE BY MAX VADUKUL

FRENCH TICKLER

According to hard-bitten philosophes of the romantic merry-go-round, love is a tennis score—but on Broadway it's still Topic A. The battle between heart and head gets a smart, funny twist in "Triumph of Love," a seven-character musical reworking of Marivaux's 1732 comedy: in this up-to-the-minute eighteenth-century world, it's the woman who's the seducer and the man who's the virgin. The show, which begins previews on September 27th at the Royale, displays some fancy lyrical footwork and a plot finally worthy of the word. In fact, with "Triumph of Love" and "Ragtime" both arriving this season, the narrative musical seems to be staging a comeback from the deconstructed song cycle to which it has gradually dwindled.

The troubadours invented the first language of love. Marivaux, along with Richardson and Rousseau, reinvented it. In their works, the external roadblocks to love, such as parents and penury, give way to interior, psychological ones. Marivaux's popular plays and novels pioneered a very modern kind of emotional foreplay, full of hesitations, neurotic fidgets, and panic attacks—everything but the ultimate declaration.

The musical's fresh combination of high jinks and high style—it could be called "Nonsense and Sensibility"—earned it standing ovations during tryouts in Baltimore and New Haven. Its talent is fresh, too. Michael Mayer, a seasoned director who orchestrates the proceedings in a style that might be described as neoclassical slapstick, is a rookie to the White Way. So are the composer, Jeffrey Stock, and the librettist, James Magruder. The lyricist, Susan Birkenhead, is not—she wowed audiences with her songs in "Jelly's Last Jam"—and neither is the cast. Susan Egan, who starred in "Beauty and the Beast," plays the intrepid seductress. She's joined by the comedienne Nancy Opel, the Academy Award-winning actor F. Murray Abraham, and one of Broadway's favorite stars, Betty Buckley. "Love won't take no for an answer," someone sings in the show. Let's hope not. —John Lahr

Left to right: F. Murray Abraham, Susan Egan, and Betty Buckley.

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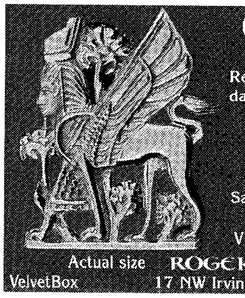

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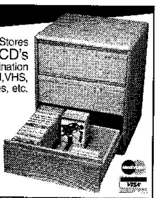

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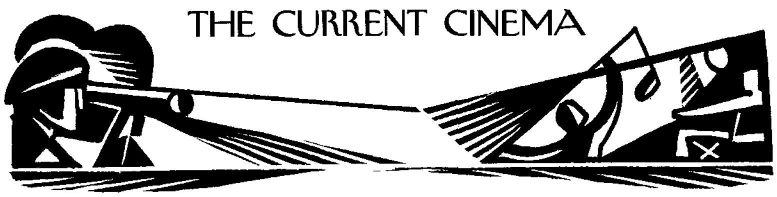
the more extroverted and observant, blessed, as Whitfield notes, with "an uncanny insight into behavior." Translated into Griffithian terms, Lillian was a presence, Mary an idea. But Pickford fought Griffith. She "refused to be Griffith's little girl. Instead, she was headstrong, insolent, rebellious: the teenage daughter Griffith never wanted." She left with his blessing, but there are indications that he deplored her growing stardom and her power to exert widespread moral influence. (He attacked her publicly for "Pollyanna.") The investment he lost in Mary can never be estimated, but, artistically speaking, the loss on her side was heavier. Had she stayed, he would undoubtedly have strengthened her gift for revealing change within a single characterization; he would very likely have cast her in the role of the young working-class mother played by Mae Marsh in "Intolerance." Marsh had replaced her before; with Pickford's departure, she became the third of Griffith's trio of great actresses.

And Pickford left Griffith without the extra lesson in feature filmmaking she might have absorbed from him. Compared with his features, Mary's are stagebound, episodic, and dramatically undeveloped. An exception is "Rosita" (1923), directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Pickford had brought the director from Germany, hoping for relief from her run of moppets, orphans, scamps, and slaveys; she was now past thirty. Lubitsch rewarded her with an elegantly wrought film that ingeniously combined the plots of "La Périchole" and "Tosca." As a street singer in eighteenth-century Seville who flouts the lecherous advances of the King of Spain, Pickford is funny and sensual at the same time, and she easily accommodates a daring shift in tone that gives the film its emotional climax. She dines with the King, knowing she has to kill him, and you see where Billy Wilder got the idea for the end of "Sunset Boulevard" when Pickford comes down a curving staircase with a crazed look in her eye. (Wilder actually offered the role of Norma Desmond to Pickford; it was one of several comeback possibilities that she rejected.)

Lubitsch might well have been the director who could have pulled Pickford out of her rut and led her through the transition into talkies, but after lining up three more films with him she severed the contract. Whitfield thinks it was because she feared he was too sophisticated for her small-town audience. Pickford turned against Lubitsch with a vehemence that is one of the Hollywood legends. Because she never reissued "Rosita," few people have seen it. It may be the finest film she ever made.

When talkies came in, at the end of the twenties, Pickford's instinct played her false. She thought they were filmed theatre. That wouldn't have been so bad had she filmed good theatre. Of her four sound films, only "The Taming of the Shrew," with Fairbanks, was worth doing, but Pickford isn't very good in it. As Whitfield says, "In the silents, Mary Pickford was angry and amusing; as Shakespeare's Kate, she is merely angry." Unfortunately, she never attempted more than a token return to the stage, as Gish did. Pickford didn't think of herself as a refined classical actress, yet she could have played classical roles. One that sat waiting for her was Ibsen's Nora. In the drug-addicted Mary Tyrone, of O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey into Night," Whitfield sees the Pickford who crept through the last quarter of her life in an alcoholic haze; by then, she couldn't have played anything.

Like an earlier Pickford biographer, Scott Eyman, Eileen Whitfield tries to figure out Pickford's contradictions. Eyman's often excellent book, "Mary Pickford, America's Sweetheart" (1990), is that of a film buff: very good on Hollywood lore and business deals. Whitfield writes as a critic, setting the films up as a cumulative portrait of the artist. The woman who drove the industry (Chaplin called her Bank of America's Sweetheart) is clearly in the picture Whitfield presents, but there's less contrast than usual between the tycoon and the little woman. Pickford emerges somehow resolved, yet with her contradictions intact. In life as in art, she was a one-woman spectacle. That is how we should see her films—if we can. Silent films, which, Whitfield notes, "may well be the only art form to be discovered, developed, and rejected by a single generation," have become a hobby for antiquarians. But the challenge they pose was summed up by the art historian Erwin Panofsky: "Why should we be interested in the past? Because we are interested in reality." Pickford and her movies are a part of that. ♦



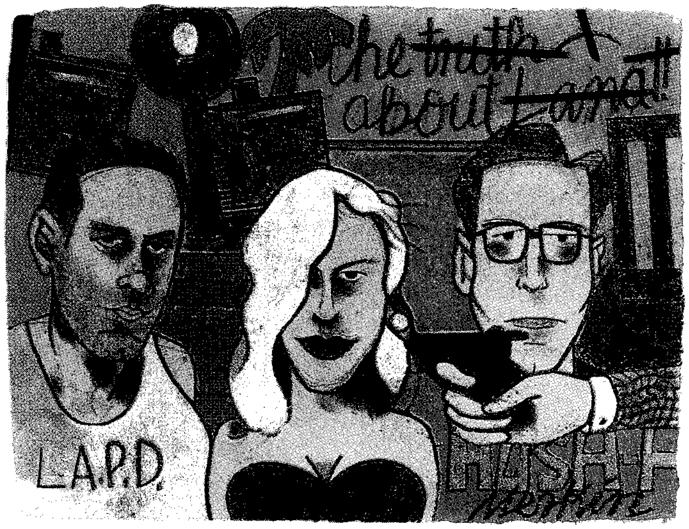
THE CURRENT CINEMA

ON THE TOWN

"L.A. Confidential," a thriller that really thrills.

BY ANTHONY LANE

DIRECTED by Curtis Hanson, "L.A. Confidential" is set at the start of the nineteen-fifties. It centers on the Los Angeles Police Department, but the center cannot hold: scraps of plot keep breaking off and spinning away to form stories of their own, each of them a lead worth pursuing. The roster of policemen includes Jack Vincennes (Kevin Spacey)—"celebrity crime-stopper," adviser to the TV cop show "Badge of Honor," and all-round Mr. Smooth. Jack's idea of a big night is to bust a rising star on a drug charge and haul him in front of the flashbulbs, so that Jack's pal Sid Hudgens (Danny DeVito), trash reporter for *Hush-Hush* magazine, can splay the arrest all over his pages. Then you have Bud White (Russell Crowe), a vengeful thug who, despite his relative youth, brims with fury sufficient to last him a lifetime. At the other end of the scale comes Ed Exley (Guy Pearce): a model officer, though his real problem is that he's an officer who looks like a model. There is a constant battle for finesse between Exley's sense of morality and his cheekbones. He wears spectacles and sails through every police exam. He is widely loathed. In charge of the whole crew is an Irishman, Lieutenant Dudley Smith (James Cromwell)—"Call me Dudley." He is strong, trusty, and very nearly comforting. Think mother hen with brass knuckles.



Hollywood made flesh: Basinger et al. in a study of overlapping shadows.

RICHARD MERKIN

Such, at least, are one's first impressions. By the end of the film, they are long gone, smothered with fresh evidence and a caustic layer of doubt. Those characters who are lucky enough to survive the onslaught of events—and this is a tale that racks up the stiffs like a Jacobean tragedy—are smarting from their wounds and richly transformed by the purgatory of the plot. What makes "L.A. Confidential" so unusual—the reason that it shames most of the other thrillers we have to grind through these days—is that it doesn't feel as if it had been created from a software package. It must have been hell to pitch. How can you tag characters who won't stay still? Who would dare to suggest to a studio executive that a film adapted from a James Ellroy novel might be more about time than crime? True, it glistens with wrongdoing of every stripe—a gashed throat in a motel, a herd of cops

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on a Christmas rampage, a multiple slaying at the Nite Owl Café. There are hookers and hopheads, and some juicy political blackmail. Yet the film itself is not savage; it is formidable, and oddly delicate, and much of the blood is spilled long before we step in it. Curtis Hanson deals in rumor and aftermath; by the time we reach the scene of a crime, its cause and effect—what it means for those around it—are already starting to leak and blur. You have to feel your way through the picture, as if by touch. Just when you're certain that Bud is an animal and Exley a good boy, they begin, ever so discreetly, to trade places.

BOTH are required, in any case, to unravel the Nite Owl massacre. Three frightened black suspects are pulled in; Exley interrogates them with feline skill, Bud White with a gun to the mouth. Everything points to a random kill, a robbery gone awry, but Exley and White sniff something artfully concocted; it is the quiet contention of this movie that all crime is organized—planned and lusted after, if only for a minute. As "L.A. Confidential" proceeds, the title comes to sound like a tautology: for all the open spread of its streets, the warm welcome of its air, the city is constructed from secrets. This was a given in the days—and especially the nights—of Philip Marlowe, and it both rattled and aroused Jake Gittes in "Chinatown," but the sense of Los Angeles as a warren of lies, as a comically deep game, has been missing from our screens ever since. Hanson revives it in style; the citizens of this picture are fighting to flee the past, and the smart types pretend that they have none. "Why'd you become a cop?" asks Bud White. "I can't remember," says Vincennes. Lucky guy; everyone else is busy tamping down the rot. You can taste it as Bud drives to Brentwood to see a man named Pierce Patchett (David Strathairn). It is a clean Californian morning, calmed by the swish of sprinklers, bright with the greenery of money and lawns: the perfect morning on which to ask what polite Mr. Patchett does for a living. In the words of Sid Hudgens, "He's a twilight—he ain't queer and he ain't Red." One thing Pierce does is find girls who look like movie stars, send them to a hairdresser and a plastic surgeon to heighten the resemblance, and then pimp them to the filthy rich. If you want Rita Hayworth for a night, for a price, she's all yours: Hollywood made flesh.

Doubling for Veronica Lake is a woman called Lynn Bracken (Kim Basinger). Not even in the gluey shudders of passion could you honestly mistake her for Veronica Lake; Basinger has a hard, half-defeated face in this movie, with none of the requisite dreamy droop. But Lynn is still a magnet, drawing first White into her embrace and then the incorruptible Exley. The cautionary number that plays as he crosses Lynn's threshold—"They're singing songs of love, but not for me"—goes in one ear and out the other. Any hint of an icon, any chance to play out your life (or your death) as if you were living not in L.A. but in movies themselves, in the silvered product that L.A. pours out to the world, is enough to send the levelheaded into a spin. Most starstricken of all is Jack Vincennes; he seems wholly in control, but when his bosses transfer him from narcotics to vice and suspend him from "Badge of Honor" something dies behind his eyes. How could they snip his lifeline to fame? All this is fuel for Kevin Spacey, who cruises through "L.A. Confidential" with such frictionless ease that you wind up grinning at the sight of him, wondering what his next move will be. His *best* move comes when he goes to question a black boxer who may have information on the Nite Owl. The interview over, Vincennes pauses at the door of his car: "Keep it up," he says, and delivers an air punch, a friendly, rolling jab of the fists. It lasts only a couple of seconds, but it breathes an entire climate of condescension; if that should chill into outright cruelty, too bad.

See this movie again and you could probably start to unpack the technical baggage of Spacey's performance: the gaze that slides back and forth across a crowd while the smile remains still, or the voice that he runs at three-quarter speed—as if Vincennes had spent time down South, long enough to pick up the languor but not the accent. Even his jackets play a supporting role: the fine fifties cut doesn't bulk Spacey out, but it gives him width, a little more front to face down the world. Here is a guy who loves to rub shoulders; so what if they're not his own? This is where "L.A. Confidential" scores so highly, and so freely: it's a period piece, but it refuses to recognize the border where design ends and character begins. Hanson doesn't care whether we get an ironic kick from these postwar motifs; he wants to plunge us into those movie-mad years until they spill over and into our heads. (When Lynn and Bud watch "Roman Holiday" together, the sight of them is at once sweet, improbable, and true.) Nothing in Hanson's previous work or in that of his co-screenwriter, Brian Helgeland—who scripted the laughable "Conspiracy Theory"—suggested that they would come up with a film like "L.A. Confidential." Works such as "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" and "The River Wild" are neat examples of formula management, but they feel frozen next to this; the only recent thriller to compare with it is Michael Mann's "Heat," another study in overlapping shadows. Hanson's picture is less portentous, and he has somehow filtered Ellroy's unstoppable karate prose, all chop and whoop—"He could muscle the money out of her, glom some pimp scuttlebutt, close out the Cathcart end and ask Dud to send him down to Darktown"—into the more fluent rhythms of the screen.

With the end in sight, Hanson throws in a dumbfounding twist, and then stirs up a storm of bullets and blood. It had to happen, I suppose, but I found it more exciting than cathartic: so exact is the mood of apprehension as Vincennes and White and Exley crawl toward the truth (sometimes literally, beneath the floor of a house) that you hardly want them to reach it. Corruption needs to be washed away, of course, but none of us want to live in a shining city for long. "You have the eye for human weakness, but not the stomach," Dudley Smith says to Exley, who spends the rest of the film trying to prove him wrong. "L.A. Confidential" has it all: the eye, the stomach, the ear for jiving dialogue, and a silken skein of nerves which helps you to relax into your own jitters. It even has a family of rats, who arrive with a shiver of string music; what more could you possibly want? ♦

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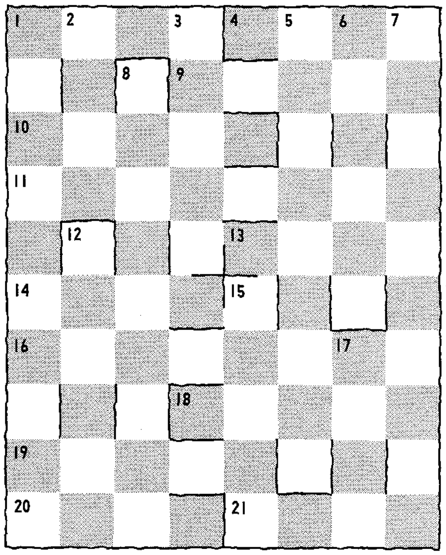

ACROSS

- **1** Minor struggle with head of department (4)
- **4** Information is somewhat backward (4)
- **9** I am passing East Lake Drive (5)
- **10** Peter Rabbit's creator loses head for frisky character (5)
- **11** The cutting sixties protester is tough (8)
- **13** Los Angeles loves Asian country (4)
- **14** You and I shall rise to the surface (4)
- **16** Type of fracture beginning to hurt Delta, for one (8)
- **18** Ocean tossed light boat (5)
- **19** "What ho!" said entertaining Musketeer (5)
- **20** Small child becomes attached to empty handbag (4)
- **21** Theatre award for New York (4)

DOWN

- **1** White part of Swiss cheese with warm bread (5,5)
- **2** Heard Mommy's sister chip in (4)
- **3** Tries to slim down legislatures (5)
- **5** Copying boxing ring that's attractive (9)
- **6** Spoiled brat is last to admit mistake (6)
- **7** Actor friend's mark before the final in sociology (4,6)
- **8** Sailor gripped by meagre illumination from the night sky (9)
- **12** Slowly securing a rough shelter (4-2)
- **15** Bachelor at most recent party (5)
- **17** Either way you look at it, it's lunchtime (4)

• •

The solution to puzzle No. 14 appears on page 140. For a free copy of "The New Yorker's Guide to Solving Cryptic Crosswords," please send your fax number or a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Solvers' Guide," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

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SHOUTS & MURMURS

THE PAPARAZZI OF PLATO

BY STEVE MARTIN

Tabloidus: Socrates, I wanted to show you my new Nikon FM2 with a 600-millimetre lens.

Socrates: Thank you, Tabloidus. It looks fine for taking pictures of ducks flying off in the distance.

Mo-Ped: That is a very fine purpose, in combination with a motorbike and an infrared night scope.

Cloolus: What else do you photograph besides nature?

Tabloidus: I love to photograph children.

Socrates: That, too, is a good and noble profession.

Tabloidus: There is nothing more beautiful to photograph than a mother breast-feeding her baby. Especially if it is Madonna.

Cloolus: You photographed Madonna breast-feeding her baby?

Tabloidus: Oh, yes.

Socrates: What was she like in person?

Tabloidus: Well, I didn't actually meet her.

Socrates: Was she so full of herself that she would not speak to you?

Tabloidus: Oh, no. Because of the lens, I had to be three hundred yards away and shoot through her bedroom window.

Cloolus: It seems odd to me that Madonna would agree to have herself photographed this way.

Tabloidus: Her agreement was tacit.

Cloolus: But it seems to me you have invaded her privacy.

Socrates: Cloolus, what is privacy?

Cloolus: Privacy is when you are alone.

Socrates: Are you private when you are alone in a crowded market?

Cloolus: Certainly not.

Socrates: Are you private when you are alone in a car?

Cloolus: More so, Socrates.

Socrates: Are you private when you are in a car with tinted windows?

Cloolus: That is starting to be private.

Socrates: Are you private when you are in your home?

Cloolus: Certainly.

Socrates: Is it not true that if you tint your windows or stay home you are in some way protecting your privacy?

Mo-Ped: It cannot be otherwise.

Cloolus: But Madonna was in her home.

Socrates: Yes, but her windows were not tinted with UV-40 Reflecto-coat. Nor was she alone.

Mo-Ped: She was with her baby!

Socrates: Therefore, she was not protecting her privacy. And how can one invade what is not protected?

Cloolus: I am confused.

Socrates: Can something be tinted and not tinted at the same time?

Cloolus: It would be impossible.

Socrates: Can something be private and public at the same time?

Cloolus: They are mutually exclusive.

Socrates: And is it not true that privacy and UV-40 Reflecto-coat are one and the same?

Mo-Ped: He has proved it!

Socrates: Tabloidus, where were you when you took the picture?

Tabloidus: I was hiding on a rooftop. Further, I was wearing black clothing and a hood.

Socrates: So you were merely protecting your privacy while Madonna invaded your camera lens?

Tabloidus: I cannot argue otherwise, Socrates.

Cloolus: But is it not wrong to spy on a woman breast-feeding her baby?

Mo-Ped: When you become a singing star, it is wrong to want your breast-feeding to be private.

Cloolus: But why?

Tabloidus: Because of the public's right to know.

Socrates: Is it not true, Cloolus, that when the public is shopping in a supermarket, very often at the checkout point it has an overwhelming desire to see Alec Baldwin's newborn or Frank Gifford having sex?

Cloolus: I cannot deny it.

Socrates: This desire, known in a democracy as "the checkout point of freedom," is important, because without it Frank's children would never have known about his transgression.

Cloolus: Your argument is flawless. But why was there never a similar desire to see, say, Jimmy Stewart having sex?

Socrates: Because Jimmy Stewart didn't have "that special something."

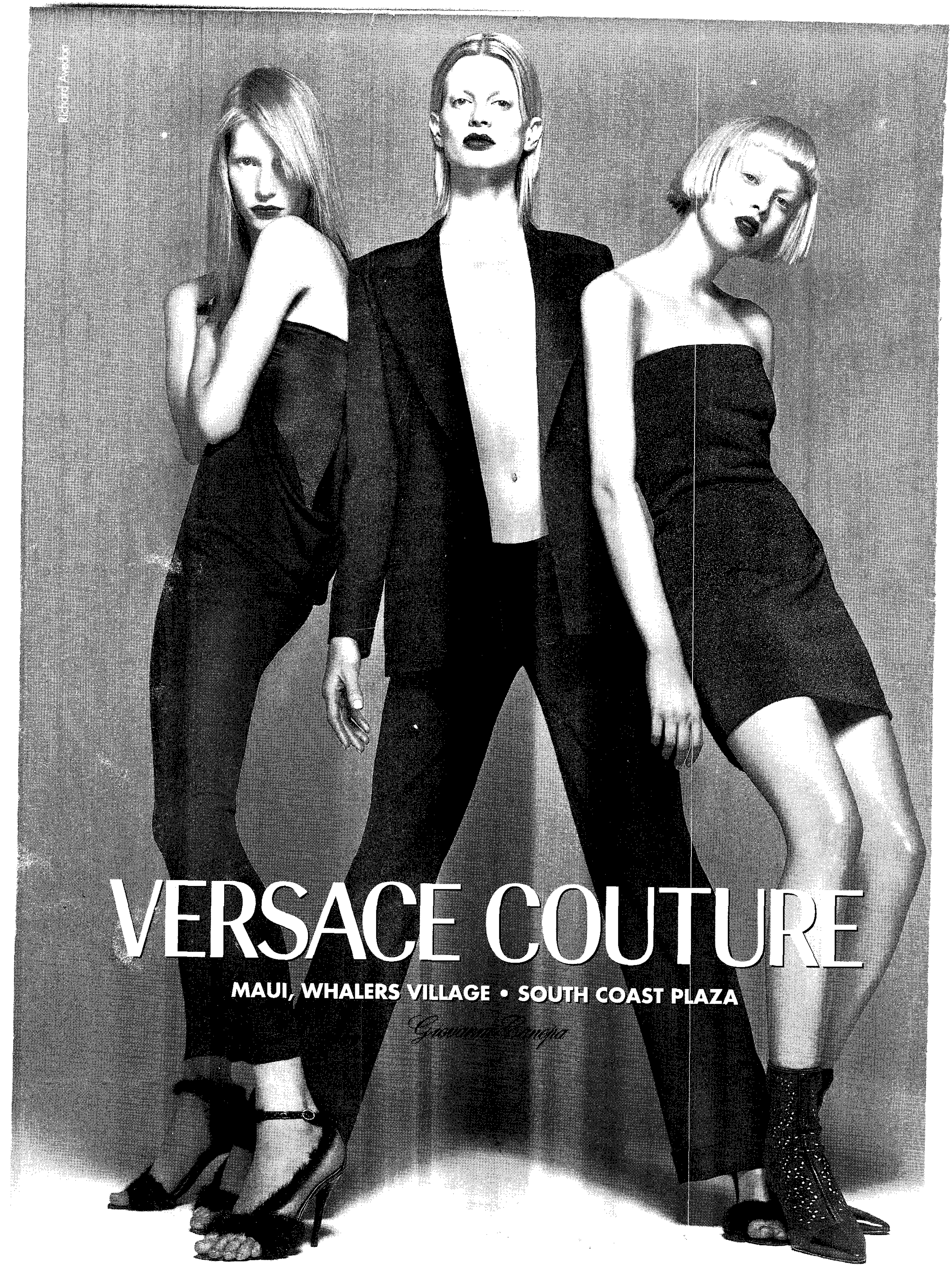
Tabloidus: Alas, Cloolus, the public's taste in those days was not so sophisticated.

Cloolus: So I am living in a wonderful age.

Mo-Ped: There could not be one finer!

Socrates: Let us now go to the supermarket and see if we develop a desire to see a doctored photo of Tom Cruise biting Oprah's car seat! ♦

LACOSTE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